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Randolph refusing to drink the Kings health "over the water"

AINSWORTH'S

MAGAZINE:

A MISCELLANY OF ROMANCE,

General Literature, & Art.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

ILLUSTRATED BY

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HUGH CUNNINGHAM, SAINT MARTIN'S PLACE,
TRAFALGAR SQUARE.
1842.

PRELIMINARY ADDRESS.

PROLOGUES have gone out of fashion with perukes, and epilogues have followed them out with pigtails; but an address to the town at the opening of a Magazine is still as regularly looked for as a speech from the throne at the opening of a session.

There is, however, this difference; that as, in the one case, expectation is never disappointed because it is never raised, since nothing is ever communicated; so in the other, expectation is often excited beyond a reasonable pitch, since too much is generally communicated, and promises are made without a chance of their fulfilment.

To adopt the rule that prescribes an address, is not to adopt the rule of faithlessness in the engagements it may contain. But in introducing AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE to the public, he whose name it bears pledges himself only upon one point—that at the end of the many volumes yet unformed, to which he confidently anticipates his new venture will extend, nobody shall be able to convict him of breaking a single promise; for he does not intend to make one.

In the construction of a prospectus, promises are looked upon rather as literary conveniences than moral obligations; and a pledge to present greater excellence at a lower cost, frequently implies nothing more than the rounding of a sentence, or the needful supply of matter. "The address looks rather short," said the writer of such a performance, on starting a new periodical. "Add some more promises," observed the conscientious proprietor of the work. In such a dilemma, a simple pledge to be profusely witty, to work a revolution

in taste, to increase the harmless stock of public pleasures, and to eclipse the gaiety of nations when the hour of discontinuance shall arrive, fills up the chasm, and gives its due dimensions to the address.

It is as easy to violate such engagements as it is difficult to write a prospectus without making them. But it is equally easy, having determined upon a plan, to describe it in plain words, and to give it a fair trial. The originator of this new "Magazine of Romance, General Literature, and Art," is animated by a grateful sense of the favour with which his own productions have been honoured, when he proposes to unite, in companionship with himself, various accomplished writers, qualified to administer to public amusement, and to advance the best purposes of literature.

So far from deeming that a new combination of talents, in a new periodical, in a new form, at a new price, is not wanted, he believes that such a junction under such circumstances was never so desirable as now; and he is of opinion that a plan, which invests the real property and the real responsibility of a Magazine in *literary* hands, may give greater freedom to writers both in the selection and the treatment of their subjects, and therefore be more favourable to a prosperous exercise of their talents, than is frequently the case under established arrangements. Whatever in this respect benefits the writer, must be for the advantage of the reader; and is as clear a gain as any palpable diminution of price. The command of great and various talent is one essential element of success; but it is essential also that the talent should be directed to the attainment of its happiest results, and be employed in its easiest and most natural way.

The advantages thus enjoyed will lead, it may be presumed, to a higher tone of literary speculation, as well as to a more steadfast moral endeavour, on the part of the poet, the essayist, and the critic. Loftier aims and truer purposes may be here secured, without in the slightest degree cramping those attractive pages that must be reserved for Romance, or excluding even one of those lighter accessories of the Magazine which divert the gay-hearted reader—(setting him thinking, perhaps, while he laughs,)—in the guise of humorous incident and playful satire—in the jest that is born with a smile rather than a sneer —in piquant sketches of society, notabilia of travel, and portraitures

of eccentricity, many-sided and mysterious. For all such whimsies and wonders there will be ample room and verge enough, even though Philosophy should rear her head in their immediate neighbourhood, looking with face severe, yet neither scornful nor ashamed, upon her frolicsome companions.

The plan, then, of AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE will comprise, as occasion serves, papers of bold and original inquiry into the great ends for which books were written—into books themselves, in their multitudinous forms—and into the mind, which they feed and fashion. It may treat of states and statesmen, though it will avoid politics and scandal. It will pass, perhaps, from a view of the general structure of society, to a ludicrous dissection of one of the atoms that compose it. It will investigate past events where it can, and shew, too, how history has reported them. These are some among the more arduous of its tasks —the constant aim will be to execute them in a popular, and never in a rigid or pedantic spirit.

Of its productions in the various fields of romance, the most conspicuous, in the earlier numbers, will be a new Tale by the Editor. This in its progress will exhibit many of those pictures of manners and of social habit in the by-gone time, by which the Magazine may become the happy instrument of introducing every young reader to his own great-grandfather. Tragic passion and comic incident will in this, as in briefer subjects, be employed, to shew how, amidst the caprice and mutability of fashion, Nature is unalterable, and Truth divinely beautiful for ever.

Of the lighter poetry, and of humorous sketches, the plan of the Magazine, as already hinted, includes an ample variety, or what the arbiters of taste would call "an elegant assortment." It includes, also, the intention of reporting frequently upon the progress of the Drama—of noticing new features of Art, when the exhibitions are open for the season—and of recording from time to time such leading points of scientific invention and discovery as may interest the general reader.

However disproportioned the price, the size and number of these pages admit of all this being attempted. It may be said, by way of suggesting the expediency of brevity in this address, that the design thus announced comprehends every subject. Not so: there are

subjects which the plan will consistently exclude. It will invariably be remembered, that this new periodical must, if it fulfil its object, become the visitant of Families, the entertainer of the Gentle; that it is addressed not to Mothers only, but to Daughters. This recollection will ensure the observance of a fixed principle in the conduct of it, and forbid the introduction of many subjects, which, however fitted for illustration in a separate form, can have no place on this "more removed ground."

The general outline of the design with which this Magazine is commenced has been broadly marked out. Intentions are intimated, but no promise expressed. If a pledge were to be hazarded at all, it might assuredly be given on behalf of GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

In securing the co-operation of this admirable artist, the strongest assurance is given, not only of unequalled excellence in tragic and humorous illustration, but of an anxious and thoughtful principle of responsibility in the exercise of that power. No work can need a surer guarantee than that which is conveyed in the association of an artist, who has passed an important portion of his life in satirizing and ridiculing human follies, without giving one moment's pain to a fellow-creature; who has faithfully delineated almost every diversity of character, without creating a single enemy. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK will be the illustrator of AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.

This address opened in a certain formal style, balancing its sentences, as introductory addresses *will*, in spite of the writer. The formality happily vanished as the statement proceeded. And now, having deprecated the formal style, it is time to do that which people generally do with a bad habit—return to it. The address, therefore, terminates with a phrase that usually serves for the commencement of a prospectus:—"It is an excellent saying of the younger Pliny"—that AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE not only surpassed all its predecessors, but eclipsed all its contemporaries! The younger Pliny, if he said so, was, we hope, a prophet.

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AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.

THE MISER'S DAUGHTER.

A Tale.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

OPPOSITE NEIGHBOURS.—THE MERCER AND THE BARBER.—JACOB POST.—THE PACKET.

In a large, crazy, old-fashioned house at the corner of the Little Sanctuary in Westminster, and facing the abbey, dwelt, in the year 1774, a person named Scarve. From his extraordinarily penurious habits, he received the appellation of *Starve*, and was generally denominated by his neighbours "Miser Starve." Few, if any, of those who thus designated him, knew much about him, none of them being allowed to cross his threshold; but there was an air, even externally, about his dwelling, strongly indicative of his parsimonious character. Most of the windows in the upper stories, which, as is usual with habitations of that date, far overhung the lower, were boarded up, and those not thus closed were so covered with dust and dirt that it was impossible to discern any object through them. Many parts of the building were in a ruinous condition, and where the dilapidations were not dangerous, were left in that state; but wherever some repairs were absolutely necessary to keep the structure together, they were made in the readiest and cheapest manner. The porch alone preserved its original character. It projected far beyond the doorway, and was ornamented with the arms of a former occupant of the habitation, wrought in bold relief in oak, and supported by two beautifully-carved female figures. All the lower windows were strongly grated, and darkened like the upper with long-accumulated dust. The door was kept constantly bolted and barred, even in the daytime; and the whole building had a dingy, dismal, and dungeon-like aspect.

Mr. Scarve's opposite neighbour, who was as curious as opposite neighbours generally are, and who was a mercer named Deacle, used to spend hours with his wife and daughter, who were as curious as himself, in reconnoitring the miser's dwelling. But their curiosity was rarely, if ever, gratified, except by occasionally seeing some member of the family go forth, or

return. Another constant spy upon the mysterious abode was Peter Pokerich, a young barber and wig-maker, occupying the next house to the mercer, but whose motives were not like the other's, entirely those of curiosity. Having completed his apprenticeship about a twelvemonth before, Peter Pokerich had at that time settled in the Little Sanctuary, and had already obtained a fair share of business, being much employed in dressing the wigs of the lawyers frequenting Westminster Hall. He was a smart dapper little fellow, with no contemptible opinion of himself, either as to mental or personal qualifications, and being determined to push his fortune with the sex, had, in the first instance, paid very marked attentions to the mercer's daughter, Thomasine, or, as she was more familiarly called, Tommy; and these attentions it was pretty evident were not altogether unacceptable. Just, however, as he was on the eve of declaring himself, and soliciting the hand of the fair Thomasine, with little apprehension of a refusal, he accidentally beheld the miser's daughter, Hilda Scarve, and his inflammable heart taking fire at her beauty, which was indeed sufficiently ravishing to captivate a colder breast than the barber's, he thenceforth became her slave, and could no longer endure the auburn locks, the hazel orbs, the round cheeks, and plump little person, of the fair Thomasine, which had once appeared so attractive in his eyes. Another consideration was not without its weight in turning the scale of his affections. Hilda's father was reputed to be of immense wealth; she was his only child, at least it was generally understood so, and would, of course, inherit the whole of his vast hoards; and as, furthermore, he was an old man, it could not, in the course of nature, be very long before the property must come to her. This consideration decided Peter in favour of the miser's daughter, and it was the hope of obtaining a glimpse of her that made him play the spy upon her father's dwelling.

The repairs previously alluded to were made by the miser's servant, Jacob Post, who, on this occasion, stepped over the way to borrow a ladder from Mr. Deacle. For reasons of his own, the mercer readily complied with the request, and when Jacob's work was done, and he brought back the ladder, he was invited by its owner to his back parlour, where Mrs. Deacle and the fair Thomasine were seated, and where a substantial repast was laid out. Jacob was next requested to sit down, and with some hesitation complied. A plate, loaded with cold beef, was next offered him, and he cleared it in an inconceivably short space of time. The plate was again filled, and again emptied, and as his appetite seemed in no ways stayed, and the edge-bone was nearly bared, a large remnant of a potato pie in a brown earthenware dish was substituted. To the astonishment of the party, he soon disposed of it. These viands requiring to be washed down, Mr. Deacle took a jug of ale, which stood at one corner of the table, and pouring out a large foaming glass, offered it to his guest, winking as he did so at his wife, as much as to say, "We have him now." Whether or not Jacob saw the wink is of little import. He took the glass, drained it to the last drop, and sprang to his feet.

"Why, you're not going!" cried Mr. Deacle.

"Yes, I am," replied Jacob, in his deep, gruff voice.

"Well; but stop a bit, I've something to say to you," rejoined Mr. Deacle.

"Master 'll wonder what I'm doing here so long," returned Jacob. "He watched me cross over with the ladder."

"You should have thought of that before you sat down," remarked Mrs. Deacle, somewhat spitefully. "If you would draw another jug of ale, my dear, I dare say Jacob would risk incurring his master's displeasure, and stay a few minutes longer."

"No, I wouldn't," replied Jacob, looking at the same time wistfully at the jug. "No, I wouldn't," he added, slightly softening his tone.

"Try him," whispered Mrs. Deacle to her spouse.

Mr. Deacle took the hint, and likewise took up the jug, and winking at his wife, proceeded to a side door, opening upon a flight of stone steps, evidently leading to the lower part of the premises, and disappeared. With true feminine tact, Mrs. Deacle had perceived Jacob's weak point. He seemed spell-bound. The temptation of the "other jug" was irresistible. He scratched his forehead with the point of his great thumb-nail, pushed the little brown scratch wig covering the top of his head still higher up, glanced at the door, but did not attempt to withdraw. The figure that he now cut was so ridiculous that both ladies burst into screams of laughter. Not in the slightest degree disconcerted, Jacob maintained his position, and eyed them with a look so stern that their merriment speedily died off in a quaver. The formidable certainly predominated over the ridiculous in Jacob's appearance. He was six feet two in height, with a large-boned frame, not encumbered with too much flesh, and immense hands and feet. Though slightly in-kneed, he held himself as erect as an old soldier. He had a grim black muzzle, a wide mouth garnished with keen white teeth, the masticatory powers of which he had just so satisfactorily exhibited, thick and jetty eyebrows, and an enormous nose slightly tinged towards its extremity with a mulberry hue. He wore an old gray cloth coat, of the formal cut, in vogue about twenty years before, with a row of plate buttons extending from the collar to the skirts, as well as others on the pockets, and which coat, though it only reached to his knees, must have dangled down to its original owner's ancles. His waistcoat was of the same material as the upper garment, and evidently dated back to the same remote period. A dirty neckcloth, which looked positively white from its contrast with his swarthy chin, was twisted round his throat. He possessed great personal strength, and, indeed, was reported to have driven off, single-handed, three housebreakers, who had contrived one night to effect an entrance into his master's habitation. It was thought that the miser retained him as much for self defence as for his other services; and it was even said that in some money-lending transactions in which Mr. Scarve had been engaged with suspicious characters, Jacob stood by on guard.

By this time, the mercer had returned with a jug, whose frothing head made Jacob smack his lips. Seeing the effect produced on him, Mr. Deacle indulged in a sly chuckle.

"Ah! Jacob," he said, in a feigned commiserating tone, "I fear you don't get such liquor as this with your master. He don't brew over-strong—not too much malt and hops, eh?"

"That's true enough, Sir," replied Jacob, gruffly.

"Do you get any ale at all, Jacob?" inquired Mrs. Deacle.

"No," replied Jacob, in a tone so abrupt that it made the good dame start, and elicited a slight scream from the fair Thomasine.

"'Odd's precious!" exclaimed Mrs. Deacle; "how the fellow does frighten one. And so you have no ale"—(Jacob shook his head)—"nor small-beer"—(another negative)—"then what *do* you drink, for wine or spirits must be out of the question?"

"Treacle-beer," rejoined Jacob; "and little enough of that."

"So I should think," remarked Mr. Deacle, cunningly. "Come, come, friend Jacob, this may be very well for your master, but it wont do with me. Your nose would never keep its goodly colour on such thin potations."

A grim *smile crossed Jacob's* face, and he tapped the feature in question.

"I understand," replied the mercer, winking; "private cellar, ah! Perfectly right, Jacob. Private larder, too, I'll be sworn. You couldn't live on Miser Starve's—I mean, Mr. Scarve's—allowance. Impossible, Jacob; impossible. Take a glass, Jacob. Your master must be very rich, eh?"

"I don't know," replied Jacob, after tossing off the glass; "he doesn't live like a rich man."

"There I differ from you, Jacob," returned the mercer; "he lives like a miser, and misers are always rich."

"Maybe," replied Jacob, turning away.

"Stop, stop," cried the ironmonger, "you must finish this jug before you go. Are you the only servant in the house?"

"The only *man*-servant," replied Jacob, looking as if he did not relish the question; "but there's sometimes a *cheer*woman, and the two ladies do for themselves."

"Do for themselves!" ejaculated Mrs. Deacle. "How dreadful!"

"Dreadful! indeed," echoed Thomasine, with an expression of ineffable disgust, theatrically fine in its effect.

"Well, I *should* like to see the inside of your master's house, Jacob, I confess," pursued Mrs. Deacle.

"You wouldn't wish to repeat the visit, ma'am, if you had once been there," he answered drily.

"I hope the miser doesn't ill-treat his daughter," said Thomasine. "Poor thing! how I pity her. Such a sweet creature, and such a tyrant of a father!"

"She's not ill-treated, miss," rejoined Jacob, gruffly; "and she's not so much to be pitied as you suppose; nor is master a tyrant by no means, miss."

"Don't be offended, Jacob," interposed the mercer, pouring out a glass, and handing it to him. "Women always fancy themselves ill-treated either by their fathers, husbands, or brothers—all except their lovers, eh, Jacob?"

"I'm sure, my love, nobody can say *I* complain," said Mrs. Deacle.

"Nor I, father," added Thomasine; "as to lovers, I know nothing about them, and don't desire to know."

"Bless me! how you take one up," rejoined Mr. Deacle, sharply. "Nobody does say that either of you complains. Surely, Jacob, the old lady whom I always see with your master's daughter can't be her mother?"

"No, she's her aunt," replied Jacob.

"On the father's side?"

"Mother's."

"I thought as much; and her name is— ?"

Jacob looked as though he would have said, "What's that to you?" but he answered, "Mrs. Clinton."

"You'll think me rather curious, Jacob," pursued the mercer, "but I should like to know the name of your master's daughter. What is it, eh?"

"Hilda," replied Jacob.

"Hilda! dear me, a very singular name," cried Mrs. Deacle.

"Singular, indeed! but sweetly pretty," sighed Thomasine.

"Probably a family name," remarked the mercer. "Well, Miss Hilda's a charming creature, Jacob,—charming."

"She *is* charming," repeated Jacob, emphatically.

"Not very well dressed though," muttered the mercer, as if speaking to himself; and then he added aloud—"She'll be a great catch, Jacob—a great catch; any engagement,—any one in view—any lover, eh?"

"No one," replied Jacob. "Unless," he added, bursting into a hoarse laugh, "it's your next door neighbour, Peter Pokerich, the barber."

"Peter Pokerich!" screamed Thomasine, starting to her feet, and assu ing an attitude of distraction.

"Mercy on us! what's the matter, Tommy?" cried the mercer, in surpri

"Don't ask me, father," rejoined the young lady, gasping like a trag actress, and passing her hand across her brow as if to clear off some im ginary hair; her own auburn tresses being trimly secured beneath a pret little fly cap. "Tell me, Jacob," she added, catching his arm, "Is my— Peter—is he Hilda Scarve's lover?—has he declared his passion?—is l acepted?—tell me all, Jacob, and whatever effort it may cost me, I will be it."

"I've nothing more to tell than this," replied Jacob, who listened wi imperturbable calmness to this passionate and touching address. "He h lately taken to following Miss Hilda when she goes out to walk with h aunt."

"But has not dared to address her, Jacob?" cried Thomasine, breathlessl

"Not till the other day," replied Jacob, "and then he stopped her just she was entering the house. Luckily, I was there, and I gave him a tas of my crabstick, which I'll engage he'll remember."

"Cudgelled!—Peter false, and cudgelled!—cruel, yet kind, Jacob!" crie Thomasine, relaxing her hold, and staggering back. "This is too much- support me, mother!"

"What's the matter with you, Tommy, I say?—are you going distracted cried the mercer.

"Fetch the ratafia, my dear, and don't ask questions," replied his wif "Don't you see there's been a secret attachment?" she added, in an unde tone; "that deceitful little barber has played her false. But I'll bring hi to his senses, I'll warrant him. Poor thing! this is just the state I w thrown into when I heard of your going to Stourbridge fair with cousi Sally. The ratafia! the ratafia!—quick! quick!"

The mercer opened a cupboard, took out the cordial, gave it to his wif and then motioning to Jacob to follow him, rushed so precipitately out of t room that he overset a person who was listening at the door, and who prove to be no other than Peter Pokerich.

"What! you here, sir!" cried Mr. Deacle, in astonishment. Then yo have heard what has passed. Go in to my daughter, and make her min easy directly."

"If he doesn't I'll give him another taste of the crabstick," said Jacob.

"But it would be highly indecorous, improper, in me to go in just no Mr. Deacle," remonstrated Peter.

"Not more indecorous than listening at the door," rejoined the merce "Go in directly, sir."

"Ay, go!" added Jacob.

And Peter, seeing that opposition was in vain, opened the door a sneaked in. A stifled scream and an hysterical laugh succeeded his e trance.

The mercer accompanied Jacob to the street door; and, as he pass through the shop, pointed out the different rich stuffs to him.

"I wish you could induce your young mistress to come and look at n assortment of stuffs," he said; "it is the choicest in town, though I say who should not say it. I have garden silks, Italian silks, brocades, tissue cloth of silver, ditto gold, fine Mantua silks, right Genoa velvets, Engli ditto, embossed ditto. Or if she wants commoner stuffs, I have fine thre satins, both striped and plain, fine Mohair silks, satinets, burdets, Persiane Norwich crapes, anterines, silks for hoods and scarves, hair camlets, sa

thees, shalloons, and right Scotch plaids. Can you recollect all these articles?"

"I should need a better memory than I have to recollect half of 'em," replied Jacob.

"I would send her some stuffs to look at, if you think her father wouldn't object," said the mercer: "this black velvet would suit her exactly; or this rich Italian silk."

"It would cost me my place to take them," replied Jacob; "and yet, as you say, they would become her purely." But it's of no use thinking of them," he added, walking away.

"One word more, Jacob," said Mr. Deacle, detaining him, and whispering in his ear—"I did not like to ask the question before the women—but they do say your master's a Papist and a Jacobite."

"Who say so?" cried Jacob, loudly and gruffly. "Speak up, and tell me."

"Why, the neighbours," replied the mercer, somewhat abashed.

"Then tell 'em from me that it's a lie," rejoined Jacob. And, heedless of any further attempts to detain him, he strode away.

One night, about a month after the incident above related, which took place at the latter end of April, 1744, just as Peter Pokerich was in the act of shutting up his shop, he observed a horseman turn out of King-street, and ride towards him. It was sufficiently light to enable him to discover, on a nearer approach, that the stranger was a young man, about one or two and twenty, with a tall, well-proportioned figure, at once vigorous and symmetrical, extremely regular and finely formed features, glowing with health and manly beauty, and slightly, though not unbecomingly, embrowned by exposure to the sun. Apparently disdaining to follow the fashion of the period, or proud of his own waving, brown locks, the young man suffered them to fall in their native luxuriance over his shoulders. The fashion of his dark green riding-dress—which, ill made as it appeared in the eyes of the knowing barber, revealed his fine figure to great advantage, as well as his general appearance—proclaimed him from the country. Looking hard at Peter as he advanced, the stranger drew up beside him.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Scarve lives?" he asked.

Peter started, and stared at his interrogator in speechless astonishment. The young man looked surprised in his turn, and repeated the inquiry.

"Miser Scarve—beg pardon—Mr. Scarve; but he is generally known by the former name hereabouts," cried Peter. "Oh yes, sir; I *do* know where Mr. Starve lives."

"Then, probably you will have the goodness to direct me to the house," returned the young man. "This is the Little Sanctuary, is it not?"

"Yes, sir, yes," replied Peter. "But what may be your business with Miser Starve—beg pardon again, Mr. Scarve?"

"My business is not of much consequence," rejoined the young man, somewhat coldly and haughtily, "but it refers to Mr. Scarve himself."

"Beg pardon, sir; no offence, I hope," returned Peter, in a deprecatory tone; "but Mr. Starve—bless me, how my tongue runs—Mr. Scarve is such a very odd man. He wont see you unless your business is very particular. Will you favour me with your name, sir?"

"My name is Randulph Crew," returned the stranger.

"Crew—Crew!" repeated Peter; "that should be a Cheshire name. Excuse the liberty, but are you from that county, sir?"

"I am—I am," replied the other, impatiently.

"Ah! knew it at once, sir. Can't deceive me," rejoined Peter. "Fine

head of hair, sir, very fine; but must lose it. Very well for Cheshire—but wont do in London. The ladies will laugh at you. Nothing so ungenteel as one's own hair. I've a fine head of hair myself, but can't wear it. Must have a wig. Wigs are as essential to a gentleman's head now a days as lace to his clothes. I have wigs of all sorts, all fashions, all prices; the minor bob; the Sunday buckle; the bob-major; the apothecary's bush; the physical and chirurgical tie; the scratch, or blood's skull covering; the Jehu's Jemmy, or white and all white; the campaign; and the Ramellies. If you'll step in, I'll shew you the last new perriwig—the Villiers—brought in on the great beau of that name,—have heard of him, I dare say, sir,—and which all our brights, smarts, putts, and jemmies, are wearing. I have the counterpart of Beau Villiers's own perriwig, which, between ourselves—for it must go no farther—I obtained from his gentleman, Mr. Crackenthorpe Cripps. It is quite a wonder. Do step in, sir, and look at it. It will quite ravish you."

"Thank you, friend; I am content with the covering nature has given to my head," replied Randulph.

"And with very good reason, sir," replied Peter; "but fashion, sir,—fashion is arbitrary, and has decreed that no man shall wear his own hair. Therefore, you must, perforce, adopt the perriwig."

"Will you shew me Mr. Scarve's residence, or must I apply for information elsewhere?" cried the young man, wearied with the barber's loquacity.

"Not so fast, sir, not so fast," replied Peter. "I must tell you something about the old gentleman first. Do you know him, sir?"

Randulph Crew uttered a hasty negative.

"Then *I do*," continued Peter. "Terrible miser, sir, terrible; denies himself all the comforts of existence; makes his family and servants live upon a bare bone for a week; thinks of nothing but his gold; and as to his daughter—"

"Oh, he has a daughter, has he?" interrupted Randulph. "I was not aware of it. Is she at all like him?"

"Like him, no!" echoed Peter. "She's beautiful beyond description." But thinking such commendation rather injudicious in the present case, he added, "at least some people say so, but, for my own part, I can see nothing to admire in her."

"Well, perhaps I may see her, and judge for myself," replied Randulph.

"Perhaps you may," quavered Peter. "He is just the man to captivate her," he thought. "I wish I could misdirect him. But most probably Jacob wont admit him."

"And now, friend, will you shew me the house?" cried Randulph.

"With pleasure, sir, with pleasure," replied Peter, pointing to the opposite habitation; "there it is,—at the corner."

Vexed at having been detained so long and so unnecessarily, Randulph Crew turned his horse's head, and, dismounting before the miser's door, knocked loudly against it with the butt-end of his heavy riding-whip. Peter anxiously watched his proceedings, but as no answer was returned to the summons, he began to hope the young man would go away. But in this he was disappointed, for the latter renewed his application, and did not desist till checked by the gruff voice of Jacob Post, who shouted from a little grated window, through which he reconnoitred the intruder, "Halloo! what's the matter? who's there?"

"Is Mr. Scarve at home?" asked Randulph. "I want to see him."

"Then you can't," rejoined Jacob, in his harshest accents, but which sounded like music in the ears of the attentive Peter.

"But I must, and will see him," rejoined Randulph in a peremptory tone. "I have a packet to deliver to him—to his own hands—an important packet. Tell him that."

"A Jacobite, I'll be sworn," cried Peter to himself; "I must watch him narrowly. I should feel gratified in being the means of hanging that young man."

"Well, I'll take your message to my master," growled Jacob, after a short pause. "But I must scruti*nize* you a little before I admit you. You seem to me, so far as I can make out, to have a good deal of the cut of a highwayman about you."

"He, he, he! good, Jacob, good!" tittered Peter.

Some minutes elapsed before Jacob, who had disappeared, returned. A heavy tread was heard along the passage leading to the door, succeeded by the rattling of a chain, the clanking of bars, and the shooting back of a couple of ponderous bolts. The door was then thrown open, and exhibited the great gaunt figure of Jacob, holding a lantern in one hand, the light of which he threw full upon the face of the young man, while he kept the other hand, which grasped the redoubted crabstick, out of view. Satisfied, at length, with the investigation, he growled forth, "It'll do. Master'll see you. You may come in."

"That for your trouble, friend," said Randulph, slipping a crown into Jacob's hand, as he tied his horse's bridle to a ring in the door-post.

"I wonder what this is given for?" muttered Jacob, as he pocketed the coin. "It's the only suspicious thing I've noticed about him. I must keep an eye upon him. But I dare say he only wants to see my young mistress, and she's worth more than twenty crowns to look at." Thus rumininating, he admitted Randulph into the passage, locked and bolted the door, took the light out of the lantern and placed it in a copper candlestick, and led the way towards a back room. While the door was being fastened, Peter Pokerich darted across the way, shouting to Randulph, "I'll take care of your horse, sir." No attention, however, being paid to the offer, he hurried back for a light, and began carefully to examine the saddle, peering into the holsters, and trying to open the saddle-bags, to see whether he could obtain any clue to the supposed Jacobite principles of the owner.

Meanwhile, as Randulph Crew followed his conductor along the passage, the boards of which, being totally destitute of carpet or cloth, sounded hollowly beneath their feet; as he glanced at the bare walls, the dusty and cobweb-festooned ceiling, and the staircase, as devoid of covering as the passage, he could not but admit that the account given him by the barber of Mr. Scarve's miserly habits was not exaggerated. Little time, however, was allowed him for reflection. Jacob marched quickly in, and pushing open a door on the right, ushered him into his master's presence. Mr. Scarve was an old man, and looked much older than he really was,—being only sixty-five, whereas he appeared like eighty. His frame was pinched, as if by self-denial, and preternaturally withered and shrivelled; and there was a thin, haggard, and almost hungry, look about his face, extremely painful to contemplate. His features were strongly marked, and sharp, and his eye gray, keen, and piercing. He was dressed in a threadbare cloth robe, trimmed with sable, and wore a velvet nightcap, lined with cotton, on his head. The rest of his habiliments were darned and patched in an unseemly manner. He was seated near a small table, on which was laid a ragged and dirty cloth, covered with the remains of his scanty meal, which Randulph's arrival had interrupted. Part of a stale loaf, a slice of cheese, and a little salt, constituted the sum total of the repast. Everything in the room bespoke the character of its

owner. The panelled walls were without hangings or decoration of any kind. The room itself, it was evident, had known better days and richer garniture. It was plain, but handsome in its character, and boasted a large and well-carved chimney-piece, and a window filled with stained glass, displaying the armorial bearings of the former possessor of the house, though now patched in many places with paper, and stopped up in others with old rags. This window was strongly grated, and the bars were secured in their turn by a large padlock placed inside the room. Over the chimney-piece there were placed a couple of large blue and white china bottles with dried everlasting flowers stuck in their necks. There were only two chairs in the room, and a stool. The best chair was appropriated by the miser himself. It was an old-fashioned affair, with great wooden arms, and a hard leathern back, polished like a well-blacked shoe by frequent use. A few coals, carefully piled into a little pyramid, burnt within the bars, as if to shew the emptiness of the grate, and diffused a slight gleam, like a hollow laugh, but no sort of heat. Beside it sat Mrs. Clinton, an elderly maiden lady, almost as wintry-looking, and as pinched as her brother-in-law. This antiquated lady had a long thin neck, a large nose, very, very *retroussée*, and a skin yellow as parchment ; but the expression of her countenance, though rather sharp and frosty, was kindly. She wore a close-fitting gown of dark camlet, with short tight sleeves, that by no means concealed the angularities of her figure. Her hair, which was still dark as in her youth, was gathered up closely behind, and was surmounted by the small muslin cap then in vogue. The object, however, that chiefly rivetted Randulph's attention on his entrance was neither the miser himself, nor his sister-in-law, but his daughter. Her beauty was so extraordinary that it acted like a surprise upon him, occasioning a thrill of delight, mingled with a feeling of embarrassment. She had risen as he entered the room, and gracefully, and with much natural dignity, returned his salutation, which, through inadvertence, he addressed almost exclusively to her. Hilda Scarve's age might be guessed at nineteen. She was tall, exquisitely proportioned, with a pale, clear complexion, set off by her rich raven tresses, which, totally unrestrained, showered down in a thick cloud over her shoulders. Her eyes were large, and dark, luminous but steady, and indicated firmness of character. Her look was grave and sedate, and there was great determination in her beautifully-formed but closely shut lips. Both her aspect and deportment exhibited the most perfect self-command, and whatever effect might be produced upon her by the sudden entrance of the handsome visitor, not a glance was suffered to reveal it, while he, on the contrary, could not repress the admiration excited by her beauty. He was, however, speedily recalled to himself by the miser, who, rapping the table impatiently, exclaimed in a querulous tone, " Your business, sir? —your business?"

" I have come to deliver this to you, sir," replied Randulph, producing a small packet, and handing it to the miser. " I should tell you, sir," he added in a voice of emotion, " that it was my father's wish that this packet should be given to you a year after his death, but not before."

" And your father's name," cried the miser, bending eagerly forward, and shading his eyes so as to enable him to see the young man more distinctly, " was—was"—

" The same as my own, Randulph Crew," was the reply.

" Gracious heaven!" exclaimed the miser, falling back in his chair, " and is he dead?—my friend—my old friend!" And he pressed his hand to his face, as if to hide his agony.

Hilda bent anxiously over him, and tried to soothe him, but he pushed her gently away.

"Having discharged my mission, I will now take my leave," said Randulph, after a slight pause, during which he looked on in silent astonishment. "I will call at some other time, Miss Scarve, to speak to your father respecting the packet."

"No, stay," cried Hilda, hastily. "Some old and secret spring of affection has been touched. I entreat you to wait till he recovers. He will be better presently."

"He is better now;" replied the miser, uncovering his face, "the fit is past;—but it was sharp while it lasted. Randulph Crew," he added faintly, and stretching out his thin hand to him, "I am glad to see you. Years ago, I knew your father well. But unhappy circumstances separated us, and since then I have seen nothing of him. I fancied him alive, and well, and happy, and your sudden announcement of his death gave me a great shock. Your father was a good man, Randulph, a good man, and a kind one."

"He was, indeed, sir," rejoined the young man, in a broken voice, the tears starting to his eyes.

"But somewhat careless in money matters, Randulph; thoughtless and extravagant," pursued the miser. "Nay, I mean nothing disrespectful to his memory," he added, perceiving the young man's colour heighten. "His faults were those of an over-generous nature. He was no man's enemy but his own. He once had a fine property, but, I fear, he dissipated it."

"At all events, he greatly embarrassed it, sir," replied the young man; "and, I lament to say, that the situation of his affairs preyed upon his spirits, and no doubt hastened his end."

"I feared it would be so," said the miser, shaking his head. "But the estates were entailed. They are yours now, and unembarrassed."

"They might have been so, sir," replied the young man; "but I have foregone the advantage I could have taken of my father's creditors, and have placed the estates in their hands, and for their benefit."

"You don't mean to say you have been guilty of such incredible folly, for I can call it nothing else," cried the miser, in a sharp and angry tone, and starting to his feet. "What! give the estates to the very men who ruined your father! Have you been rash and unadvised enough to break down the barriers that the law had built around you for your protection, and let in the enemy into the very heart of the citadel. It is the height of folly,—of madness I should say."

"Folly or not, sir," returned the young man haughtily, "I do not repent the step I have taken. My first consideration was to preserve the memory of my father unblemished."

"Unblemished, pshaw!" cried the miser. "You would have cleared the spots from your father's fair name much more effectually if you had kept fast hold of the estates, instead of reducing yourself to the condition of a beggar."

"Father," exclaimed Hilda, uneasily, "father, you speak too strongly—much too strongly."

"I am no beggar, sir," replied Randulph, with difficulty repressing his anger, "nor will I allow such a term to be applied to me by you, or any man. Farewell, sir." And he would have left the room, if he had not been detained by the imploring looks of Hilda.

"Well, then, you are reduced to the condition of a poor man, if you prefer the term, and therefore must be a dependent one," said the miser, who

seemed utterly reckless of the pain he was inflicting. "But for your o folly, you might now be worth three thousand a-year,—ay, three thous a-year, for I knew your father's rental. Why you are more thoughtless, m improvident than him—who went before you. You have sold your bir right for less than a mess of pottage. You have sold it for a phantom, shade, a word,—and those who have bought it laugh at you, deride y Out upon such folly! Three thousand a-year gone to feed those birds prey—those vultures—that ravened upon your father's vitals while livi and now riot upon his offspring—it's monstrous, intolerable! Oh! if I h left my affairs in such a condition, and my daughter were to act thus, should not rest in my grave!"

"And yet, in such a case, I should act precisely as this gentleman h acted, father," rejoined Hilda.

"If you approve my conduct, Miss Scarve, I am quite content to b your father's reproaches," replied Randulph.

"You speak like one ignorant of the world, and of the value of mon Hilda," cried the miser, turning to her. "Heaven be praised! you will ne be in such a situation. I shan't leave you much—not much—but wha *do* leave will be unembarrassed. It will be your own, too; no husba shall have the power to touch a farthing of it."

"Have a care, father," rejoined Hilda, "and do not clog your bequ with too strict conditions. If I marry, what I have shall be my husband'

"Hilda," cried the miser, shaking with passion, "if I thought y in earnest I would disinherit you."

"No more of this, dear father," she rejoined, calmly, "I have no thou of marrying, and it is needless to discuss the point till it arises. Recoll also, there is a stranger present."

"True," replied the miser, recovering himself. "This is not the ti to talk over the subject, but I wont have my intentions misunderstood. A now," he added, sinking into the chair, and looking at Randulph, "Let inquire after your mother? I remember her well as Sophia Beechcroft, a a charming creature she was. You resemble her more than your fath Nay, restrain your blushes, I don't mean to flatter you. That which i beauty in a woman, is a defect in a man; and your fair skin and long h would become your sister, if you have one, better than yourself."

"Really, sir," rejoined Randulph, again reddening, "you make strang free with me."

"I made free with your father before you, young man," rejoined miser; "and it was for telling him a piece of my mind that I lost friendship. More's the pity!—more's the pity! I would have served h if he would have let me. But to return to your mother. You acted justly to her, as well as to yourself, in not retaining the family estates."

"My mother has her own private property to live on," replied young man, who winced under the stinging observations of the miser.

"And what's that?" rejoined Mr. Scarve, "a beggarly—I crave y pardon—a pitiful hundred a year or so. Not that a hundred a year *is* piti but it must be so to her with her notions and habits."

"There you are mistaken, sir," replied Randulph; "my mother entirely reconciled to her situation, and lives accordingly."

"I am glad to hear it," replied the miser, in a sceptical tone; "I ow did not give her credit for being able to do so, but I hope it is so."

"Hope, sir," cried Randulph, angrily; "is my word doubted?"

"Not in the least," rejoined the miser, drily; "but young people ar to take things on trust. And now, as you have fooled away your for

may I ask what you are about to do to retrieve it? What profession, or rather what trade do you propose to follow?"

"I shall follow neither trade nor profession, Mr. Scarve," replied Randulph. "My means, though small, enable me to live as a gentleman."

"Hum!" cried the miser. "I suppose, however, you would not object to some employment. An idle man is always an expensive man." But what brought you to London?"

"My chief motive was to deliver that packet to you," replied Randulph. "But I must own I was not altogether uninfluenced by a desire to see this great city, which I have never beheld since I was a mere boy, and too young to remember it."

"You are a mere boy still," rejoined the miser; "and if you will take my advice you will go back more quickly than you came. But I know you wont, so it's idle to urge you to do so. Youth will rush headlong to destruction. Young man, you don't know what is before you, but I'll tell you—it's ruin—ruin—ruin—d'ye hear me—ruin."

"I hear you, sir," replied Randulph, frowning.

"Hum!" said the miser, shrugging his shoulders; "so you wont be advised. But it's the way with all young people, and I ought not to expect to find you an exception. I suppose you mean to stay with your two uncles, Abel and Trussell Beechcroft."

"Such is my intention," replied Randulph.

"I have not seen them for years," pursued Scarve; "but if you are not acquainted with them, I'll give you their characters in brief. Abel is sour, but true—Trussell, pleasant, plausible, but hollow. And you will judge of my candour when I tell you that the first hates me, while the latter is very friendlily disposed towards me. You will take to the one and dislike the other, but you will find out your error in time. Mind what I say. And now let us look at the packet, for I have kept you here too long, and have nothing to offer you."

"There is nearly a glass of wine left in the bottle in the cupboard," interposed Jacob, who had stood stock still during the whole of this interview, with the candle in his hand. "Perhaps the gentleman would like it after his journey."

"Hold your tongue, sirrah," cried the miser, sharply, "and snuff the candle—not with your fingers, knave," he added, as Jacob applied his immense digits to the tufted wick, and stamped upon the snuff as he cast it on the floor. "What can this packet contain? Let me see," he continued, breaking the seal, and disclosing a letter, which he opened, and found it contained a small memorandum. As he glanced at it, a shade came over his countenance. He did not attempt to read the letter, but folding it over the smaller piece of paper, unlocked a small strong box that stood at his feet beneath the table, and placed them both within it.

"It is time you went to your uncle's, young man," he said to Randulph, in an altered tone, and more coldly than before; "I shall be glad to see you some other time. Good night."

"I shall be truly happy to call here again, sir," replied Randulph, looking earnestly at Hilda.

"Jacob, shew Mr. Crew to the door," cried the miser, hastily.

"Good night, Miss Scarve," said Randulph still lingering. "Do you often walk in the parks?"

"My daughter never stirs abroad," replied the miser, motioning him away. "There, get you gone. Good night, good night. A troublesome visitor," he added to Hilda, as Jacob departed with the young man.

Jacob having again placed the candle in the lantern, unbolted and unlocked the door, and issuing forth, they found Peter Pokerich standing beside the horse.

"You may thank me that your horse is not gone, sir," said the latter. "People in London are not quite so honest as the villagers in Cheshire. Well, you have seen Mr. Scarve, I suppose, sir. What do you think of him and of his daughter?"

"That I pity your taste for not admiring her," replied Randulph.

"Not admiring her!" cried Jacob, with a hoarse laugh. "Did he tell you he did not admire her? Why he's dying with love of her, and, I make no doubt, was jealous of your good looks—ho! ho!"

"You are insolent, Mr. Jacob," rejoined Peter, angrily.

"What, you want another taste of my crabstick, do you?" said Jacob. "It's close at hand."

"Don't quarrel, friends," laughed Randulph, springing into the saddle. "Good night, Jacob. I shall hope ere long to see your old master and young mistress again." With this he struck spurs into his steed, and rode off in the direction of Westminster bridge.

"Well," said Peter, as he crossed over the way to his own dwelling, "I've managed to get a letter out of his saddle-bag, at all events. Perhaps it will tell me who and what he is, and whether he's a Jacobite and Papist. If so, let him look to himself; for, as sure as my name's Peter Pokerich, I'll hang him. And now for the letter."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE TWO UNCLES.—MR. JUKES.—THE ARRIVAL.—THE WALK IN SAINT JAMES'S PARK.—THE INTRODUCTION TO BEAU VILLIERS AND LADY BRABAZON.

The two brothers Beechcroft, Randulph's uncles, lived in a retired house in Lambeth, close to the river, and a little to the west of the palace. Both were middle-aged men, that is to say,—for it is difficult to determine what is the middle age, now-a-days, though it was not quite so difficult to fix the period in the last century,—one was fifty-six, and the other ten years younger, and both bachelors. That they lived together, and in this retired way, was not so much matter of choice as of necessity on the part of the younger brother, Trussell, for he would have preferred, if it had been in his power, a gayer kind of life. But fortune decreed it otherwise. The father of the brothers was a wealthy merchant, who was determined to make an elder son, and he accordingly left the bulk of his property, except some trifling bequests to his daughter Sophia (Randulph's mother) and Trussell, to his first-born Abel. Abel, however, behaved very handsomely upon the occasion. He instantly made over to his brother what he considered his rightful share of the property, and to his sister another division. In neither case did the gift prosper. Trussell soon squandered away all his modicum in gaming and every other sort of extravagance, while Sophia's portion was dissipated, though in a different way, by her thoughtless and improvident husband. There are, indeed, so many ways of getting rid of money, that it is difficult to say which is the most expeditious; nor would it be easy to tell whether Trussell or his sister soonest got rid of their brother's bounty. A small sum had been settled upon Mrs. Crew by her father, at the time of her marriage, and on this she now lived. Completely reduced in circumstances, Trussell was thrown upon his brother, who very kindly received him, [illegible] compelled him to live in his own quiet manner. This did not suit the w

mercurial brother, and he more than once tried to live on his own resources; but failing, in the attempt, he was compelled to come back to the old quarters. Now that age had somewhat calmed him, he was more reconciled to his situation. Having little money to spend, for his brother of course regulated his allowance, he could not indulge in any of the dearer amusements,—he could neither play nor frequent the more expensive coffee-houses, clubs, theatres, opera, or other places of public entertainment, except on rare occasions. But he was daily to be seen sauntering on the Mall, or in Piccadilly, and as he had a tolerably extensive acquaintance with the *beau monde*, he was at no loss for society. The Cocoa-Tree and White's were too extravagant for him,—the Smyrna and the Saint James's too exclusively political,—Young Man's too military,—Old Man's too much frequented by stock-jobbers,—and Little Man's by sharpers,—so he struck a middle course, and adopted the British. This was during the-day time, but after the play, if by chance he went thither, he would drop into Tom's or Will's coffee-houses, to talk over the performance—to play a game at picquet—or to lose a half-crown at faro. But nothing would tempt him to risk, even the smallest sum, at hazard. The ordinaries he rarely attended; never, indeed, unless invited by a friend to dine with him at one of them. Such was Trussell Beechcroft's daily routine. Perfectly well bred, of easy and polished manners, good taste, and imperturbable temper, he was an acceptable companion everywhere, and it was a matter of surprise to all that he had not got on better in the world. Trussell was about the middle height, somewhat corpulent and short-necked, and had a round full face. He was by no means handsome, nor had he ever been so, but his features were decidedly prepossessing. He was scrupulously neat in his attire, and a little, perhaps, too attentive to personal decoration for an elderly gentleman: at least his brother thought so.

Abel Beechcroft was a very different character. Some early disappointment in life, in a matter of the heart, it was reported, had soured his temper, and given a misanthropic turn to his mind. He mingled little with the world, and when he did so it was only to furnish himself with fresh material for railing at its follies. He was a confirmed woman-hater, shunned the society of the sex, and never would see his sister after her marriage, because she had in some way or other, though in what was never disclosed, been connected with the bitterest event in his life. In person, Abel was short, thin, and slightly deformed, having very high shoulders, almost amounting to a hump; and his neck being short, like his brother's, his large chin almost reposed upon his chest. His features were somewhat coarse, with a long prominent nose, and pointed chin, but his broad, massive forehead, and keen gray eyes, gave a great degree of intelligence to them, while his shrewd, satirical expression redeemed them from anything like a commonplace character. It has been said that he lived quietly, but he also lived very comfortably. Nothing could be more snug than his retreat at Lambeth, with its fine garden, its green-house, its walls covered with fruit-trees, and its summer-house with windows commanding the river, and frescoed ceiling painted in the time of Charles the Second, at which epoch the house was built, and the garden laid out. Then he had some choice pictures of the Flemish school, two or three of Charles's beauties, undoubted originals, by Lely and Kneller, but placed in his brother's room, to be out of his own sight—an arrangement to which Trussell raised no objection; plenty of old china, and old japanned cabinets; a good library, in which the old poets, the old dramatists, and the old chroniclers found a place; and above all a good store of old wine. He was in fact by no means indifferent to good cheer,

and enjoyed life in his own way with a keen zest. He had an old butler who managed all for him, for he would never suffer a female servant to come into his sight, and this person, Josiah Jukes, or as he was generally called, Mr. Jukes, was the only individual that ever presumed to contradict him.

Randulph's uncles had been apprised of his visit to town, and they were therefore expecting his arrival. The journey from Knutsford in Cheshire, whence he had started, occupied five days. He was attended by a raw country lad, who served him as groom, and whom he had sent forward to announce his arrival to his uncles, while he left the packet with Mr. Scarve; but poor Tom Birch, for so the lad was called, missed his way, and instead of turning to the right after crossing Westminster bridge, went to the left, and strayed to Saint George's Fields; nor was it till an hour after his master's arrival that he found his way to the house in Lambeth.

Abel Beechcroft, who had expected his nephew early in the day, and had in fact waited dinner for him—a compliment he very rarely paid to any one,—became, as he did not appear, waspish and peevish to a degree that his brother's patience could hardly tolerate. He grumbled during the whole of dinner, which he declared was uneatable, and when the cloth was removed, began to find fault with the wine.

"This bottle's corked," he said, as he tasted the first glass; "all the fault of that young fellow. I wish I had never promised to receive him. I dare say some accident has happened to him. I hope it may turn out so."

"You don't hope any such thing, sir," remarked Mr. Jukes, a little round rosy man in a plain livery, "you don't hope any such thing, so don't belie yourself, and do your good heart an injustice. The wine's not corked," he added, taking the bottle to the sideboard, and tasting it. "Try another glass. Your palate's out of order."

"And well it may be, Mr. Jukes," replied Abel, "for my digestion has been sadly disturbed by this waiting. Ah! I find I was mistaken," he added, tasting the glass poured out for him, "there *is* nothing the matter with the wine."

"On the contrary, sir, I think it an excellent bottle," remarked Trussell, "and I propose that we drink our worthy sister's good health,—Heaven bless her! Much I should like to see her!—and her son's safe and speedy arrival."

"Come, sir, you cannot refuse that pledge," said Mr. Jukes, filling his master's glass. "I must drink it myself," he added, again carrying the bottle to the sideboard.

"Well, I wonder what we shall find Randulph like," mused Trussell, "for we have not seen him since he was a little below not higher than this table, when his poor father brought him to town."

"By the same token that his poor father borrowed two thousand pounds of me at the time, every farthing of which I lost," growled Abel.

"Well, well, no matter, sir. You never felt the loss, so what does it signify," remarked Mr. Jukes.

"I have no doubt Randulph will be a very fine young man," pursued Trussell; "Sophia writes word that he is her exact image, and she was certainly the finest woman of her day."

"Ay, ay!" cried Abel, shrugging his shoulders uneasily. "Change the subject, brother. Change the subject."

For some minutes there was a profound silence, which was at length broken by Abel.

"I suppose you mean to take this young lad, if he comes, to see a sights, brother," he remarked.

" Oh, of course, [illegible] Uncle Abel said, as if uncon-
to the world; shew [illegible]
him a slight taste of [illegible]
" Let it be a [illegible] young man in arranging his little
enough to give him [illegible] which he had promised to deliver.
be perfectly un[illegible] over every article he possessed
and indeed knew [illegible] had lost it. What made the matter
conduct, in [illegible] recollect to whom it was addressed.
great hopes of [illegible] from his mother, to whom it had been
lose in the end [illegible] his loss in a despatch which he pro-
in some degree [illegible] his safe arrival, and the impressions
" On my [illegible] Scarve. Strange to say, he did not
" Then [illegible] account to himself for the reluctance
you will [illegible] concluded, he went down stairs, and
—may [illegible] all. Accordingly, they all three went
you only [illegible] shaped their course towards Saint
than him[illegible] Little Sanctuary, Randulph could not
charac[illegible] dwelling which enshrined her who had
him off[illegible] Uncle Abel noticed his look, and,
" A[illegible] Remember what I told you. Disobey
him a[illegible]
" W[illegible] reply, but he was checked by a sig-
him [illegible]
" [illegible] House, they entered the Park by a
the [illegible] court. It was now noon, and a warm
[illegible] the avenues of trees then extending
[illegible]'s Pond were crowded with persons of
[illegible] forth by the fineness of the weather.

studded with boats, presented a lively and pleasant sight. As night drew on, however, Abel, in spite of himself, could not conceal his uneasiness.

"Something must have happened to the lad, Jukes," he said: "my mind misgives me. He has been robbed, and perhaps maltreated by some of the highwaymen that haunt Finchley Common."

"Poh! poh! don't make yourself uneasy," replied Mr. Jukes. "He'll be here presently, I'll warrant him. What has he to be robbed of?"

"Nothing much, that's certain," replied Abel. But it is getting late. It must be near ten o'clock. He won't even be in time for supper."

"I've ordered supper to be kept back an hour, sir," said Jukes.

"The devil you have!" cried Abel, angrily. "And do you think I'll submit to such an arrangement? Would you ruin my digestion, rascal? My stomach is as regular as clockwork. Serve it, directly, sirrah."

As Mr. Jukes departed to see his master's commands obeyed, he was agreeably surprised by a loud knocking at the outer door, and, waddling thither with the other servants as fast as he could, was enchanted to find the summons proceeded from the expected guest. Randulph's horse was taken charge of, and he himself speedily ushered into the presence of his uncles, who both welcomed him warmly and affectionately; though Abel could not help mixing up with his greetings some reproofs for his late arrival. Randulph replied that he had sent on his servant to announce him, and account for the delay, and it then came out that the lad had not made his appearance. The young man then went on to explain the motive of his visit to Mr. Scarve. At the mention of this name, Randulph observed both his uncles look extremely blank. Uncle Abel in particular seemed angry and disconcerted.

"You must never go near that house again," said the latter, at length, in an authoritative tone. "Mark me—on pain of my displeasure, I forbid it."

"Why so, uncle?" asked Randulph, who had been schooled by his mother to treat Abel with great deference.

"Don't ask me," replied Abel. "It is sufficient that I forbid you."

Randulph felt disposed to remonstrate, more especially as the figure of the beautiful Hilda Scarve rose before his recollection; but Uncle Abel at that moment turning away, his sleeve was plucked by Uncle Trussell, who whispered in his ear, "Do not disobey him, or you will mar your future fortunes."

Thus advised, the young man made no reply. Soon after this, supper was served, and before it was concluded, Randulph's groom arrived. Many questions were put to his nephew by Uncle Trussell respecting his sister, her state of health, and other matters, all of which were answered very satisfactorily. The time for parting, however, came, and Randulph was not sorry to retire. The only thing that dwelt in his mind and clouded his satisfaction, was Uncle Abel's peremptory interdiction against his visits to the miser, and he felt he should have difficulty in observing it. "It is strange," he thought, "that my mother should never have answered any of my inquiries respecting Mr. Scarve. She seemed as mysterious as my uncles. I don't much like the old man. But the daughter is charming. Heigho! I must positively see her again, even if I incur Uncle Abel's sovereign displeasure."

Next morning, the uncles and their nephew met at breakfast at an early hour, when the subjects discussed on the previous night were renewed. Now that he had completely shaken off the fatigue of his journey, Randulph looked so handsome, that both his relations were greatly taken

Randulph was greatly amused by all he saw, and gazed with much curiosity at all presented to his view. Passing by the Decoy, the party skirted the great canal, and, leaving Rosamond's Pond on the left, proceeded towards Buckingham House.

Just at this juncture, uncle Trussell caught sight of a gay party approaching, and exclaimed, in a joyful tone, to his nephew, "As I live, we are most fortunate. There is the leader of fashion, Beau Villiers, coming towards us. You shall know him, nephew—you shall know him. The ladies he is walking with are Lady Brabazon and the Honourable Clementina Brabazon: a fine girl, Clementina—a remarkably fine girl; perfect in style and manners—quite a toast among the sparks. The old fellow at her side, Sir Singleton Spinke, was a great beau in his time, though never equal to Villiers, who far surpasses even his prototype, Beau Fielding, in style and taste. You shall know them all."

"And nice acquaintances you will make," remarked uncle Abel, sneeringly.

"Never mind him, Randulph," whispered uncle Trussell. "If you know this set, and they like you, you may know whom you please. Beau Villiers commands all society, from the highest down to—to—"

"Mr. Trussell Beechcroft," replied uncle Abel.

"Well, down to me if you please," rejoined uncle Trussell, "and that shews it does not extend too low. But, Randulph, I beg you to look at the beau. Did you ever see a finer man?"

"He is very handsome, certainly," replied Randulph, "and remarkably well dressed."

"He is a great coxcomb, a great rake, and a great gamester, Randulph," said uncle Abel; "beware of him."

"Tush, never mind what he says," rejoined uncle Trussell, who really wished to have the eclat of introducing his handsome nephew to the great beau. "Come along!"

So saying, he took his nephew's arm, and hurried him forward. Pushing their way through the throng, when near the sentry-box opposite Buckingham House, they encountered the party in question. Beau Villiers, who was, indeed, a remarkably handsome man, and dressed in the extremity of the mode; wore a light-blue embossed velvet coat, embroidered with silver, with broad cuffs similarly ornamented; a white waistcoat, of the richest silk, likewise laced with silver; tawny velvet breeches, partly covered with pearl-coloured silk hose, drawn above the knee, and secured with silver garters. His dress was completed by shoes of black Spanish leather, fastened by large diamond buckles, and a superb Ramillie perriwig of the lightest flaxen hair, which set off his brilliant complexion, and fine eyes, to admiration. He carried a three-cornered hat, fringed with feathers, and a clouded cane, mounted with a valuable pebble. Near the beau walked Lady Brabazon, a gorgeous dame of about five-and-forty, and still possessed of great personal attractions, which she omitted no means of displaying. She wore a hoop, and a white and silver satin sack. Struck by Randulph's figure at a distance, she had pointed him out to the beau, who thereupon vouchsafed to look towards him. Behind Lady Brabazon came her daughter Clementina, a very pretty and very affected blonde of two-and-twenty, with an excessively delicate complexion, fair hair, summer blue eyes, and a very mincing gait. She was exquisitely dressed in the last new mode, with a small escaloped lace cap, her hair curled at her sides, a triple row of pearls round her neck, and a diamond cross attached to the chain; and though she pretended to be inte-

rested in the discourse of the old knight, it was evident her regards were attracted by the handsome young stranger. As to the old beau, he was, indeed, supremely ridiculous. He was attired in a richly embroidered cinnamon-coloured velvet coat, with fur cuffs of a preposterous size, each as large as a modern muff. His pantaloon legs were covered with pink silk hose; his wrinkled features were rouged and bepatched; and his wig was tied with a large bow, and had such an immense cue to it, that it looked as if a great dragon fly had perched on the back of his neck. Lady Brabazon was attended by a little black page, in a turban and eastern dress, who had charge of her favourite lap-dog.

By this time, the two parties had met. Uncle Abel drew on one side to allow the introduction to take place, and to witness it. Uncle Trussell stepped forward, and, bowing obsequiously to Beau Villiers, pointed to Randulph, who stood on his right, saying, "Permit me to introduce my nephew, Mr. Randulph Crew, to you, Mr. Villiers. He is fresh from the country. But even there your reputation has reached him."

"I am happy to make his acquaintance," replied the beau, courteously returning Randulph's bow, and eyeing him curiously at the same time. "On my faith, your ladyship," he added aloud to Lady Brabazon, "the young man is not amiss, but destroyed by his dress and rustic air."

"I really think something may be made of him," returned Lady Brabazon, in the same loud and confidential tone. "Mr. Trussell Beechcroft, make your nephew known to me."

"With the greatest pleasure, your ladyship," replied Trussell, obeying her behest.

"Come with us," said Lady Brabazon, to Randulph, after the ceremony had been gone through, "My daughter, Mr. Crew," she added as they passed along. "By the by, who was that strange old man I saw walking with you just now?"

"Who?" rejoined Randulph, evasively, for he felt ashamed, he knew not why, of acknowledging his uncle.

"There he is," said Lady Brabazon, pointing with her fan backwards, "he is staring hard at us, and looks exactly like a bailiff."

"It is my uncle Abel," replied Randulph, in some confusion.

"Your uncle Abel!" cried Lady Brabazon, with a scream of laughter. "Then the sooner you get rid of uncle Abel the better."

Abel could not hear the words, but he heard the laugh, and saw the gesture, as well as his nephew's confusion, and knew that he was the object of it. He turned away in the opposite direction, muttering to himself as he went, "So, he has taken the first step."

THE THREE SISTERS.

"Loch Awe. Three large ash trees by the road side are known by the name of 'The Three Sisters,' from the persons who planted them, and this was all we heard. A more durable monument these sisters, whoever they were, might have left behind them, but not a more appropriate or a more affecting one, under whatever circumstances may have been planted the trees that have so long survived them. Whether in the joyousness of childhood, with no forethought, and no forefeeling to disturb their enjoyment; or, perhaps, with too much of that feeling when they were about to be separated for the first time or for ever." —R. S. Unpublished Journal, p. 247.

Stop, traveller! rest and contemplate,
A moment on thy way,
Those three fair-spreading ashen trees,
That graceful in the noonday breeze,
Wave light their feathery spray.

Thou walkest on thy worldly way,
And seek'st the crowded mart;
Yet pause—thou never wilt repent
(Stolen from the world) these moments spent
In quietness of heart.

"The world is too much with us all;"*
It is a blessed thing,
To find a little resting-place,
A secret nook, a charmed space,
Safe from its entering.

Where hoarded thoughts, pure, spiritual,
Imaginative, holy,
(Released awhile from clinging clay,)
May revel, innocently gay,
Or mildly melancholy.

Where memory's inward eye may dwell
On consecrated treasures,
Too precious to be gazed upon,
Where life's cold, common round runs on,
Of heartless cares and pleasures.

Where Fancy may in cloud-land build,
Or small material space,
As here—and so we come at last
To an old story of the past,
Connected with this place.

Yet not *a story*—just a sketch—
A shadowy outline rude;
Such as methinks 'twere pleasant play,
To sit and fill this summer's day,
With apt similitude.

These ash trees,—(mark their number well;
Their equal growth you see;
Their equal ages; vigorous, green,
As their first leafy prime was seen,)—
Are called "The Sisters Three."

* Wordsworth.

By whom, or after whom, so called,
None living now can say;
Nor planted how long since; nor more,
Than that the name they bear, they bore
In a long distant day.

Memorial of a mortal three
Who set them where they stand,
Their pensile branches still to wave,
When long, long moulder'd in the grave,
Each planter sister's hand.

Unsculptured, fragile monument!
Who wills, may read in thee
(Reading with thoughtful heart and mind,
To dreamy questioning inclined,)
A touching mystery.

What were those sisters? Young or old,
Of high or humble birth?
Simple or wise, admired or scorn'd,
Loved and lamented, or unmourn'd,
Pass'd they away from earth?

Came they in joyous childhood here,
From sad fore-feeling free,
To set, by hands parental led,
The sapling trees, that overhead
Inarch so loftily?

Or hither, in short after time,
(Tears from their young eyes starting,)
Came they with sadden'd mien sedate,
And arms entwined, to consecrate
The eve of a first parting?

Each calling by a sister's name
The youngling ash then set;
And blessing, as she turn'd away,
The frail memorial of a day
It stands recording yet.

Or was it of the Sisters three,
When *two* were dead and gone,
That, all absorb'd in mournful thought,
This spot the sad survivor sought?
The last and only one!

This spot in childish joyance oft
Where they had played together,
Merry as blossoms on the bough,
Or birds, their fairy sports I trow
Scarce startled from the heather.

Two soundly sleep in distant graves,
And *one* stands all alone,
Fading and failing fast, with her
To perish, the last chronicler
Of those to dust gone down.

So thought she, reasoning with herself,
Perhaps, that thing forlorn!
And gazing sadly round, sigh'd on,
"Here all will look, when we are gone
As we had ne'er been born."

A natural thought! most natural,
The fond desire to leave
Some record, than elaborate tomb
More fitting here, of those for whom
None would be left to grieve.

And so perhaps she caused to plant
These trees that selfsame day.
Traveller! I've dreamt my dream; grudge not
Thy tarriance in this quiet spot—
Pass peaceful on thy way.

C. S.

FANCIFUL ESSAYS.

BY MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, ESQ.

NO. I.—A FLIGHT UPON FLYING.

"Non usitatâ, nec tenui ferar
Pennâ biformis per liquidum æthera
Vates."

NOVELTY, — whither hast thou fled? Thou wine of curiosity, manna for the mind, old desire of philosophic Athens, vain hope of imperial Rome, toy of nations, queen of cosmopolites, thou mine of wealth,—where art thou? Paris is pining for thy needful pabulum, and plodding Londoners faint for a taste of their scarce, but sweet viaticum: we seize upon the papers with exulting hope, soon to lay them down in blank despair. — There are no news; stagnation broods upon the world we live in, and Novelty has flown into the AIR.

For, verily, about our dear old mother, this stale and superannuated earth, a man can think, speak, or write nothing new,—positively nothing.—When glorious Greece dressed her up in mythologic state—Agamemnon's Greece, not Otho's—she crowned the Cybele with turrets, inaccessible as citadels of Lycia, secret as the towers of Otranto; a sceptre of dominion was fitted to the goddess's right hand, and her left hand wielded the master-key of mysteries; while a slumbering lion, terrible in passive strength, was the monarch's tawny footstool: Earth was then in her honeymoon, as the Sun's young wife, full of beauties unknown, of marvels unexplored. But now the withered beldame dotes, gossiping in garrulous antiquity for ever

of the pregnant past; her head-gear of mystic turrets, (if, indeed, any other than the ideal "chest of drawers" wherewith Mrs. Rowland Hill went bonneted to chapel, or than the powdered wickerwork of our grand-dames, that trembled at Swift's sermon upon "Top-knot, come down,") her turrets, once eyries of Edom, are become more diaphanous than those of Kenilworth or Caernarvon, tenanted by lunching cockneys, haunted by fee-hungry ciccrones: her sceptre,—what is it but a crutch-handled walking-stick, or a fan, lazytongs, parasol, or scratchback? All her queerly-fashioned caskets have been picked so often and so easily by our literary Chubbs and Bramahs, that her Nilotical old key is voted little better than old iron, curious only for its clumsiness, and useless as those of Herculaneum, widowers in rust that have survived their locks; and for a patent footstool of tame lions, Carter or Van Amburgh (to say nothing of young France) will supply your shaggy cowards on the shortest notice, and in any quantity. There remains nothing to explain, nothing to be new upon; no fact so microscopic as to have been "hitherto unobserved," no latent wonder for the most innocuous of fools to sun withal his stupid curiosity: we have all attained to the Horatian dignity of marvelling at nothing. Not only is there no new thing under the sun, *that's* a very truism, a super-antiquated maxim; but there is nothing strange to any specific acre beneath the broad disc of his surveillance: Catlin drinks sherry among the Chickasaws, and the well-bred Minatarrees look calmly on a steamboat; there are practising attorneys in New Zealand, and Whiggery afflicts Spitzbergen; our Mill-Molochs exclaim triumphantly, "Them's my prints!" as they recognise flowered calicoes flaunting on the backs of the Fuegians; and the Monomatapan rhinoceros gasps out his swinish soul upon Rodgers's cast-steel, driven home by the prowess of a Caffre. Man, civilized man,—shaving, political, money-making man,—infests every region; Timbuctoo is not inviolate, nor are the Rocky Mountains of Columbia; the Quarterly stirs up your Urquhartite Circassians, and the truth-telling Chronicle cajoles the Japanese; the lady's-maid arranges her mantilla on the shady side of a pyramid, and my lord's man smokes his surreptitious cigar on the fallen column of a stylobat; every nation under heaven knows the taste of whiskey, and Nature herself is hardly unsophisticate.

O for a speck on this broad, bad world, where the poor starvelings of novelty may hope to find a lingering somewhat of mysterious! Hopeless, aimless, unguarded aspiration: the march of intellect has put all things existent under its victorious feet, from Jungfrau to Salt-hill. We know as well what is in an uncracked nut, as if we had featly got the kernel: we are shrewd enough to guess the catastrophe of volume three before having yawned half through volume one: every rock has long time rendered up its granite-bound princess, every ruin wearied us with thrice-told legends; there is not an Undine extant in any possible lake; Laputa and Lilliput, or other fancied realms, are trampled as the highway to Vienna: wood-nymphs are not more extinct than dodos; the brownie, the fairy, the goul, the gnome, and other such improbable vocations, are themes as evidently worn shabby and unpresentable as Greek pirates, Italian bandits, Paris swindlers, and London thieves. Once more, then, we recur to our réfrain—there is nothing new. If Modesty left this earth so very long ago that even Charles Lamb affected to see no more than the blushing ancle of her translation sky-ward, in the flesh-coloured silks of his old-fashioned youth, Mystery (that whilome sister of hers whom Lycurgus saw fit to part, but the Hermia and Helena thereafter were made one again), Mystery, stared fairly out of countenance,

has, in this age of unsecretiveness, some time followed that emigrant example. There is not a stitch of her black train left for us to touch; she has sped away, with politeness, to the planets. Radcliffe is out of date no less than Richardson; the terrors of Udolpho have had their day, equally with the tremors of Clarissa. Ghosts affright not us, who can ask, with shew of reason, where they got their clothes from; skeletons are incidents that no more thrill in story, since looked upon, intrinsically, as little better than phosphate of lime, and extrinsically, in the vulgar nature of a window-frame; for the Bleeding Nun school of tales we prescribe a styptic; for Red Rovers, a course of solitary confinement and water-gruel; for usurping uncles, an amicable compromise to stay the ravages of Chancery. Hatred goes at large on bail; love (in a land, where, like Malthus's Otaheite, the blessings of multiplication have changed honest marriage from a lower sort of dull duty into the highest crime of the code of Martineau)—love itself, sunny, cheerful, bright-eyed love, can charm no longer; poetry, by consequence, is obsolete, and sonnets little short of sinful. The whole body of literature is effete; for adventure and character, for customs and conventionalities, for travel and for home, the hard-tasked tribe of authorship has rendered up its tale of books. Every vein in the mine of originality, after tedious wire-spinning, has at last been given over, clean worked out; humour is exhausted in Pickwick and his progeny; the rushlights of sentimental villany have burnt down socket-deep in the school and company of such as Eugene Aram; the scrap-books of Grosvenor-square have been ransacked of their gaieties, and of their gravities not less the dingy Calendars of Newgate: history's romance is stale as its reality; Cooper and the Captains have spun so many a yarn nautical, that we have years ago been sea-sick; from Julius Cæsar down to Colonel ——, we have been bored to death with military anecdote; the Dellacruscan fire is gone out, and Laura Matilda grown an old woman; Lady B—— and her coterie have wearied us with tinsel and trifle; while purity and worth, and the generous warm heart, are themes fulfilled (be sure of it) in Cecil and his clique.

Again, and for the last again, recur we to that axiom of modernity,—there is nothing new. Hardy the heart, and cased in ribs of steel, that hazards authorship in such extremities: how to escape conviction as a thief, when each thought must have been many another's, and each phrase is stereotyped as stark plagiarism? On this old worn-out world, every matter has been hunted to its elements, every spot geologized, botanized, peripateticized, and novelized; every theme hackneyed, every mystery expounded; the lightning accepts a schoolboy's invitation to his kite; the thunder waits upon our Leyden phials, or bustles up at bidding to outbellow Woolwich park; the blessed sun himself, swathed in cærulean rather than Prince Hal's red taffeta, condescends to take the most ill-favoured portraits; and animal magnetism is exploded as the last pseudo-marvel, now that it has served the purpose of fleecing gullibility, and giving poor Mrs. Frail an excuse for admiring Dr. Dion Cassius.

Turn we, then, from this obsolete Earth, to the novelty and freshness of the Air; a prairie unpolluted by fur-traders, a province unsurveyed as yet by the prodigal directors of a railroad. Lo! here is ample room, lo! here is verge enough, as well for any flights of thought, as (let us speculate) even of bodies such as ours, lumbering carts though they be, of the essence immaterial. The Air, the Air, is free unto us yet; who will fashion us a song of triumph on the Air, like those pæans on Land and Sea wherewith the manly music of a Phillips hath stirred up souls as with a trumpet? Yea,

by this light will I, at least, an' my Pegasus will carry me. Off, then, at speed, old Dobbin, nor stay for whip and spur,—

> The air, the air! the fresh and buoyant air!
> That boundless azure paradise, O would that I were there!
> Above this dull and dreary land, this desolate salt sea,
> I soar aloft with eagle's wings, and fly away to thee,
> Above the lowering thunder-clouds, above——

Stop! stop! prithee, stop! Why, thou runaway hack, we shall get to the moon, at that rate, in half no-time, and I've no ambition just now to patronize a lunatic asylum; so canter kindly to the question, and tell us at your wilful leisure "*non quo sed quomodo;*" tell us, discursive galloper, that art bounding roadless about the open field, like a setter on a bright September morn, tell us how to sail those seas that are uninsurable at Lloyd's, and chartless at the Admiralty; how to climb those aerial precipices which are untamed as yet by any cut staircase on cockneyfied glaciers; how to sport over those fields which cannot have a keeper; how to roam those free dominions that never asked a passport, and bothered no one with douaniers.

By Columbus and his egg!—how dull shall we be looked upon a century a-head, for having essayed so feebly to accomplish what the stupidest gull can do, and the shrewdest man cannot! How merrily our grandchildren will mock at this most conceited generation, for having thought so little, and had the slender praise of even failing so seldom, concerning the grand Art Fugitive. Could not an ant-hill have taught those would-have-been pundits of good old Vic's dark age, that emmets are as possible as ants? Did it never occur to their sapiently-sermonizing noddles, that the chrysalis and butterfly might, perchance, be found typical even of some sublunary sort of flying? Why should they not as well have taken lessons of the buzzard, as have learnt the locomotion of a codfish? Dædalus and Peter Wilkins, Imlac and Prince Ferazman, how vainly were the gems of your philosophy, generous, though abortive, cast before those swinish ancestors! Wherefore, doing all things else, (clumsily, we grant, but daringly,) could they not have risen on the wing? Did not the fresh gale of morning tempt them,—nor the veriest chicken teach them? Their divers fished up scudi between Scylla and Charybdis, rested in the sea-green cabins of the Royal George, and scuffled pedestrian matches at the bottom of the sea; they tunnelled under rivers molelike as Arethusa; their cast-iron lighthouses floated upon quicksands, and their havens of refuge were fashioned out of hogsheads; their miners pecked and picked as near into the centre as they had breath and beer to work upon; their fire-eaters of Chaubert notoriety walked nude into an oven with raw steaks, and returned with them cooked on the gridiron of their fingers. They conquered every element but Air, and that (saving for some silly child's play with balloons,) the cowards durst not even try to make their subject: as to Earth, what with digging and delving, building and burrowing, blowing-up and chipping-down, they regularly tamed the dull old giant: fire, foolish fiend, was subjugated by the earliest of them to such glorious drudgery as cooking, forsooth, and sparrow-popping, rushlights and rocket-whizzing: for the matter of Water, by dint of steaming, and skating, and swimming, and sailing, "cold without" and "hot with," German spas, teatotalism, and the fountains at Palermo, they just used or abused it at their will; but as for Air,—why could not the fools have flown?—at least, why should they not have tried? In semi-soberness, why should we not?

The concocters of hard words have called the globe terraqueous; but

surely they might in reason have enlarged the composite into an even more sesquipedalian epithet, so as to have included its swathing surface of Air; for, (to glance for an instant at the charter of man's monarchy,) this whole invested orb, as well its height of atmosphere as its depth of ocean, has been made man's own for his dwelling and dominion. We can ride with Arion on dolphins,—why not fly with Ganymede on eagles? We can swim down the Port Royal shark in his own blue water, why not go a-hawking after storks in their clear element, and float, in playful conquest, on the billows of the air? The monarch is mocked by every petty fowl that can skim the tree-tops; woodcocks are amenable to no law; and swallows, gathering on the cloud, speed to where science cannot follow them. The lark, quivering upward from its clod, basks its merry head in the warmer sunbeam; while a king of the creation watches it with aching sight, and envies the poor flutterer its wings!

When Lord Worcester—shrewd fellow,—hinted at steam and gas, he was scouted by the gossips as presumptuous; yea, and so were Lord Liverpool and Mr. Winsor; Socrates and Galileo were most flameworthy heretics, for having seen certain truths too soon; and poor Dr. Faustus is to this day regarded as a gentleman of most suspicious character, lodging in some red-hot cave Vesuvian, for having had the hardihood to doubt the blessedness of ignorance. Even so, to sundry obtuse intellects, shall our desultory disquisitions upon flying savour not a little of presumption. So be it, an' you will, my noodle; we in these railroad times cannot pace it equally with snails; therefore will we leave your dulness to take lessons of Hogarth's steward, in lifting up hands and eyes, astonished; the while, having done with metaphysicals, we ramble, half in earnest, o'er the physicals of Flying;—and high time, too, quotha.

It was either Prussian Frederick or Russian Alexander,—no matter which,—that once upon a time offered a prize to the man who should make a speaking machine. Accordingly, the pundits of mechanism and the savants of science were all on the alert to produce one. How to make wood and leather talk,—that was the problem; and they solved it slowly thus:—It was first found necessary to provide bellows for a rush of air; then, an elastic clapper to break the stream into puffs, or syllables; after this, a double tube behind to make the sounds distinct; and next, a moveable port-hole in front to modulate the wished-for words. When, therefore, with all their scientific architecture, they had succeeded in building up a wooden box capable of enunciating pâ-pá, and má-má, their doctorships began to discover that this miracle of ingenuity was just the clumsiest possible imitation of man's mouth with its appurtenants; they had blundered, at length, upon lungs, tongue, lips, and nostrils; and the discomfited sages, who had, perchance, been half disposed to have taught dame Nature upon Voltaire's principles, were obliged to hide their heads as the awkwardest of plagiarists.

Now, in that episode lurketh wisdom, of a kind well fitted to our purpose: if we want to fly, let us imitate a bird, and not go blindly beating à priori bushes. Let us be content to know that Nature's way is best, perfect, and not to be improved upon; and let our humility be sure that the closer we copy her, the more likely are we to succeed. When we swim, our aim is to become as fishified, at least as froggified, as possible; when we fly, in shape, in buoyancy, and motion, our fashions must be those of the painted people that naturally float upon the air.

First, then, for shape:—away with the intractable clumsiness of sail-rudders, expanding wheels, and oars like the nets of entomologists: away with

the blunt-headed balloon and its disunited car! We must fly like sparrows, not like the lingering drop that gravitates a bubble. We must link buoyancy to motion, making our arms wings, and guiding the flight by Mercury's light heels. Mechanism can lengthen and strengthen man's arm, clothe its bat-pinioned elongations with feathery web, and so connect the lower limbs with the apparatus of an eagle's tail, that man shall look like some huge [illegible] stalking on the wondering earth. Moreover, we must peak his [illegible], and puff him out with lightness to nullify his weight. Now, for [illegible] of buoyancy, I suppose we must have recourse to common gas; [illegible] until something still lighter, something of the tamed-gunpowder [illegible] of the fettered and humanized carbonic-acid-vapour, shall bless us [illegible] exalting and imponderable floatiness; and here is a query for che-[illegible] Can you not give us something as much lighter than hydrogen gas, [illegible] lighter than the atmosphere? Shall we never stow away sufficient [illegible] power in the compass of a saveloy, to lift its eight mortals in a car, [illegible] Nassau balloon? Oh, for some shrewd experimentalist, to capture [illegible] powder, and give it us as concentrated buoyancy! Oh, for some [illegible] extract of live bird's bones, that have yielded up their secret gases, [illegible] from contaminating earth the schoolboy that has it in his pocket! [illegible] things quite impossible? Arise, my grandfather, and mock at [illegible] Appear, my grandson, and come unto me flying!

[illegible] as in due time it may be—the year of grace, 1942. I am standing [illegible] Shakspeare's Cliff, or what remains of it, wondering at the ruins of the [illegible], and waiting for the daily post from Australasia. I see a speck in [illegible], and hail the harbinger of news; the postman alights for half a [illegible] his regulation breathing time) folds his caoutchouc wings, sucks in [illegible] lozenge the virtues of a quart of London porter, blows his nose [illegible] pocket handkerchief, and is off again like a rocket, before I [illegible] whether my letters have the post-mark of Adelaide or of [illegible] Verily, if the world is to last much longer, the sons of our children [illegible] things; verily, some laborious Frankenstein of chemistry may yet [illegible] hoist on his own petard, and cause the fields of air to be as [illegible] characters, as of old time had been the cloddy fields of earth. [illegible] at present only 1842, and we must do with what we've got. [illegible] in its presence, and in its absence, constitutes the sole cause [illegible] went up, and why Mr. Cocking came down; with the sa-[illegible] of a street lamp, let us do what we can: any dozen capital-[illegible] enough of this out of Lambton's miasmatic coal-pits, to [illegible] St. Paul's, mushroom-like, upon the Monument;—but we [illegible] lift a man. And apropos of lifting, let us first strive to [illegible]; feed him with rarefactions, if he must be fed at [illegible] a man within and without, so saving animal [illegible] Cavanagh in the uselessness of eating? We [illegible] no ponderous Flying Dutchman, with a dead [illegible] lithe, and active:—let us sink matter as [illegible] gorged vulture, how painfully he flaps along [illegible] his dead meat meal. Would a prize ox win [illegible] the ready-made oil-cake of floating whale [illegible] cassowary? or a Mother Cary's [illegible], do better on the wing than a puffin? [illegible] despair of flights and flutterings; [illegible] ay, and have a waist once again [illegible], before he can hope to flit about

like Ariel. Aldermen must waddle still, predestinatedly, as the Strasburgh goose overburdened with a liver, or ducks cooped on the deck of a collier. Here is encouragement to temperance—here an antidote to gluttony; to fly, you must live like an anchorite, and daily diminish your lentils for the better expansion of your pulse. For a flying man, give me the limp and lithe, active, sinewy, skin-and-bone young fellow, who can waltz upon the tight rope, run down wild horses on the plain of Texas, or dive to the corals of Bermuda from the man-of-war's maintop. An Indian tumbler, dancing on his bamboo cane,—a wiry Bushman, leaping aside from the lurking lion,—a famished Van-Diemenite, running up the palm like a cat, to batten on its juicy crown,—a jockey etherealized from fat,—in short, a strong stripling, redundant in health, light of heart, vigorous, bold, and happy. Here is a fit disciple for the Flying Philosopher.

But how, with this cumbrous bulk of gas overcoming human heaviness, to govern the mass with these weak arms—O! Faraday and Brand, find us somewhat lighter; I much despair of flying upon carburetted hydrogen. But, if we must attempt it, as verily we might, let it be somewhat as thus:—Falstaff declares that grief had blown him out like a bladder; let gas do alike for voluminous garments of caoutchouc. Swell out the birdlike shape on back and belly, arms, and legs, till the inner man himself is as the hawk's heart, surrounded with lightsomeness and buoyancy. By delicate steel springs between the shoulder-blades, communicating with a fan-like wing, strengthen and fledge man's elongated arm; give him a waistband of sand, to be let out by a spring valve, reachable by the mouth, to regulate his rising; another similar valve to control some upper part of the gas-garment, to give him the power of sinking; the man to be made as light-headed as can be, by a monstrous silk helmet, inflated, with a peaked beak to cut the air. He would thus look like some huge Morphia, or Thanatos, of the moth species, and if rendered buoyant enough to overcome the power of gravitation, might as well fly by well-directed efforts of exertion, as he may swim by the like efforts. Whether the buoyant power should be under him, as Grecian Pegasus and the winged horse of Persian story, or over him, as the roc of Arabia and the ram of Polypheme whereto Ulysses clung, experience best might tell: perhaps it should be both. Only, let the would-be-bird beware, that even if he mount per gas upward, he be not, as it were, tied to a rocket, to come down with the stick; and if he mount not at all, but leap boldly off the housetop, let him be careful he meet not the fate of that white-robed flutterer of Cairo, who, standing on a tower, gathered the wind into his garments, jumped into the courtyard, and—got smashed.

POPULAR SONG OF THE BOURBONNAIS.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

CLOSE to our cottage is a bower,
Where sings the nightingale her lays,
All through the summer, many an hour,
And, in her pretty language, says,
Telling the secret o'er and o'er,—
"Lovers are wretched evermore!"

Beside the Cher a fountain flows,
And our two names were on the tree
Beside the gentle wave that grows,—
But none may now those letters see:
Time from the bark effaced each name,
But in our hearts they live the same.

The woes of love what case can shield!
No art its sorrows can remove.
The *golden herb* our meadows yield,
Alas! it cures all ills but love!
The nightingale sings o'er and o'er—
"Lovers are wretched evermore!"

UNCLE SAM AND THE EDITOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "UNCLE SAM AND HIS PECULIARITIES."

"YOUR most obedient, Sir. Any room for one in the new Omnibus?"

"Why, really, the applications for seats are so numerous, that I cannot say we have a corner to spare. Popular names plead so powerfully for our first attention, that—you'll excuse me, but—comparative strangers must be content to be accommodated after those well known on the road have jumped in."

"Pray, Sir, in what degree of comparison do you place me as a stranger?"

"The positive."

"Indeed; that's singular. Would you have the kindness to look at the corner of my card? There's a pencilled memorandum."

"Author of *Uncle Sam*. Ah, let me see. 'Uncle Sam and his peculiarities!' Is it not so?"

"That's the humour of it, as Corporal Nym says."

"Uncle Sam, my dear Sir, I'm very glad to see you; very glad. You are just the man I want—to do the dialogues."

"Sir;—*to do the dialogues?*"

"Ay, those nice little touches of Yankeeism and quaint remembrances you have stored up in your travels. Capital things, most original recollections. Indeed, you must let me have something."

"I've called for that express purpose. But pray allow me to observe, that my dialogues are very inferior things to my other attempts. I succeed best in pathos."

"So you do; and you have a very happy knack of always making the bathos tell as a good hit, and without being too *lengthy*, as one of your Yankees would say."

"*Bathos*, Sir? I said *pathos*. I have here a pathetic tale in four volumes. You could bring it out in monthly parts, and it would make them weep, Sir—weep."

"Allow me to make a parliamentary motion on that subject,—to read the manuscript the first time this day six months."

"Could you not do with a little astronomy then? or a treatise on the influence of electricity on the magnetic needle?"

"Unquestionably not."

"I have here a new plan for raising the wind, by a method of sending up kites covered with Exchequer Bills, anchored to an electrical eel. I have also a capital treatise on the sliding scale, shewing where it works, and where it does not work, as well as where it pinches; with a method of making the slide move off or on, as you please, so as to satisfy all parties. Will none of these move you?"

"Something of that kind *might* move me, if heavy enough. But, my dear Sir, whatever you may do hereafter, give me a dialogue to begin with."

"Why, I'm doing so."

"But some Yankeeisms."

"What! the real, genooin, unconquerable old dominion twist, with down east principles?"

"The same; for I must positively have Uncle Sam in the first number."

"Very complimentary to Number One."

"If you have not anything written, you may do it extempore. Make Washington Snigsgrit whip his own weight in wild cats, or something of that sort. But pray be brief."

"To be brief, then, I must give you a course of very slight sketches."

* * * * * * *

I. AN AMERICAN AUCTIONEER "GOING" IT.

I do not know whether an Auctioneer is to be noticed in the light of a mere chapman, or whether he may not be considered a professor, or even an artist. A good auctioneer ought certainly to be a connoisseur in the fine arts, and should understand the nature of everything, animate and inanimate, natural and artificial; from a splendid mansion with a landed estate and live stock, down to a warming-pan and gridiron. George Robins may be considered the greatest auctioneer in the world, and he has immortalized himself, not so much by the immensity of his business and the large fortune he has made, as by the profundity of his knowledge. His exordiums previous to

using his hammer are perfect lectures. No science comes amiss to him. If he has to expatiate on a gold mine of Peru, or a coal-field in Lancashire; a botanical garden, or specimens in zoology; paintings by the old masters, ancient armour or ancient literature; shares in dramatic property, canals, railroads, and chemical works;—his knowledge of all these things, in fact, of the whole range of science, from A B C to Astrology, is always sufficient. He is a locomotive Encyclopædia. No one who has ever seen Mr. Robins at the close of a sale, when the last chance of a higher bid is expiring, and the hammer is seen slowly descending towards the rostrum, after the finale of "once, twice, third and last time,—gone," can ever forget the use of an auctioneer's hammer, as a wooden-headed instrument for harrowing up the feelings of a would-be purchaser, and attracting, like the tragic muse, the breathless attention of an audience.

This use of the hammer is adopted by the auctioneers throughout England with more or less effect, but is unknown in America: the hammer in the latter place being merely used to make a noise against the hammer board; and as often as the auctioneer says *going*, or obtains a fresh bid, down it comes, to impress one of these particular facts on the attention of the bidders. But this is not the most curious point in an American sale. Instead of a stately "going for one dollar, for one dollar," they use a very quick reiteration—"One dollar, one dollar, one dollar, one dollar, one dollar," about *five* iterations, in a sort of chant, sung through the nose, making one *going*, and *every going* making one *thump*. Then the cash system, or coinage of the States, affords a grand choice of diction in naming the bids.

"Shall I say one pound? (says the Auctioneer, in Philadelphia.) Shall I say two dollars? A dollar, seventy-five cents.? Twelve levies? Shall I say a dollar and a quarter? Or a dollar and a levy? One dollar? Going (*thump*) for one dollar (*thump*). One dollar, one dollar, one dollar, one dollar, one dollar; going (chant all five dollars and *thump* once.) One dollar and a fip; going; (*thump*) fip, fip, fip, fip, fip; going, (*thump.*) One dollar and a levy? Nine levies? One dollar twelve and a half cents.? Going (*thump*) for nine levies and a fip, going, (*thump,*) gone (*hammer silent.*) Colonel Miriam Briggs, it's yours."

Colonel.—I say, Major, can you give me change out of this here dollar and a quarter?

Auctioneer.—What for, Colonel?

Colonel. (*Very loud.*)—Why to pay, to be sure. I always pay cash, in hard Jackson money, at auctions.

Auctioneer.—Wish every one did so, Colonel. Save considerable of clerk-work. But you bought *six*, at one dollar eighteen and three quarters. Just comes to seven dollars twelve and a half. Six to every lot, right away. See the catalogue.

Colonel.—Well, you done me nicely, I guess; slick as grease. And I'm noways slow myself, that's a fact.

* * * * *

"Bravo! capital! Have you nothing more?"

"Oh, yes. I'll furnish you with another sketch in the twinkling of a bed-post."

II. THE INDIAN CHRISTIAN DUTCH JEW YANKEE ACTOR.

Frame Winnerbag was the son of an Indian squaw, and his father was a Dutch Jew, who, turning his Jewish nose up at his Gentile progeny, left him to the Christian care of Ephraim Smallpiece, a quaker of New England, who gave the little Indian son of the Dutch Jew the name of Ephraim Winnipeg, which, after the quaker's early death, became corrupted into Frame Winnerbag. It would be difficult to describe the countenance of this man. He had the red man's eye and mouth, and his frame was muscular, while he inherited his father's Jewish nose, and was seized or possessed of a pair of red whiskers, which had probably descended to him from his red grandfather, who rejoiced in the soubriquet of Grey Bear. In all other respects he was a Yankee, and when I saw him he was *alive* and *acting*. All these facts put together constitute Mr. Winnerbag, the low comedian, a living specimen of an *Indian Christian Dutch Jew Yankee actor.*

It was in the large room of the inn near the railway, at Manyunk, Pennsylva that I first met Mr. Winnerbag, who was then in the fire-eating and superl conjuration line of life, an engagement as an actor having failed him. H which were partly written and partly printed, informed the citizens of M that "the American Necromancer" would, for two nights only, walk upon

hot iron, take an impression in molten lead on his tongue, eat a burning torch like a salad, swallow four and twenty clasp-knives, cut the head off a live fowl and restore it, and perform the gun delusion. I attended the exhibition, and after the performance, entered into conversation with the conjurer.

"I hope you liked the gun delusion, Sir."

"Very much; and I am certain you did not perform it in the manner I have heard the trick is accomplished."

"Howoo?

"By having a bullet made of thin glass, full of mercury, and smeared with black lead, which breaks when it falls into the gun."

"No, Sir; neither that, nor the hole in the ramrod plan, which the bullet brings up in the hole, after you have rammed it down. The more you ram the more certain it is to come up. Mine's a plan of my own. It wouldn't become me, it wouldn't, to have any old European plan for these delusions. Do you notice anything particular in my appearance, Sir? Anything about the head and eyes? D'ye think I'm a pale face?"

"Certainly not; you have a good dark complexion."

"Feel that arm, Sir."

"Very muscular, indeed."

The conjurer's coal-black eyes were lit up with an intense brilliancy as he took a very large piece of wood, and broke it across the upper part of his leg.

"My blood is of the red man, stranger; my home is in the woods, which you European robbers—I don't mean you, stranger, but every body in these States—the European robbers are continually advancing upon. I'm a Winnipeg *Indine*. Did you ever see one before?"

"No."

"Write to your friends, then, and tell them I scorn to live with the pale faces, but can't help it. I know I'm a Winnipeg; I feel it day and night in my limbs and my state of mind. I know that my grandfather was a chief called Grey Bear, and a better man than General Jackson, by a considerable majority. But these white people out in the far West have hunted the hunters out of their hunting ground, and you see me here conjuring, like a fool, to a parcel of Manyunk storekeepers, (who haven't the heart to come and spend their levies like men,) merely because I can't find my own family, and the Philadelphia theatres are quite full, and doing a bad business."

"Then you are an actor by profession?"

"Why, I calculate I *can* do a few in that line; at least some people say so, and they never speak a word that isn't true. I shall be at Wemyss's, the humbug American theatre, Walnut-street, in the fall. A precious American theatre, when he is an Englishman, and nearly the whole company a parcel of unnatural emigrants, keeping native talent out of employ. But Wemyss is as good an American as any of the pale faces, I guess. The robbers! Where's my home and my family? Where's the present Grey Bear, for the old one died? Tell me that, stranger; and tell me if I'm not wronged by these old-countrymen, as they call themselves, who keep come, come, coming over the water, as if there wasn't enough here already. They bring out so many actors, too, that a genooin comedian, who can't act all parts, and squeeze himself into the common stage wardrobe, hasn't a chance. Here's a pretty fix. I come here to amoose the Manyunkers with my beautiful delusions, which I paid twenty-five dollars to learn of a blessed cheat of an Italian quack doctor, and so help me, the entire night's amoosements only bring in seventeen levies and some short weights, and I have to pay a dollar and a half for the room."

"You call yourself Winnerbag, I think."

"No, stranger, I don't. I call myself Grey Bear, when I'm at home, somewhere between the Blue Mountains and the Pacific Ocean. My father was a Jew cheat, and I don't know *his* name, but I know who my grandfather was, the fine old *Indine*, and that's more than some of these white robbers do. An old New Englander, who educated me at Nantucket lower class College, gave me the name of Winnipeg, but he died, and I had to get my living at a theatre, when only so high or a little higher. So, one day there was a raffle for a bag of stage properties, and because I won it, they called me Winnerbag ever since. But one name's as good as another, if I can't have my own. Are you a Jackson man?"

"The other ticket entirely."

"Well then, I say d— General Jackson. D'ye think, Sir, I'd have such luck as this if he hadn't passed the Treasury Bill. Manyunk here, a large town, and only seventeen levies for the entire series of my popular and beautiful delusions! Scalp 'em, I say. Stranger, I scalp a few now and then—that's a fact."

"Surely not!"

"It's in the blood of the Grey Bears, and was in it before that old Jew blackguard, my father, came to this country, and entered into our family. But, d'ye chew, Sir?—this is the best Cavendish. Here, now; I'll tell you how I fix it. Were you ever behind the scenes, Sir?"

"No; but I have a great curiosity to be so."

"Well, call upon me in Philadelphia, about a week before my benefit, and I'll take you behind, Sir. We play a few tricks behind the scenes; I *will* say that.

"What! the fire-eating and gun delusion?"

"No, Sir. You don't know it's a melancholy profession, because you're only one of the public. But it is, Sir—that's a fact. And so we have to play a few tricks to raise a laugh. Every one has one trick, and mine's this, which they call the Grey Bear's nonsense. Before the actors as play the old men put on their wigs, they stick on a flesh-coloured silk cap, to hide their own hair, and look like bald. I call that cap a scalp, and when they are dressed I sometimes take a knive and whip off both hair and cap. If I can't scalp as well as my grandfather I *can some*, and it makes a pleasant delusion. Good night, Sir. If you are at Philadelphia next winter, when the Delaware is frozen; get over to the wreck on the little island at five o'clock, and you'll see me there."

It so happened, that in the winter I was at Philadelphia, when the great river was frozen. I crossed over to the island, and found the conjurer there, as he foretold, and the *Indian Christian Dutch Jew Yankee actor* was in the company of a respectable *Virginy pirate*, of whom I learnt some particulars which I may perhaps give you in your next Number. [*Exit* UNCLE SAM.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF IZZET MEHEMET PASHA,

NOW GRAND VIZIER OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, ESQ.

THE fate of the Turkish empire, so long hurrying to its goal, appears from a variety of circumstances to be about to be sealed by the approaching war with Greece. In this empire, more than in any other, public measures can be judged of by the public men placed at the helm of affairs. In a despotism so constituted, measures create the men, and not, as with us, the men sway the measures. Thus, if the Ulemas are in the ascendancy, Raúf Pasha rules the roast. If liberality is the order of the day, Reshid Pasha is wanted at the Porte. If the old Mohammedan school is triumphant, Khosrew Pasha is at the head. If blood is about to be shed, an Izzet Mehemet Pasha and a Tahir Pasha are sure to be found.

The author of the present personal recollections of Izzet Mehemet Pasha first became acquainted with him as Pasha of Angora, in 1837. His notes do not therefore comprise the early career of the man, but it is hoped they may contain enough to illustrate his character tolerably fairly. It is certain, however, that previous to his appointment to this pashalik, he had distinguished himself in the wars in Greece, and many dark deeds are also laid to his account, which, in the East, only serve to enhance the reputation of an official, as shewing that he has ferocity to revenge himself, and skill to prosper, even when charged with evil.

The first interview was characteristic. The Pasha was alone, kneeling on the corner of a divan with five or six showy Geneva watches before him, which he was winding up. For a few seconds he appeared not to notice our entrance, and when he did so, it was by looking sideways over a watch,

with a smile and a peculiar look, intended to convey an idea of extreme shrewdness and cleverness. Among other subjects of conversation, were some strong representations, made through the interpreter, against a Frenchman in his service, who had cut with a two-edged sword, in proclaiming us as spies to the Pasha, while to us he had asserted that it was his Excellency's intention to detain us in Angora, or to have us waylaid and murdered if we left the city. "He has eat his words," said the Pasha, after reflecting a moment angrily, and a short time afterwards the Frenchman was *congédied*, and left for Constantinople.

Izzet Pasha's characteristics, are considerable powers of observation, moderate intellect, great firmness, pride, energy, and resolution, some superstition, but no morality, and hence ambition and want of scruple how he obtains his ends, activity in his enterprises, jealousy of success, avarice, but not (for an Eastern) sensuality. As a Mohammedan, he belongs to the old school; that is to say, he not only tolerates dervishes, and mad holy men, from policy, but loves them and courts their society, and on especial divan days allows them an upper seat. The mullahs, or priests, are the only persons who ever experience their master's bounty. To them he is said to give large sums of money. He has his astronomers, and always puts the most perfect reliance on their predictions of prosperous or unlucky days. And, lastly, he eminently hates all Franks, and never could nor will tolerate Europeans, except when he hopes to gain something by them, or to make them his tools. I was intimate with his chief astronomer. He had two or three astrolabes, with which he could measure to a rough approximation, the altitude of the stars and celestial bodies. He had also an almanack in which the results of the conjunctions were regularly unfolded. Thus his belief in astrology was not an imposition, but an actual faith in an imaginary science, traditionary among the Mohammedans. He often, on the contrary, expressed his wonder that Europeans, who are so accurate in astronomical observations, had not enlarged the field of astrology.

The Pasha's habits were regular. He rose early in the morning, and went out to ride or shoot before breakfast. He sometimes drove a low barouche. Fond of ostentation, he would occasionally contrive so that we should meet him on parade, and swell his retinue as he marched between two lines of troops. On these occasions, he favoured almost every soldier with one of his peculiar cat-like looks. He would then walk across the parade in conversation. If any poor person prostrated himself with a petition, he received it, but if any one spoke in his presence, he would stop short, and turning round, fix him with a glance for several seconds before he went on.

He never gave pipes to Franks, but often invited us to dinner, on which occasions he had music afterwards, and was delighted if we were pleased with the old Turkish *refrain* of "Welcome, Frank, welcome." On one occasion when baleing out our soup from a general basin, a severe and loud shock of an earthquake shook the old wooden and mud palace to its foundations. The attendants were astounded, and looked aghast, but the Pasha only leered up in his usual manner to see the effect it produced upon us. We said nothing, but continued the immersion of spoons. At these dinners the only beverage was sherbet or cherry-water. Once, after paying him a visit, we went into the apartment of his kaya, or deputy governor. Following us, he threw aside the curtains constituting an Oriental doorway, and, after holding them at arm's-length, staring from before a row of guards and attendants, and making a tableau of himself for a minute or more, he retired.

Baron W——, an able officer of the Prussian staff, was sent down, when war was about to break out, to organize and remodel the troops of the pashalik. This not being at all gratifying to his pride, he refused to

acknowledge him, but the Baron writing to Stambul, renewed his credentials, and obliged him to effect a compromise in his usual way. He first of all objected to any alteration in the system of manual drill, and platoon exercise, as the troops had already learnt them from several French talimchis, or instructors, attached to the corps d'armée, and he said it would throw them back, to have now to learn the Prussian exercise. A new and more efficient system of military evolutions was then proposed, which he promised to think about. He did so next day, when out shooting, and coming home in good spirits, sent immediately for the Baron. "I have thought," he said, "of a good plan," rubbing his hands, and looking more than usually knowing. And he proceeded to expound a system of tactics, by which he could dovetail something of his own into what had been proposed by the Prussian officer, that he might thus be able to say that the Frank was not teaching him, but he the Frank.

He hated Hafiz Pasha as one Turkish pasha can hate another. This was first exhibited on the occasion of one of our party, in a very impolitic manner, shewing him a portrait of the Queen of England, which was intended for Hafiz. He could scarcely conceal his anger and spite. "He is a young pasha," he said, curling his lip in contempt, "young and inexperienced." But Hafiz Pasha was the favourite of the then Sultan Mahmud, and marched over Izzet's head, becoming seraskier of the army, as Izzet has since overtopped him, by becoming grand vizier. The jealousy and hatred of Izzet led in this matter, as will be subsequently seen, to the most disastrous results.

At Angora, Izzet ruled with the arbitrary sway of a petty tyrant. A beautiful summer house, erected on the banks of a river sweeping through a ravine almost in the heart of the city, attracted his desires. It belonged to a merchant, who was unscrupulously got rid of, and the Pasha entered immediately upon the enjoyment of his new possession.

In effecting his objects Izzet often exhibited no small degree of cunning. It was his custom to visit his different governments, and to personally examine the accounts, and question the peasants if the exactions were severe. This would have been well, if his objects had been to remedy the evil. But it was not so, and was merely a pretext to know what to demand of the muterellim and sheik or governor and sub-governors.

A muterellim, who had avoided his demands, by pleading his own poverty and that of the treasury, and whom he suspected of secreting money, was invited to the bath with him. Setting the example by beginning to undress, he deceived the governor into preparing himself for the bath, from which, however, he retired precipitately, and throwing himself upon the governor's clothes, obtained the girdle which Easterns generally wear round the waist, and with it the money he sought. On issuing from the bath, the muterellim found himself a beggar.

Izzet introduced at Angora the almost obsolete practice of spiking, and was particularly severe in inflicting this punishment upon the robber Kurds, three of whom were once spiked, at the same time, in the Angora market-place. The bodies of several others might be seen occasionally on the way side, sustained on a scaffolding by three iron spikes, one passing through the head, another through the body, and a third through the legs, leaving the arms dangling downwards.

When the military preparations in the five great pashaliks of Dyarbekr, Sivas, Angora, Koniyeh, and Erzrúm, enabled the Osmanli army, under Hafiz Pasha, to enter the field against the Syro-Egyptians, under Ibrahim Pasha; Izzet Pasha was to effect a junction with the seraskier, and lend his force to assist in ensuring victory to the Sultan. But his hatred of his

was greater than his patriotism, and by various subterfuges and delays he contrived to be no further than Derindeh, on the north side of Taurus, when the engagement so fatal to the Osmanli power took place at Nizib. Being at that time accompanied by an army of upwards of twenty thousand men, his troops would have enabled Hafiz to check the successes of his rival. But, in his usual cautious manner, Izzet defeated this object by letting it be privately known that there were no more rations, and that the army might break up. The army did so, accordingly, but not without plundering the treasury, while Izzet repairing to Constantinople, reported the affair as an accidental disaster, and a revolt on the part of his forces.

Shortly after this period, Izzet was appointed, on the occasion of the intended attack of the Allies on the Syro-Egyptian power, to the post of military chieftain of the Osmanlis in that country. The writer's personal recollections do not accompany him in this campaign. But an anecdote is related of Izzet, while there, which bears all the characteristics of truth.

At the siege of Acre, a gallant German colonel was severely struck by a stone splintered by a shot, and almost immediately afterwards, his arm was broken by another. On the first impulse, he retreated from the town with the other fugitives, but was so maltreated by his companions that he returned, to give himself up as a prisoner, in which design he happily succeeded. It was almost entirely owing to this officer's presence that Acre made any defence. Every care was taken of him, and he was put on board a Turkish steamer, to be conveyed to Constantinople. This vessel, although belonging to the Porte, was commanded by an Englishman, well known and much respected throughout the Levant. The German officer was so seriously injured, that he felt he could not survive the transport. The English captain having to touch at Beirout, reported him, when there, to Izzet Pasha as unfit for the journey, and begged to be allowed to put him ashore. The Pasha at once refused. "Is he not our prisoner?" he said. "He is," was the reply; "but it is not customary to treat prisoners with unnecessary cruelty." "Is he not our enemy?" sternly rejoined the Pasha—"Let him die." The good captain, however, persevered, and the German was put ashore, and recovered.

The same captain brought Izzet to the Dardanelles, and on the passage the conversation happening to turn upon the anarchy that would exist among the Syrian tribes when the Allies should have withdrawn.—"Ah!" he said, his gray eye twinkling with the thought, and his arm waving to and fro, in imitation of a right and left sabre cut, "they will want me there yet. Cut a few hundred throats, and they will soon be quiet."

Such is the man, once more called from obscurity to rule the destinies of the Ottoman empire—such the character that philanthropic nations who, for their own imaginary interests, support the falling power of Mohammedanism, will have to look to for carrying into effect their well-intentioned, but mistaken policy. If the Turks are left to fight their own battles, the result will soon be manifest, in the general rise of the poor and unsympathized-for Christian races of the European peninsula. Greeks, Bulgarians, Servians, Montenigris, have but one feeling in common—a detestation of four centuries of Mohammedan misrule and despotic thraldom. But other nations will mingle in the conflict. As, in the Syrian war, a power able to govern a country may be driven out to make way for one incapable of ruling it. Such an assistance, once more tendered, may retard for a time, or another affair of Navarino may accelerate—but neither can prevent the dénouement awaiting the grand Oriental tragedy; a dénouement which, in the existing relations of the Christian and Mohammedan world, has been probably long marked out by Providence.

SULTAN STORK.

BEING THE ONE THOUSAND AND SECOND NIGHT.

Translated from the Persian,

BY MAJOR G. O'G. GAHAGAN, H.E.I.C.S.

PART THE FIRST. — THE MAGIC POWDER.

"AFTER those long wars," began Scheherazade, as soon as her husband had given the accustomed signal, "after those long wars in Persia, which ended in the destruction of the ancient and monstrous Ghebir, or fire-worship, in that country, and the triumph of our holy religion: for though, my lord, the Persians are Soonies by creed, and not followers of Omar, as every true believer in the prophet ought to be, nevertheless—"

"A truce to your nevertheless, madam," interrupted the Sultan, "I want to hear a story, and not a controversy."

"Well, sir; after the expulsion of the Ahrimanians, King Abdulraman governed Persia worthily until he died after a surfeit of peaches, and left his throne to his son Mushook, or the Beautiful,—a title by the way," remarked Scheherazade, blushing, and casting down her lovely eyes, "which ought at present to belong to your majesty."

Although the Sultan only muttered "Stuff and nonsense, get along with you," it was evident by the blush in the royal countenance, and the smile which lightened up the black waves of the imperial beard, as a sunbeam does the sea, that his majesty was pleased, and that the storm was about to disappear. Scheherazade continued:—

"Mushook, ascending the throne, passed honourably the first year of his reign in perfecting the work so happily begun by his royal father. He caused a general slaughter of all the Ghebirs in his land to take place, not only of the royal family, but of the common sort; nor of the latter did there remain any unkilled (if I may coin such a word) or uncon-

verted; and, as to the former, they were extirpated root and branch, with the exception of one most dogged enchanter and Ahrimanian, Ghuzroo by name, who, with his son Ameen-Adhawb, managed to escape out of Persia, and fled to India, where still existed some remnants of their miserably superstitious race. But Bombay is a long way from Persia, and at the former place it was that Ghuzroo and his son took refuge, giving themselves up to their diabolical enchantments and worship, and calling themselves king and prince of Persia. For them, however, their plans and their pretensions, King Mushook little cared, often singing, in allusion to them, those well-known verses of Hafiz:—

> 'Buldoo says that he is the rightful owner of the rice-field,
> And declares that the lamb is his undisputed property.
> Brag, O Buldoo, about your rights and your possessions;
> But the lamb and rice are his who dines on the pilau.'"

The Sultan could hardly contain himself for laughing at this admirable epigram, and, without farther interruption, Scheherazade continued her story.

"King Mushook was then firmly established on his throne, and had for his vizier that famous and worthy statesman Munsoor; one of the ugliest and oldest, but also one of the wisest of men, and attached beyond every thing to the Mushook dynasty, though his teeth had been knocked out by the royal slipper."

"And, no doubt, Mushook served him right," observed the Sultan.

"Though his teeth had been knocked out, yet wisdom and persuasion ever hung on his lips; though one of his eyes, in a fit of royal indignation, had been closed for ever, yet no two eyes in all the empire were as keen as his remaining ball; he was, in a word, the very best and honestest of viziers, as fat and merry, too, as he was wise and faithful.

"One day as Shah Mushook was seated after dinner in his beautiful garden-pavilion at Tehran, sick of political affairs, which is no wonder,—sick even of the beautiful houris who had been dancing before him to the sound of lutes and mandolins—tired of the jokes and antics of his buffoons and story-tellers,—let me say at once dyspeptic, and in a shocking ill-humour; old Munsoor, (who had already had the royal pipe and slippers flung half-a-dozen times at his head,) willing by any means to dissipate his master's ill-will, lighted in the outer courts of the palace, as he was hieing disconsolately home, upon an old pedlar-woman, who was displaying her wares to a crowd of wondering persons and palace servants, and making them die with laughing at her jokes.

"The vizier drew near, heard her jokes,* and examined her wares, which were extraordinarily beautiful, and determined to conduct her into the august presence of the king.

"Mushook was so pleased with her stock in trade, that, like a royal and generous prince, he determined to purchase her whole pack, box, trinkets, and all; giving her own price for them. So she yielded up her box, only taking out of one of the drawers a little bottle, surrounded by a paper, not much bigger than an ordinary bottle of Macassar oil."

"Macassar oil! Here's an anachronism!" thought the Sultan. But he suffered his wife to proceed with her tale.

"The old woman was putting this bottle away into her pocket, when the

* These, as they have no sort of point except for the Persian scholar, are here entirely omitted.—G. O'G. G.

sultan's eye lighted upon it, and he asked her in a fury, why she was making off with his property?

"She said she had sold him the whole pack, with the exception of that bottle; and that it could be of no good to him, as it was only a common old crystal bottle, a family piece, of no sort of use to any but the owner.

"'What is there in the bottle?' exclaimed the keen and astute vizier.

"At this the old woman blushed as far as her weazened old face could blush, hemmed, ha'd, stuttered, and shewed evident signs of confusion. She said it was only a common bottle—that there was nothing in it—that is, only a powder—a little rhubarb.

"'It's poison!' roared Mushook; 'I'm sure its poison!' And he forthwith seized the old hag by the throat, and would have strangled her, if the vizier had not wisely interposed, remarking, that if the woman were strangled there could be no means of knowing what the bottle contained.

"'To shew you, sire, that it is not poison,' cried the old creature to the king, who by this time had wrenched the bottle out of her pocket, and held it in his hand; 'I will take a little of the powder it contains.' Whereupon his majesty called for a teaspoon, determined to administer the powder to her himself. The chief of the eunuchs brought the teaspoon, the king emptied a little of the powder into it, and bidding the old wretch open her great, black, gaping, ruinous mouth, put a little of the powder on her tongue; when, to his astonishment, and as true as I sit here, her old hooked beak of a nose (which, by way of precaution, he was holding in his fingers) slipped from between them; the old, black tongue, on which he placed the tea spoon, disappeared from under it; and not only the nose and the tongue, but the whole old woman vanished away entirely, and his majesty stood there with his two hands extended—the one looking as if it pulled an imaginary nose, the other holding an empty teaspoon; and he himself staring wildly at vacancy!"

"Scheherazade," said the Sultan, gravely, "you are drawing the long bow a little too strongly. In the thousand and one nights that we have passed together, I have given credit to every syllable you uttered. But this tale about the old woman, my love, is, upon my honour, too monstrous."

"Not a whit, sir; and I assure your majesty that it is as true as the Koran itself. It is a fact perfectly well authenticated, and written afterwards, by King Mushook's orders, in the Persian annals. The old woman vanished altogether; the king was left standing there with the bottle and spoon; the vizier was dumb with wonder; and the only thing seen to quit the room was a little canary-bird, that suddenly started up before the king's face, and chirping out 'kikiriki,' flew out of the open window, skimmed over the ponds and plane-trees in the garden, and was last seen wheeling round and round the minaret of the great mosque of Tehran."

"Mashallah!" exclaimed the Sultan. "Heaven is great: but I never should have credited the tale, had not you, my love, vouched for it. Go on, madam, and tell us what became of the bottle and Sultan Mushook."

"Sir, when the king had recovered from his astonishment, he fell, as his custom was, into a fury, and could only be calmed by the arguments and persuasions of the grand vizier.

"'It is evident, sire,' observed that dignitary, 'that the powder which you have just administered possesses some magic property; either to make the persons taking it invisible, or else to cause them to change into the form of some bird or other animal; and very possibly the canary-bird which so suddenly appeared and disappeared just now, was the very old woman with whom your *majesty was talking*. We can easily see wheth

creates invisibility, by trying its effects upon some one—the chief of the eunuchs for example.' And accordingly Hudge Gudge, the chief of the eunuchs, against whom the vizier had an old grudge, was compelled, with many wry faces, to taste the mixture.

"'Thou art so ugly, Hudge Gudge,' exclaimed the vizier with a grin, 'that to render thee invisible, will only be conferring a benefit upon thee.' But, strange to say, though the eunuch was made to swallow a large dose, the powder had no sort of effect upon him, and he stood before his majesty and the prime minister as ugly and as visible as ever.

"They now thought of looking at the paper in which the bottle was wrapped, and the king not knowing how to read himself, bade the grand vizier explain to him the meaning of the writing which appeared upon the paper.

"But the vizier confessed, after examining the document, that he could not understand it; and though it was presented at the divan that day, to all the councillors, mollahs, and men learned in the law, not one of them could understand a syllable of the strange characters written on the paper. The council broke up in consternation; for his majesty swore, that if the paper was not translated before the next day at noon, he would bastinado every one of the privy council, beginning with his excellency the grand vizier.

"'Who has such a sharp wit as necessity?' touchingly exclaims the poet Sadee, and so, in corroboration of the words of that divine songster, the next day at noon, sure enough, a man was found—a most ancient, learned, and holy dervish, who knew all the languages under the sun, and by consequence that in which the paper was written.

"It was in the most secret Sanscrit tongue; and when the dervish read it, he requested that he might communicate its contents privately to his majesty, or at least only in the presence of his first minister.

"Retiring then to the private apartments with the vizier, his majesty bade the dervish interpret the meaning of the writing round the bottle.

"'The meaning, sire, is this," said the learned dervish. 'Whoever, after bowing his head three times to the east—'

"'The old woman waggled hers,' cried the king: 'I remarked it, but thought it was only palsy.'

"'Whoever, after bowing his head three times to the east, swallows a grain of this powder, may change himself into whatever animal he please: be it beast, or insect, or bird. Likewise, when he is so changed, he will know the language of beasts, insects, and birds, and be able to answer each after his kind. And when the person so transformed desires to be restored to his own shape, he has only to utter the name of the god "Budgaroo," who himself appeared upon earth in the shape of beasts, birds, ay, and fishes,* and he will instantly resume his proper figure. But let the person using this precious powder especially beware, that during the course of his metamorphosis he do not give way to laughter; for should he indulge in any such unholy mirth, his memory will infallibly forsake him, and not being able to recall the talismanic word, he will remain in the shape into which he has changed himself.'

"When this strange document had been communicated to his majesty, he caused the dervish's mouth to be filled with sugar-candy, gave him a purse of gold, and bade him depart with every honour.

* In Professor Schwam's Sanskritische Alterthumskunde, is a learned account of the transmutations of this Indian divinity.—G. O'G. G.

"'You had better at least have waited,' said the shrewd vizier, 'to see if the interpretation be correct, for who can tell whether this dervish is deceiving us or no!'

"King Mushook rejoined that that point should be put at rest at once, and grimly smiling, ordered the vizier to take a pinch of powder, and change himself into whatever animal he pleased.

"Munsoor had nothing for it, but to wish himself a dog; he turned to the east, nodded his head thrice, swallowed the powder, and lo! there he was—a poodle—an old fat, lame, one-eyed poodle; whose appearance made his master laugh inordinately, though Munsoor himself, remembering the prohibition and penalty, was far too wise to indulge in any such cachinnation.

"Having satisfied his royal master by his antics, the old vizier uttered the requisite word, and was speedily restored to his former shape.

"And now I might tell how the King of Persia and his faithful attendant indulged themselves in all sorts of transformations by the use of the powder; how they frequented the society of all manner of beasts, and gathered a deal of wisdom from their conversation; how perching on this housetop in the likeness of sparrows, they peered into all the family secrets of the proprietors; how buzzing into that harem window in the likeness of blue-bottle flies, they surveyed at their leisure the beauties within, and enjoyed the confusion of the emirs and noblemen, when they described to them at divan every particular regarding the shape, and features, and dress, of the ladies they kept so secretly in the anderoon. One of these freaks had like to have cost the king dear; for sitting on Hassan Ebu Suneebee's wall, looking at Bulkous, his wife, and lost in admiration of that moon of beauty, a spider issued out from a crevice, and had as nearly as possible gobbled up the King of Persia. This event was a lesson to him, therefore; and he was so frightened by it, that he did not care for the future to be too curious about other people's affairs, or at least to take upon himself the form of such a fragile thing as a blue-bottle fly.

"One morning—indeed I believe on my conscience that his majesty and the vizier had been gadding all night, or they never could have been abroad so early—they were passing those large swampy grounds, which everybody knows are in the neighbourhood of Tehran, and where the Persian lords are in the habit of hunting herons with the hawk. The two gentlemen were disguised, I don't know how; but seeing a stork by the side of the pool, stretching its long neck, and tossing about its legs very queerly, King Mushook felt suddenly a longing to know what these motions of the animal meant, and taking upon themselves likewise the likeness of storks, (the vizier's dumpy nose stretched out into a very strange bill, I promise you,) they both advanced to the bird at the pool, and greeted it in the true storkish language.

"'Good morning, Mr. Long Bill,' said the stork (a female), curtseying politely, 'you are abroad early to-day; and the sharp air, no doubt, makes you hungry: here is half an eel which I beg you to try, or a frog, which you will find very fat and tender.' But the royal stork was not inclined to eat frogs, being no Frank."

"Have a care, Scheherazade," here interposed the Sultan. "Do you mean to tell me that there are any people, even among the unbelievers, who are such filthy wretches as to eat frogs?—Bah! I can't believe it!"

Scheherazade did not vouch for the fact, but continued. "The king declined the proffered breakfast, and presently falling into conversation with the young female stork, bantered her gaily about her presence i[illegible] place of a morning, *and without her mamma*, praised her figure a[illegible] ess of

her legs, (which made the young stork blush till she was almost as red as a flamingo,) and paid her a thousand compliments that made her think the stranger one of the most delightful creatures she had ever met.

"'Sir,' said she, 'we live in some reeds hard by; and as my mamma, one of the best mothers in the world, who fed us children with her own blood when we had nothing else for dinner, is no more, my papa, who is always lazy, has bidden us to look out for ourselves. You were pleased just now to compliment my l—— my *limbs*,' says the stork, turning her eyes to the ground; 'and the fact is, that I wish to profit, sir, by those graces with which nature endowed me, and am learning to dance. I came out here to practice a little step that I am to perform before some friends this morning, and here, sir, you have my history.'

"'I do pray and beseech you to let us see the rehearsal of the step,' said the king, quite amused; on which the young stork, stretching out her scraggy neck, and giving him an ogle with her fish-like eyes, fell to dancing and capering in such a ridiculous way, that the king and vizier could restrain their gravity no longer, but burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter. I do not know that Munsoor would have laughed of his own accord, for he was a man of no sort of humour; but he made it a point whenever his master laughed always to roar too; and in this instance his servility cost him dear.

"The young female stork, as they were laughing, flew away in a huff, and thought them no doubt the most ill-mannered brutes in the world. When they were restored to decent gravity, the king voted that they should resume their shapes again, and hie home to breakfast. So he turned himself round to the east, bobbed his head three times according to the receipt, and—

"'Vizier,' said he, 'what the deuce is the word?—Hudge, kudge, fudge—what is it?

"The vizier had forgotten too; and then the condition annexed to the charm came over these wretched men, and they felt they were storks for ever. In vain they racked their poor brains to discover the word—they were no wiser at the close of the day than at the beginning, and at nightfall were fain to take wing from the lonely morass where they had passed so many miserable hours, and seek for shelter somewhere."

LEGENDS OF THE MONTS-DORES.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO,

Author of "A Pilgrimage to Auvergne,"* &c.

NO. I. THE PIC DU CAPUCIN.

Not far from the village of Mont-Dore, in the wildest part of Auvergne, rises, above the other rocky peaks which surround the valley in which the hot fountains spring, a mountain of a very singular form, called the Pic du Capucin. The highest part has the appearance of a huge dome, terminating in a point, as it might be the roof of a temple; on all sides the approach to it is very precipitous, and it is ascended with extreme difficulty, but travellers occasionally mount to the summit, in order to enjoy a magnificent view from it of the wild scenery of the Monts-Dores.

* Two very charming volumes, which we heartily recommend to the attention of our readers. They will well repay perusal.—Ed.

Immediately opposite is the Pic de Sancy, the most elevated rock in this region, and the highest in the centre of France.

Beyond is the Pic de Cuzeau, and farther still, rushing with violence from the restraining rocks, is the Great Cascade, which leaps from its dizzy height into the valley of the Dordogne. Everywhere, turn which way you will, the cascade glitters in your eyes, generally with a rainbow across it, like a bridge of jewels thrown by the fairies, and everywhere the mountain of the Capucin is equally apparent; but if you wish to see the mountain as it can be best seen, mount the steep road that leads across the bridge over the brawling river, and after winding and turning many times, and admiring the beautiful view beneath, you reach a plateau of lava, and a forest of pine trees.

Having passed along a rugged path between these antique trees, you arrive at the base of the mountain, and behold a strange phenomenon.

At a short distance below the dome, entirely detached from the rest of the rock, is the figure of a monk in a Capucin's dress; his robe is wound round him in large folds, and his head is covered with a hood. He appears descending in haste, and his gigantic form comes out against the sky in bold relief.

As you approach nearer to this object, it becomes less and less distinct, and when you are close upon it, nothing presents itself but an unformed mass of stones, which appear to have been cast from a volcanic crater. All persons who have visited the Mont-Dore have seen the Capucin, but all do not know the history attached to it, which is as follows :—

In the early part of the fourteenth century, when France was torn with internal commotion, every great lord of the country fortified his castle against the aggressions of his neighbours, and there was scarcely a high rock in Auvergne, on which was not placed some strong fortress, where the baron and his family resided, defended by a powerful retinue of men-at-arms, always on the alert, to prevent a surprise.

On the summit of one of the mountains above the Dordogne, was perched, like an eagle's nest, the castle of the Baron de Coupladour, and beneath, nearly at its foot, stood the monastery of the Voie de Dieu, whose monks were looked upon as the most holy men in that part of the country; they were of the order of Capucins, and not one amongst them but had distinguished himself in some way or other for sanctity.

Below the monastery, and close to the river, the little hamlet of Croix le Blanc, celebrated for the beauty of its female inhabitants, and, amongst them, the most beautiful was a girl named Yolande, the daughter of a woodcutter, whose parents were so proud of her, that the neighbours were accustomed to say no good could come of it.

It had always been a favourite idea, not only of this young girl, but of her parents, that she would become the wife of one of the great lords of the neighbourhood; and, in consequence of this impression, she treated all the young men of the village with the utmost disdain, so that she was generally known by the name of Yolande la Fière. In spite of her pride, however, she had only to shew herself at any of the fêtes, and she attracted universal admiration, so that she was the cause, not only of delight, but of much unhappiness, wherever she appeared, as she disdained all those whom her beauty enslaved.

It happened one evening, that she was returning rather later than usual from the mountain with her goats, when, as she passed a point of rock from which a cascade came leaping into the stony basin beneath, she [illegible] to observe *the rays of the moon* which had just risen on the wat

looked, it appeared to her that on the other side, beneath the rock in the shade, a person was regarding her. Presently, from the recess, the figure of a Capucin monk was visible; he advanced, and gave to her a benediction.

"Daughter," he gently said, "what is the reason that you come so seldom to confession of late? It is not well done, and as I am anxious for your good, I wish to tell you that your neglect of so important a duty is observed; and besides being a sin, will cause you to be lightly looked upon."

Yolande answered, rather sharply, that she had been busy of late, and intended shortly to go to confession. The Monk went on to reprove her in a tone, not of severity, but of kindness, and ended his advice by recommending her to come every evening to the cascade, where he would meet and admonish her for her daily omissions, and afford her all the spiritual aid in his power.

After this evening, Yolande never failed to stop at the cascade as she brought home her goats, and she was sure to find the Capucin waiting there; or if she came rather earlier than usual, she could see him hastening down the mountain to the place of rendezvous. It did not escape her, that on these occasions he did not appear to come from the monastery, but from some point above it, and she imagined it to be in the direction of the castle.

When they met, the Monk not only talked to her on religious subjects, but on many others of which she had never thought before; and she began to wonder how she could have been so long content to remain in her former ignorance. He taught her to know the stars by name, and explained many of the secrets of nature; told her of other countries, and related histories of personages of whom she had never dreamt. She took so much pleasure in the lessons he gave her, that she was never so happy as when the time came for her to return with her goats to the village, and she could remain an hour beside the cascade.

One evening she arrived before him, and looked anxiously towards the path where he usually descended. He was very late, and when he appeared, seemed in great agitation.

"Yolande," he said, "I have long deceived you, and must now declare the truth. I am not a monk of the convent, nor was my motive for seeking you a spiritual one. I love you, and cannot live without you. The Baron of Coupladour is my father!"

Yolande was thunderstruck; but it certainly was not with sorrow at the unexpected discovery. All the difficulties of their position did not at once occur to her, and she only saw herself beloved by a man of rank, whose affection she returned.

The young Seigneur Orbert was, however, very uneasy; he informed her that his father had that day proposed a marriage to him with the daughter of the neighbouring Baron de Montrodeix, and how to escape it he knew not.

"I must," he said, "consult with my friend and fellow-student, the young Capucin who has hitherto favoured the disguise in which I have visited you. No one shall be my bride but you, if you will assure me of your love, and promise to be only mine."

Orbert was too eloquent and too much beloved not easily to obtain the vows of the gratified and tender Yolande, and they mutually swore never to forsake each other, whatever dangers might ensue.

The Baron, meanwhile, had entered into a negotiation with the father of her to whom he intended uniting his son; his overtures were accepted, and a day was fixed on which the lady was to be escorted to the castle of Coupladour, where the marriage ceremony was to be performed. Six knights were

to attend her, and the bridegroom was to meet her at the chapel of the Pont des Eaux, where the Sioule forms a beautiful cascade, and from thence six knights of the retinue of the Baron de Coupladour were to accompany her to the castle.

The English were at this time ravaging the whole country, and the father of the bride could not himself come with her, as he was obliged to remain at home to defend his castle; however, as a short truce existed, it was thought quite safe to send her thus accompanied, but as he could not spare any of his knights, it was agreed that they should return.

The appointed day came, and the fair lady and her attendants were punctual to the appointment. The young bridegroom and his people appeared and claimed her, but, previous to continuing the journey, the pair entered the chapel to pay their orisons to the saint.

When they came forth again the lady mounted her palfrey, and they took their way to the castle, where they were met by the Baron, who received his intended daughter-in-law very courteously. Her modesty was so great that she did not raise her veil, and as she appeared greatly fatigued, she was conducted at once to her chamber. That night a splendid banquet was prepared, at which the bride appeared, covered with jewels, and richly attired. A large veil covered her head, which was so thickly embroidered, that her face could with difficulty be seen through its folds. The Baron regarded her attentively, and seemed extremely struck with her grace and beauty.

"Truly," he said to one of his friends, "the mountain journey has greatly improved the bride's looks; for at her father's castle she seemed to me but a homely damsel, the only time I beheld her before."

The marriage ceremony was performed by the Abbot of La Voie de Dieu, and everything went off with great pomp, and to the satisfaction, apparently, of all parties.

A few days after the marriage, the young Seigneur Orbert proposed to his father to take his bride to a chateau he possessed in the neighbourhood of the Great Cascade, where he was in the habit of repairing to enjoy the diversion of hunting. To this the Baron consented, and the new married pair left the castle of Couplador for that of the Cascade.

It so happened that at this time the English *compagnons* attacked the castle of Montrodeix, where lived the father of the young bride, and he had a long siege to sustain, which prevented any communication passing between the two families for some time. The old Baron de Coupladour passed much of his time at the castle of his son, whose lady pleased him so greatly that he could not bear to be out of her company. She was about to bring him a child, which the Baron hoped would be an heir to all his wealth, which was very considerable: the only thing that surprised him in the conduct of the lady was, her apparent indifference to her father's danger, and he could not but observe that she listened to the reports he gave of the position of his castle with singular indifference. He more than once reproached her with this, but her answers were so affectionate towards himself and his son, that he thought no more of the matter.

Orbert appeared completely happy,—so much so, that all his mind seemed given up to the enjoyment of the society of his beautiful bride, and his father was surprised to find he expressed none of his former love of arms, nor any wish to join the parties who were constantly setting forth to repress the inroads of the English invaders.

Meantime the village of Croix-le-blanc was mournful and silent, for the pride of the whole country, the beautiful Yolande, had taken the veil in the convent of Fontclairant; and her father and mother finding home

without her, had removed to the vicinity of the convent, which was not far from the castle of the Cascade. The fêtes were dull; the young men no longer flocked to see the beauty of the valley, and a cloud seemed to hang over the scene once so full of life and amusement.

There were great rejoicings at the castle of Orbert, for an heir was born to him, and he hastened to dispatch a messenger to Coupladour, to beg his father's presence, that he might present the child to him.

As the Baron, delighted at the summons, mounted his horse and was just leaving his gate, he was met by a squire from Montrodeix, who had ridden fast to inform him that his lord had gained a great victory over the marauders, and was now on his way to visit him and his daughter.

Almost immediately after, the Lord of Montrodiex himself arrived, and great was the joy of both on communicating all the glad tidings each could give.

They resolved to ride together to the castle of the Cascade, and afford the young parents an agreeable surprise. The evening was misty, and the grey rocks of the forest were enveloped in a dim veil, as they hastened their horses' speed, to arrive before dark. As they crossed the Pont des Eaux they observed a female sitting on a stone at the brink of the stream, wringing some linen which she had washed in the waters: they were passing her without notice, when she called to them.

"Descend, sir knights, and help me to wring my linen."

"What means this boldness?" asked Montrodeix. "Are we fit companions for such as thee to jest with?"

"I am wringing a shroud," replied the strange female, "and your hand is fitting to help me. Descend, I say."

The Baron of Coupladour shuddered; he whispered to his companion, "Holy Mary! it is the Laveuse de Nuit! We are undone!"

They put spurs to their horses, and fled from the spot as fast as their speed would carry them, but the Laveuse, with loud laughter, continued to call after them—

"Brave knights, you fly fast, but at the end of your journey the shroud will be hung at the gates."

The storm, which had long threatened, now came on with fury, and on all sides the torrents rushed down the mountains, as, swelled by the rain, they burst their bounds, and carried away rocks and trees in their descent. Drenched and weary, the two travellers reached the gate of the castle of the Cascade, and blew the horn. At the moment the porter opened the gate, a figure in white rushed past them, bearing in her outstretched arms what seemed a wet shroud,—a wild peal of laughter echoed through the court, and the form disappeared up the grand staircase.

In no very cheerful mood, the travellers entered. But anxious to forget their vexations in the sight of their children, they hurried up the turret stairs to the chamber of Orbert and his lady.

They entered abruptly, and there they beheld the pair seated by each other's side, holding between them a lovely infant.

"Behold, my friend," cried the Baron of Coupladour, "your dear daughter and your new grandson!"—but he was interrupted by a shriek from the lady, who, throwing herself back and covering her face with her hands, sunk, as if lifeless, into her husband's arms.

"My daughter!" cried the astonished lord of Montrodeix—"do you call this my daughter? I never beheld her till this moment!"

"Enough," exclaimed Orbert, starting up—"this is no place for explanation; follow me into another chamber."

He led the way, and the three repaired to an adjoining room. There, falling on his knees, he confessed to his astonished hearers that his bride was no other than Yolande, whom he had substituted for the daughter of Montrodeix, the latter having been induced to retire into a convent, and being perfectly reconciled to her present life.

Nothing could exceed the just rage of the Lord of Montrodeix at this revelation; he rushed with frantic gestures from the Castle, and hastened back to his own domain.

The consequences may be readily foreseen: he gathered together all the followers he could collect, and came back with a strong force to the castle of the Cascade before they had time to make preparations of defence, or to remove the lady and her child from danger. A fearful struggle ensued: the Baron fell defending his son, and Yolande, with her infant in her arms, leaped from a window into the gardens of the castle, from whence she escaped to the mountains, where she wandered about for some time, not knowing where to seek refuge.

She beheld the flames rising from the roof where she had passed so many happy hours, and in despair, saw turret after turret sink in the blazing ruins.

Still holding her child, she approached as near as she dared to the scene of conflagration, and, by the light of the raging fires, she beheld her husband engaged hand to hand with the father of her whom she had supplanted. The combat was furious; but Orbert had nearly got the better of his adversary, when, looking suddenly up, he discovered her standing on a rock above. That glance was fatal; the sword of Montrodeix pierced his breast, and he fell.

Yolande uttered a piercing shriek, which was heard by his foe. He turned, and saw her, and darting up the rocks to where she stood, pursued her as she fled with frantic terror, till she reached the very verge of the precipice, down which the impetuous waters pour their flood;—her strength was gone, her limbs gave way; she uttered one cry, and the mother and her infant were swept away by the torrent, and dashed into the foaming abyss below.

The Baron de Montrodeix lived long after this, and the ruins of his castle may be seen by the traveller, not far from the gigantic mountain of the Puy de Dome, whose bleak blasts are for ever directed against its blackened walls, constructed of basaltic rocks piled one against the other. He was the most gloomy and ferocious of all the lords of that country; and whenever he descended from his strong-hold the neighbouring hamlets trembled. He had besieged and burnt to the ground the castle of Coupladour, of which not a stone remains, except, about half-way down the mountain, a heap cast there by the fury of the flames, which at evening before a tempest is seen to assume the form of a Capucin monk, covered with his cowl, who seems descending the hill towards the little waterfall at its foot.

By the side of the Great Cascade, when the air is troubled, and the mists rise from the valleys, is seen an appearance like a female figure, holding in her arms a young child: then shrieks and cries are often heard in the dark nights of winter by the inhabitants of the valley of the Dordogne; and it is well known that the apparition of Yolande la Fière and her infant son are the precursors of a tempest, such as only happens in the mountains of the Mont-Dore.

It is then that the demons of the storm are abroad along the whole range of the Mont d'Angle; whoever has courage to mount the Puy de Chabano, or any of the peaks which bristle the surface of the earth in

[illegible] sights out of the ordinary reach of [illegible] a pack of grim and fierce-looking [illegible] sweeps with the speed of lightning [illegible] forests of pines; his [illegible] sounds, [illegible] the wind whistling through a fis- [illegible] ravine, through the Gorge [illegible] now seen, now lost—till the whole [illegible] begins the chace in earnest.

[illegible] itself entirely from the [illegible] away through the pine forest, [illegible] pack. They are seen again at the [illegible] them, in a nun's dress, and the [illegible] they appear in the *Ravin des* [illegible], where shrieks and cries and [illegible] Great Cascade, as it casts itself [illegible]

[illegible] whole, the sounds die away in [illegible] up from the valleys: but when [illegible] and dissipates all these phantoms, [illegible] and the waters are leaping over [illegible]

[illegible] TALE FOR FEBRUARY.

[illegible] OF "FERRERS."

> [illegible] the rushing snow, whose mass,
> [illegible] by the storm, had gathered there
> [illegible] after flake!"
>
> SHELLEY.

[illegible] Look at the sky! it's as black [illegible] horse—I'm sure there's a great [illegible] Don't go, mother!—you'll be frozen [illegible]

[illegible] in February, by a girl about sixteen [illegible] a small farm a few miles from Wells, [illegible] subsistence of herself and family were [illegible] at the market town. Hearing this [illegible] who had wrapped herself up in her [illegible] red cloak over her head, seemed [illegible] At length, however, she said—

[illegible] packed; old Tartar, ready saddled, [illegible] will be here to-morrow, for the [illegible] time he called. I *must* go, dear [illegible] weather."

[illegible] wonderingly into her mother's face.

[illegible] induced by the lowering [illegible] the widow's children, a youth, [illegible] At the moment we have [illegible] to assist his mother into the [illegible] had passed between Agnes [illegible]

[illegible] winter of 1799, to Elizabeth [illegible] may appear, is perfectly well

and their parent. Casting an eager glance up to the dim and leaden sky, and listening to the rush of the savage wind, his fear became confirmed; though, after the determination his mother had expressed, he did not like to add his dissuasions to those of his sister.

The widow came forth. "We have a weary journey to go to-day, Tartar," said she, patting the horse's neck; "but you and I are old acquaintance, and we shall do well enough. Now, Stephen," she added, as she stood on the mounting-block, "see that his girth is right, and the panniers well poised.—All safe, eh? Give me the bridle."

"Mother," said the youth, "I'm not going to persuade you not to go, after what you've just said; but I don't like the look of the weather, any more than Agnes does. Let me go with you. I can walk as fast as Tartar, now that he is loaded; and when we come back, and have left the goods behind us, he'll carry double well enough. It isn't easy for one person to manage a horse in a snow-drift. Horses are apt to get frightened if they don't feel the ground firm under their feet. If that should be the case, what could you, by yourself, do with old Tartar?"

"Thank you, my dear," replied the widow; "you are always thoughtful for your mother; and I am not the less pleased with what you have offered, because I do not accept it. You and Agnes reckon too much on the chances of a storm. I have seen many worse mornings than this pass off harmlessly enough;—then you can't be spared from home. Agnes must be busy in the dairy, and you will find enough to do about the farm."

So saying, Mrs. Thorpe gave the word to Tartar, who trotted off slowly and reluctantly, as if he, too, did not relish the freezing air, and the unnatural twilight which brooded around. A few gentle applications of his mistress's whip quickened his pace; and in a minute or two both horse and rider were lost to the view of Stephen and his sister, as they stood at the farm-house gate. The road along which Mrs. Thorpe had to pass in her way to Wells was, unfortunately, a very exposed one; and our good woman felt benumbed by an icy blast that drove remorselessly from the north-east across the country. Still no snow fell; and, pressing her cloak closely about her, she rode onwards with a cheerful heart, pleased in the reflection that, spite of wind and weather, she had not neglected to exert herself for her family. Equally desirous with his mistress to get to the end of the journey, old Tartar put his best foot foremost, and in little more than an hour and a half reached Wells. Having seen her horse comfortably stalled in the stable of the Angel and Crown, Mrs. Thorpe stationed herself, with her farm-house dainties, under the market roof. Here she soon found abundant customers; for not only was the produce of her dairy in high esteem by the townsfolk, but the market on that day afforded little choice; few of the country dealers having been hardy enough to face the biting and threatening weather. Our widow, therefore, disposed of her commodities to the best possible advantage; and, with purse well filled and thankful heart, prepared, about four o'clock in the afternoon, for return homewards. Meanwhile, the state of the atmosphere grew worse and worse. A grey and livid mist filled the air, bringing on premature darkness. The wan rime hung on every object out of doors; while the wind, as if some heavy mass of congealed vapour hovered above, and checked the gusts in their free course through the upper sky, moaned and shrieked in melancholy clamour.

"This is a wild kind of evening, Mrs. Thorpe," said the landlady of the Angel and Crown, as our widow directed that her horse might be got ready for her. "The young ones, when they consider the weather, wont expect you home to-night: you'd better stay where you are till morning. It's a nasty road to your village, and I never saw so dreary an afternoon. Come into the bar; sit down by the fireside, and let me make up a bed for you."

"Thank you," returned the widow; "but when I left the farm this morning, my children were fearing all manner of things about the weather, and they would be terrified to death should I not return. Thank you, for your kindness; but I feel strong, and in good spirits, and *must* be with the children to-night."

Bidding farewell to the landlady, she seated herself on Tartar's back and departed on her return to the farm. Mrs. Thorpe had scarcely cleared the town before the white shower, which had been breeding all day, fell pitilessly; blinding, with its thick and heavy flakes, what little light was left. No object was visible, e[illegible]olid spires of the old cathedral, standing in "the grim evening sky," like a [illegible]ly

vision; and even these soon vanished, becoming as nothing in the dense and snow-laden air. Should she return, and accept the hospitality of the Angel and Crown? No!—in proportion to the dismal character of the evening, was the necessity of quieting, by her presence, her children's apprehensions. The good woman, accordingly, spoke a few words of encouragement to old Tartar, and urged him to his best speed.

Night came on; and the young watchers in the farm became more and more alarmed for the safety of their parent. Even the little ones (for there were two younger than Stephen and Agnes) begged not to be sent to bed till their mother should return home; and so they sat, hour after hour, listening to the wild blast, and almost fearing to speak, lest each, by communicating to the other his or her fear, should strengthen the already intolerable agony that weighed on all. Often did Stephen go out of doors and gaze into the storm, and return to the trembling party with a face that seemed to have caught its whiteness from the deep snow which buried the earth. Ah! poor forlorn ones! how can we reveal the perilous sinking of your hearts—the torturing images—the mad terrors—the spasms of dread apprehension you suffered? That your mother had undergone some calamity was certain, else she must have reached home hours ago.

"Light a lantern, Agnes, while I get my great coat and hat. I cannot sit here any longer," said Stephen. "I will go out, and seek my mother."

"How will you be able to walk in the deep snow, dear brother?" asked Agnes. "You can do no good in such a night. Perhaps," continued she, as a sudden thought struck her—"perhaps mother is staying at Wells, on account of the weather, and we are all alarming ourselves without reason."

"No, no!" ejaculated the youth. "She would not stay, after all that passed this morning—I know her brave heart too well for that; besides, it did not snow at the time she would be starting for home. Do not stop me! she must not perish, while I have strength to try and save her."

"Get some one, then, to go with you, dear Stephen," said the girl.

"Alas, Agnes!" replied her brother, "you forget that it is near midnight, and that our few neighbours have been some hours a-bed and asleep. Give me the lantern!—nothing on earth shall prevent my going forth."

Though this determination of her brother increased the terror of Agnes, she felt that any attempt to dissuade him from so pious an errand would be not only futile as regarded himself, but might look like want of affection for her mother. With a heavy sigh, she wrapped her shawl around Stephen's throat, kissed him, placed the lantern in his hand, and the youth sallied out into the dismal night. About the house and in the narrow and enclosed village lane the snow was very deep, though its direct descent was diverted by the fury of the blast, which whirled the flakes into eddies before they touched the ground, and rendered the wayfarer's progress difficult and uncertain. Nevertheless, guided by his lantern, Stephen pushed on; and, gaining the open road, which was not bounded by hedges, found a firmer footing, as the snow had drifted off into the hollows of the adjacent fields and into the ditches at his side. But whither should he direct his course?—How, in the blackness of the night, rendered tenfold more perplexing by the blinding flakes, was he to seek his lost mother? Heedless of the difficulties that beset him, he plodded onwards. The ceaseless wind tore up the snow that lay in his path, heaping it, here and there, into masses through which it was fearfully toilsome and numbing to struggle. His lantern, however, did the youth some service; and the thought of his mother nerved him to press resolutely on his way. Ever and anon, when the blast was for a moment lulled, he shouted in the dreary and savage night-solitude; but no other sound than that of his own voice, except the rush of the drifts and the howling gusts, met his ear.

Having passed two or three miles in this perilous excursion, he reached a more sheltered spot; this, however, instead of comforting him, only increased his difficulty, as the snow had here accumulated in so high a mound, as to forbid any further progress. Stephen could not choose but halt; though in so doing he again threw out his voice upon the wind, in the trembling hope that his mother might hear him. With a steady fixture of his feet, and a firm arm, though his heart fainted, he held his lantern aloft as a signal, poor fellow! not thinking that its feeble gleam could not, in so thick an atmosphere, be discerned many paces from where he was stationed.

As he stood thus, bearing the light over his head, like a statue in the snowy waste, he descried, at a short distance from him, a large, dark figure looming through the

obscurity. In another moment, he was convinced that the object, though indistinctly seen, was a horse; which, having gained the more open road, where a better footing was afforded, speedily vanished from his sight. This, he felt certain, could be no other than Tartar.

"Mother! mother!" shouted he, in a convulsive voice. "Speak!—'tis I, Stephen your son. Speak, dear mother!"

There was no response, though he listened till the muffled sound of the horse's hoofs died on his ear.

"It *must* have been Tartar," said he to himself; "and she might have been upon his back; the hood over her ears and eyes would have prevented her from either hearing my voice or seeing the light. In this blessed hope, I'll return home."

The getting back was, however, more difficult than his onward path had been; for the fierce wind now blew directly in his face, driving the snow flakes against his eyes. To increase the desolation by which he was surrounded, his light, now low in the socket, was extinguished, and all traces of the road were obliterated. Still, keeping up his presence of mind, and walking with slow and wary paces, he suffered not himself to be bewildered, and at length gained the enclosed lane leading to the farm. His knock at the door was quickly answered by Agnes, who was sobbing bitterly.

"What is the matter?" gasped he, as he staggered into the house. "I have seen Tartar. Is he come back?"

"Yes!" feebly ejaculated Agnes.

"And mother with him?"

"He came alone!" shrieked the girl, with a look of despair.

"Then she has perished!" exclaimed Stephen, falling like one dead on the floor.

We left Mrs. Thorpe plodding homewards, and encouraging her horse to be steady in the snow-storm. With great toil and not a few mishaps she arrived at a narrow part of the road, not very far from the spot which Stephen had reached, and where he had seen Tartar. Here the animal, perceiving the formidable obstacle before him, backed, and could not be urged on. He grew more and more restive; and the widow fearing, by his skittish movements from side to side, that he would lose his footing in one of the ditches that lined the road, dismounted, intending to lead him home. Tartar was now, however, beyond control. He started violently, and broke from his mistress, who, nothing daunted, attempted to regain the bridle. Wild as he was, the beast did not lose his instinct; he knew that the open ground was less encumbered with snow than the hedge-bordered road. Seeing a low gate at hand, he suddenly leaped it, and gained the common. Still Mrs. Thorpe retained her self-possession, and followed the horse, determined, if possible, to recapture him. In this endeavour she lost one of her shoes in the snow, and was so weary with the exertions she had already made, that her pursuit of Tartar was greatly impeded. Nevertheless, even under these discouraging circumstances, she persisted; and having followed him about half a mile, came up with the animal, regained the bridle, and made another attempt to lead him home.

Poor soul! her energies, untiring as they had been, were now near exhaustion. Almost frozen to death by the stern inclemency, covered with snow, desperately fatigued, and suffering intolerable pain in the foot which was without a shoe, nature gave way, and she was unable to proceed. Her fingers, too, were so benumbed that she could no longer maintain her grasp of the bridle. Sinking down on the ground in this state, "Tartar," said she, "I am too faint to go any further; you must go home without me. Lord have mercy upon me! what will become of me?" Having uttered these words, she swooned.

"The ground whereon she sat," says a writer familiar with the locality, "was upon a level with the common field, close under a thicket on the south-west. She well knew its situation, and its distance from her own house. Only a small quantity of snow, at the time she fainted, had drifted near her; but it accumulated so rapidly, that she was soon completely hemmed in by it. The depth of snow in which she was enveloped was about six feet in a perpendicular direction, and over her head between two and three."

When the cave had thus formed itself around her, and not till then, she recovered from her trance, and became fully aware of the horror of her situation. She tried to extricate herself, but her feebleness was too extreme to permit any effectual exertion, not to mention that her garments were so stiffened by the frost, as to rend-

least movement almost impossible. With rare and more than manly constancy, she still kept up her heart; and resigning herself to the necessity of her situation, sat waiting for the dawn. At sunrise on the following morning, the air, disencumbered of the load that had oppressed it the preceding day, became clear and bright; the wind, too, was tired of raving, and all around was serene. Intense coldness, however, still prevailed; and the snow, to use the great poet's words, was "*baked* with frost." It had hardened itself about her into a conical hut; but she was not in darkness; for, as the sunbeams grew strong, she observed before her a circular hole in the snow, about two feet in length, and half a foot in diameter, running obliquely upwards. Through this the widow thrust her handkerchief, as a signal of distress, hanging it on one of the uppermost twigs of the thicket.

Not abandoning all hope of deliverance, and trusting yet that she should see her children again, she ruminated on the chances of life still remaining to her. Thus busied in thought, it occurred to her that a change in the moon was approaching, and having bought the new year's almanac at Wells, she, with great difficulty, took it from her frozen pocket, and found there would be a new moon the next day, February the 6th. From this fact she derived great consolation, though the thought of what her children would suffer on missing her, brought with it infinite torment.

In her snow prison, however, the forlorn creature remained day after day, and night after night, perfectly distinguishing the alternation of light and darkness, and hearing the bells of her own village, about two miles distant, which rang in winter time at eight every evening. She could hear, moreover, the sound of carts and wagons on the road, the bleating of sheep, and the barking of dogs. One day she listened to a conversation between two gipsies about an ass they had lost; but though she tried to attract their notice by her cries, the wall of snow stifled her voice, and they passed on.

"I fear," murmured she to herself, "I am doomed to die in this snow cave. I am already in my grave! Alas! my poor children, what will become of you? how will your tender age struggle in this hard world?"

Feeling that she was approaching her end, her mind took a rapid retrospect of her life. She thought of her dead husband, and looked mournfully at the wedding-ring given to her on a day of happiness and bright anticipation. "This," said she, "will be buried with me; for my hand is so much swollen, that any one who may find my body will not be able to get it off, unless—." And she sickened at the thought of mutilation.

A week had passed since the first day of the widow's imprisonment, during which she had been able just to keep soul and body together by eating snow. A thaw now took place; her clothes were wetted quite through; the aperture before mentioned became considerably enlarged; and she once more made an effort to release herself. But her strength was too much impaired: her feet and legs were no longer obedient to her will, and her garments, saturated with water, weighed her down. The frost, too, came on again, and the cave grew more rigid after its external surface had been melted. Her last chance had arrived, and it was of no avail. Utter despair took possession of her. She sat with her hands spread over her face, heaving deep sighs, and stupified with grief, pain, and exhaustion. Her breathing was short and difficult, and approaching dissolution became more and more manifest.

Who shall describe the dismay of the wretched children at the farm, as days passed on, and nothing was heard of their mother—no tidings even that her body had been found? Stephen, however, had not been idle during the week. He explored the road day after day, and, accompanied by a neighbour, searched the huts of some gipsies who had encamped by the road side, and whom they suspected had robbed and murdered his mother. No portion of her clothes or other property being found among these vagrants, it occurred to Stephen that it would be advisable to leave the road, and examine the open fields; for though he had no longer the slightest hope of finding his mother alive, he was anxious that her corpse should not be the prey of birds or reptiles.

On the second Sunday, about half-past twelve at noon, he came near the spot where his parent was imbedded: her handkerchief still hung on the twigs: his quick eye caught it in an instant: he knew it, and perceiving the aperture in the mound, looked in, and saw his mother! The pulsation of his heart ceased; but, agitated as he was, he could hear her low, faint moaning. Gasping for breath, he could just articulate, "Mother, mother, I am here, and will deliver you!"

With desperate hands he tore at the stubborn wall that enclosed her whom he sought, and made a breach sufficiently wide to permit him to enter.

"You, Stephen!" ejaculated the widow, as she fainted in her son's arms.

The youth had sufficient presence of mind not to remove her immediately into the open air; but telling the friend who had accompanied him to hasten to the village, procure a horse and cart and some blankets, and return with all possible speed, removed the frozen cloak from his mother's person, wrapped his own coat and waistcoat round her, and pressed her to his warm bosom. And thus they remained till effectual relief arrived. The sufferer was now enclosed in blankets, lifted gently into the cart, and revived with a small quantity of brandy.

"I have been a long time in that cave, Stephen," she said.

"Yes, dear, dear mother," replied the youth; "ever since Friday night."

"Ay," she rejoined, "Friday week. I have heard the bells go two Sundays for church."

"Do not exert yourself by speaking, mother; we shall soon be at home."

Medical aid was immediately procured; Mrs. Thorpe spoke to the surgeon with a voice tolerably strong, though hoarse; her hands and arms were sodden, and her legs and feet frost-bitten. By judicious treatment on the part of the surgeon, and affectionate nursing by her children, the widow, after long confinement to her bed, recovered from her injuries, though one of her feet, from the toes to the middle of the instep, was rigid and deformed for the rest of her life.

THE LATTER SEASON.

BY T. J. OUSELEY.

I come not upon emerald wings,
But upon frosted silver pinions,
Spread to inhale the north wind's breath;
And from my lofty snow's dominions,
Flout o'er the earth, and strike with death
Lovely and beauteous things.

The forest trees, that mighty spread
Their giant iron arms, abounding
With leaves that mock the amber sky
When summer sunsets are surrounding
The portals where eternity
Dwelleth beyond the dead.

And man in all his pride and bloom,
And virgin beauty charms unfolding,
And childhood with its laugh of joy,
The fairest gem of nature's moulding,
I, with a touch, at once destroy—
The shadow of the tomb.

The waters deaden when I gaze
Upon the vast and depthless ocean;
The shrivell'd leaves drop from the trees;
The hot blood pauses in its motion;
The sun himself grows cold, and flees
Veiling his piercing blaze!

My name is Winter—I come forth
With hoary brow, and visage clouded;
With teeth of adamant—my wand,
An ice-pole by dense fogs enshrouded;
Let tempests roar o'er sea and land,
I mock them from the north!

Yet, though most terrible, I bring
The seed of life, and it is planted,
Thick strewn upon the breast of earth,
Tow'rds which the sun's bright rays are slanted,
And in due season blooms to birth
The golden smile of Spring!

And human life compared, may be
In all its chequer'd scenes surrounding,
The infant's cradle, and the man
Whose heart with strength and hope is bounding;
He sinks into the grave—a span,
Then clasps eternity!

'Midst life and light, and boundless space,
The soul upsoars—eternal winging
From the cold clouded shroud of Time,
Like fruits and flowers from darkness springing,
So man in his immortal prime
Joineth the angel race!

THE TOUR OF LOVE AND TIME.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

Long since, as tradition unravels,
Love, weary of Venus's eyes,
With Time started off on his travels,
To make the grand tour of the skies.
But though they departed together,
To keep side by side was in vain;
Love bask'd in the fine sunny weather,
While Time was seen trudging through rain.

Love, calling and panting, long after
Came up with him, ready to drop;
And pleaded with song and sweet laughter,
But could not persuade Time to stop.
Old Obstinate paused not a minute,
Though round him there grew in his march,
A cloud with Jove's thunderbolt in it,
Or Iris threw o'er him her arch.

"Come skip me a twelvemonth, old fell,
And call it a leap-year, you know!
Look round us—blue, red, green, and yellow,—
I must have some sport as we go.
Why travel while Noon burns above there?
Now let us wait here till it's dark,—
Just stop while I aim at yon dove there,—
If not,—well, I *must* have a lark.

Now swift as the thought that comes o'er him,
Love snatches Time's scythe as he mows;
He crops not one blossom before him,
But cuts all the thorns from the rose.
Still Time plodded on, up the mountain,
Ne'er raising his eyes from the dust;
While Love stays to drink at a fountain,
And drops the scythe in it—to rust.

But Time in due course, nothing reaping,
Again to the fountain came round;
The scythe is once more in his keeping,
For Love lay asleep on the ground.

He woke, and but two moments reckon'd,
To seize on Time's glass, and escape;
Love pour'd out its sand in a second,
And fill'd it with juice from the grape.

Time now, o'er the hills and the levels,
Guess'd minutes by mere grains of sand,
Till, when the thief dropp'd mid his revels,
The glass was restored to his hand.
Then Love to the Furies flew frantic,
Possess'd with a project sublime;
Brought scissors, and—desperate antic!
Cut off the white beard of old Time.

Day and Night saw the woful disaster,—
Time stood, from astonishment, still;
The Hours didn't know their own master,
But frolick'd about at their will.
Eight and Nine were at Sixes and Sevens,
Twelve struck before Three had begun;
Five changed her old post for Eleven's,
While Love kissed Eleven—for One.

In turn all disclaim'd their old father,
Though some said they thought he was like;
And none were for striking—the rather
Because 'twas a general strike.
Jove now looking down on these gambols,
Saw Chaos resuming his state,—
And so put an end to Love's rambles,
While waltzing intensely with Eight.

"Your tour, crazy Love, has its dangers,
And here it must end," said the god;
"Henceforth you and Time must be strangers,
Or, meeting, pass on with a nod.
Time ev'ry brief instant is dying,
While you have a life without end;
Your visits to him must be flying,—
Eternity claims you—ascend!"

"THE RHINE," BY VICTOR HUGO.*

VICTOR HUGO is at once the name of an author and the watchword of a literary, a political, and, if we were to judge by numbers only, we might add, a national party. We say this with infinite regret. For the author we have the utmost possible respect. He has industry; he has learning; he has enthusiasm; he has eloquence; he has pathos; he has belief in the truth of a lofty mission; he has genius. In other words, he has at his command the principal weapons by which the mind of man is acted on, and he has a knowledge of their use. His romance of "Nôtre Dame de Paris" is a work of the highest order. It is an embodiment, in a grand and various picture of ancient days, as it were, of some of those subtle phases of human feeling, of which the common current of human life is always capable, but that gleam upon its surface only through the impulsive force of circumstances, as the phosphoric light in Eastern seas follows the stroke of the oar. It is an effusion, at once wildly romantic and deeply philosophic, upon two words—Fate and Impurity. These are the fountains to the river of the story; these evolve the dominant idea; and upon the enunciation of this idea the whole work is wrought, and wrought, too, with consummate art, and decked in a most fascinating array of words—words that have hues worthy of Rubens' pencil, and that fail to delight only when there is some defect of taste in the details or some exaggeration in the drawing. The very errors, however, you are made sensible, proceed from an irritable consciousness of strength. The man who has treated the story of Paquette La Chantefleurie with such intense pathos, and shed about it, as in the tale revealed by the Magdalene's countenance under the inspired hand of Guido, such a redeeming grace, may well be pardoned in thinking there is no subject, provided it be but in some sort linked to the sweet humanities of life, so mean or base as to be destitute of the power to catch illumination from his genius. We pity those, moreover, who cannot find much to admire in his dramas, however recklessly ill-chosen may be the theme, or who cannot recognise in his poetry the genuine lyric fervour. But with the watchword, on the other hand, we have little sympathy, when used by a literary or political caste; and we can have but one feeling, and that is bitter regret, to find that under his own sanction it has been lent to a party in his country, whose principles, if they could be put in action, would disturb the world, would tend to unsettle the foundations of civilized society, and cause France to be ever afterwards regarded as the common enemy of human kind. With that thrill of anxiety which belongs to expected pleasure now within reach, we opened his volumes on the Rhine. Byron had been there. Had he left anything to be gleaned by the French poet? or had a new crop of poesy since arisen, which was now ripe for the sickle? These were the questions in our thought. We were disappointed, then, to find a series of letters in undeniable prose, embarrassed with all the clumsy machinery of personality in reference to the writer and a supposed correspondent—letters that were written on slips, and not on sheets—for immediate transmission to the press, and not the post—containing confidences that were intended for publication, and complimentary introductions without the slightest savour of reality; letters, too, that, for anything they contain, might just as well have been written in M. Hugo's study at Paris, as at any one of the places from whence they bear date. The personal adventures recorded are so meagre and so loose, they have so little of the adhesive principle about them, that it is impossible to believe they ever had any local existence beyond that which they acquired through the liberality of the poet. The criticisms, too, on the cathedrals all along the route M. Hugo laid down for himself on his map, from Paris to Mayence,—and terribly dull and monotonous they are,—might have been made from the revelations of a guide-book. The legends might have issued from any given territory in the land of dream; the two or three snatches of poetry are of the like fabric; and of these, together with a long and rabid political pamphlet against England, do the volumes consist. The pamphlet which is appended to the letters, under the inappropriate title of "Conclusion," constitutes about one-third of the whole work, and has no reference whatsoever to the preceding portions, beyond the facts that they profess to be about the Rhine, and that young France is desirous of resuming the position held by Napoleon upon that river, and threatens to do so in a brief period. The mode in which this is to be

* Le Rhin *Lettres à un Ami*, par Victor Hugo. 2 tcms. Paris, 1842.

accomplished is, by the simple process of reconstructing the empire of Charlemagne, on a something grander scale, and shattering the empires of Russia and Great Britain, as barbarian and anti-European. At the end of the letter about Mayence, M. Hugo tells us, apropos to a stone called Alderstein (the eagle's stone), "In point of fact, an eagle, an imperial eagle, a terrible and almighty eagle, had been posited there for 1600 years; then it vanished. But in 1804 it re-appeared: in 1814, it took flight anew. To-day, however, at this very moment of our existence, Mayence perceives in the horizon, on the side of France, a black spot, which swells, and draws near. It is the eagle that is returning!" "Very like a whale!" say we to this political Hamlet. But M. Hugo merely wants the left bank of the Rhine for France, and the only obstacle to that is Prussia; this removed, he contemplates two great empires in central Europe: a French, which "is to fling back England into the ocean; a German, which "is to drive back Russia into its deserts." And the arrangement with Prussia is quite easy:—"*Le Hanovre à la Prusse, et le Rhin à la France.*"

But we are unwilling to dwell upon the ravings of a man of genius. His praises of France, his abuse of England, his cajolery of Prussia, amount literally and absolutely to insanity, real or affected, "for a consideration." With reference only to the first, what is to be thought of one who gravely writes this sentence:—"*Chose étrange à dire et bien vraie pourtant, ce qui manque à la France en Alger c'est une peu de barbarie. Les Turcs allaient plus vite, plus sûrement, et plus loin: ils savaient mieux couper des têtes.*"

As to the attacks upon England, as a barbarous nation, and the attempt to enrol Prussia, for the glory of intellect and literature, in the struggle against her, we will not touch upon them.

In every point of view we have to regret that such a publication should have been put forth under the name of such a man.

MY MOUSTACHE.

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN.

Evil was the hour that brought me and my moustache to Genoa. It was, at that time, though not quite to be compared with either of the triple cords of a China-man's moustache, more than respectable in size and length. On landing, I observed several suspicious-looking characters eye me, or rather *it*, in a peculiar manner. I was, at first, flattered by their notice; but finding that, whether in my walks or at the table d'hôtes, the same persons made my moustache the object of their familiar gaze, I examined it frequently in the glass, half-doubting that all was capillarily right. Being set perfectly at ease by the scrutiny, I determined to put a speedy stop to such impertinence, and while still in doubt whom I should select as a victim, the mysterious curiosity of my tormentors was cleared up, though not to my satisfaction, by the issuing of a decree from the police-office, that, in the space of twelve hours, all persons not on active military service should lose their beards, moustaches, imperials, whiskers, or what the Italians comprehend, I believe, under one general word—*Baffi*. The pretence, or plea, for this despotic interference with private and personal property was, that the said Baffi were badges of Carbonaroism, and not only signs by which the brotherhood could recognise one another, but a decoration almost equal to a bit of riband in the button-hole, and consequently an inducement to belong to the secret society.

Great was the lamentation of the Genoese dandies at this tyrannical and merciless ordinance. The barbers—a very numerous fraternity in Italian towns—were commissioned to enter, during that fatal day, at all hours most convenient to themselves, every house whose inmates were known or suspected of wearing the prohibited marks of freemasonry. It was with a heavy heart, indeed, that they set about the task that at once struck at the root of their prosperity, and robbed them of their best custom. From morn to night were they to be seen running backwards and forwards, and crossing and re-crossing each other; and as they jostled in the narrow lanes, many were their greetings—"How are you off for soap?" In short, by dint of indefatigable exertions; by clipping, trimming, cutting, and shaving, without intermission, from sunrise to sunset, they left not a single beard in the city but my own and that of Mons. de S—, whom I shall now introduce to [illegible]. His name marked him for a French-man, but [illegible] an accent so [illegible] rare thing,

indeed, among his countrymen,—that his nation might have been easily mistaken. Among the natives of the place he seemed to have no friends, and his sole occupation, for he followed no profession, seemed to be to make acquaintance with the foreigners who took up their abode for any time at Genoa. These, indeed, were few in number, for the government was at that time not a little suspicious of strangers, and threw every impediment in the way of their continuance in the city, especially the English and French; the latter, on account of the Revolution of July which had just taken place. It would seem natural that Mons. de S— should select as associates his own compatriots; but, on the contrary, he seemed to single out the English—a preference for which they ought to have been very grateful to him, and I among the number. Like Anne Ratcliffe's "Italian," or the Armenian in the "Ghost Seer," he haunted me everywhere. At the *Tavola Fonda* he was sure to be seated within carshot; at the café he was ever ready to hand me the *Gazette de France*, the only French paper admitted into the Piedmontese States; at the Carlo Felice, where, after a livre dinner, which included half-a-bottle of excellent wine, I for two livres more passed the evening in the enjoyment of a very tolerably performed opera, he was sure to elbow me in the crowd, and I often found myself ejaculating—"What, again!"

There are some faces so commonplace and unmeaning, that their possessors may pass us a dozen times a-day without exciting our attention, or eliciting a mental remark, but not so with M. de S—; and as some of my readers may chance to visit Genoa, which he still inhabits, I will, as sailors place buoys to prevent wrecks, for the benefit of others, give a sketch of this Genoese fiend. Imagine a little slight man, of about thirty, with a pale countenance, livid, I might say, and rendered even more pallid in appearance by a moustache of a singular character. It was wild and ungoverned, and seemed to have been cultivated at a late period of life, for the stubble was stiff and intractable, and hung massively over his lip, to his great inconvenience when he ate or drank. This exuberance was black as ink, a colour it owed to a dye, and was out of keeping with his complexion and hair. He was continually coaxing his moustache, either from nervous irritability or from pride at the distinction it conferred upon him. An air of *malaise* marked all his gestures; and he had a habit of constantly looking about him, as if fearful of attracting the observation of some person he was anxious to avoid.

It is almost impossible to escape from the importunities of a man bent on one object, that of making one's acquaintance. He stuck to me as the fleshy excrescence does to the shoulders of a hunchback—as the sack did to Bunyan's Pilgrim. He waylaid me in my solitary walks on the Mole—even the Berio and University libraries were no protection. The shadows of the colossal palaces lining that unrivalled continuation of streets, each more magnificent than the last—the Balbi, the Nuova, the Nuovissima, and the Carlo Felice, could not, even in the twilight, hide me from his owl-eyes. He accosted me, offered himself as my cicerone, and at last effected his purpose, and became my visitor. Once on this footing, I almost ceased to be master of my time and actions. At home it was useless to deny myself, for the waiters, with whom I observed he was on familiar terms, never heeded my injunctions, but let him in, as though the apartment had been his own.

It cannot be denied that he was at times lively and agreeable, well read, and keen in his observations on character. But his great forte was politics. *There* he was unrivalled: it was the constant topic of his conversation, an inexhaustible theme. To listen to him, he was the first of patriots and liberals. The Revolution of July was the theme of his warmest admiration: he shed tears over prostrate Italy; and declared he would willingly lose the last drop of his blood in the bursting of her chains—in the extinction of her tyrants. In Genoa, where walls have ears, I might have been astonished at this bold and vehement language, and have suspected the declaimer of some sinister design; but he was so accomplished an actor, that it never crossed my mind that he was playing a part, in order to draw me out. He did not, however, succeed: his denunciations found no response from me. I disclaimed, as a foreigner, expressing any opinion on the state of Italy, and frequently checked the intemperance of his harangues. I had, indeed, heard from good authority, that every hotel was beset with spies, and thought more than once that I heard a rustling noise at the door of the adjoining room, as of some one listening. I remarked this circumstance to my companion, but he scoffed at the idea, and was louder in his philippics than before.

The reader must have long since perceived that my friend was a *Calderaio*, a paid agent of the police.—How could *I* be so blind?

It so happened that I was killing time by writing a tragedy on the "Conspiracy of Fieschi," having been inspired so to do by reading Bonfadir's eloquent account, so entitled, of that remarkable event: Schiller drew largely from the same source. One morning, whilst I was engaged in a conspirators' scene, and in the act of putting into the mouth of Verrina republicanism the most *outré*, who should enter but my evil genius—the Mephistophiles of Genoa. He had already been made acquainted with the subject on which I was engaged, and asked me to read the passage of my speech. I did so. "Have you ever tried your hand at Italian blank verse?" said the tempter. "Come, translate the lines, and let me have them as an autograph, which I shall hereafter highly prize as a memento of you." With some effort, I contrived to perpetrate five or six hexameters, and laughing at the badness of the versification, handed them to my friend, who, with an infernal grin, folded and put them in his pocket-book, as Chamasso's Gray Man did the Shadow, and soon after took his leave.

That same night, at eleven, I was awakened by a loud knocking at my door. "Who's there?" "Carabiniere," was the reply. "Cosa volete?" "To examine your letters and papers."

Having struck a light, I admitted these nocturnal intruders, and gave them the keys of my writing-desk. Their scrutiny was, of course, fruitless. There was nothing to discover.

Indignant at this outrage, I the next morning demanded and obtained an audience of the Governor, and with it gracious smiles, fine words, and apologies out of number. "It must be some mistake—he would see the Colonel-commandant—of the police,—the men should be punished." I was satisfied, and retired, charmed with the urbanity of this representative of his sovereign. But nothing could be more false and hollow than his professions; for in the course of the day, to my infinite surprise, I received my passport, with a written order to take my departure in twenty-four hours. Not being remarkable for command of temper, I tore it into pieces, and threw it in the face of the bearer, telling him to inform his employers that I intended to remain where I was as long as suited my convenience.

Finding I adhered to my resolution, they held a conclave, and discussed the course of proceedings to be adopted: the decision was, that no forcible steps were to be taken against me, but that one of my particular friends should be sent, in order to induce me voluntarily to quit the place. His persuasions were unavailing. In defiance of the police, I remained for fourteen days in Genoa,—made public, in no measured terms, the unwarrantable conduct exercised towards me, a British officer,—called the carabinieri, who pursued my steps whenever I went out, my lackeys,—and when I had *bearded* the authorities to the utmost, took my place by the courier for Turin. As I was stepping into the calèche, I perceived, standing at the corner of the street, a man wrapped in a mantle, but not so effectually as to hide a well-known moustache, which I had no difficulty in recognising as that of my friend, Monsieur de S——. With a malicious pleasure, he was watching my departure, and had, no doubt, been well rewarded by his employers for his zeal in their service. Had it not been for my *maledetti baffi*, and this untoward acquaintance, I might, perhaps, have been still at Genoa.

PROPHECY HEARD ON TOWER HILL.*

BY XIT.

On that red, ghastly night, when London's Tower
Seemed all in flames,—and Terror, being there,
Threaten'd to hold dominion everywhere—
I stood on the old Hill, from hour to hour,
In fear, and hope, and awe,—and in a show'r.
Gazing, I thought of him who late laid bare
Each dark recess, then fill'd with fiery air,
And wrote the "Tower of London," tale of power!
When sudden through the throng a cry was sent;
A word predicting Brilliancy unseen,
Foretelling Agitation;—on it went;
A cry forbidding men to be serene;
A word prophetic of this day's event—
An universal cry—"The Magazine!"

* As we do not dislike a little puffery of ourselves, we readily give insertion to the above.

TO AN ANDALUSIAN BEAUTY.

BY GEORGE RAYMOND, ESQ.

" Quanto splendidior quam cætera sidera fulget
Lucifer, et quanto te, Lucifer, aurea Phœbe,
Tanto virginibus præstantior omnibus, Herse
Ibat——."
Ovid. Met.

A NAME, o'er the bay as we floated,
The breeze to our galliot bore;
And a charm in the murmur I noted,
Which welcomed the rovers ashore.

'Twas not "Isabella"—I hearken'd,
Nor the annals of "Philip of Spain,"
Who vaunted the sun never darken'd
On his Eastern and Western domain.

'Twas not the renown'd Guadalquiver,
Nor Gades refreshed by the bay;
Nor "Francis," the sainted forgiver
Of all who, like Cortez, could pay!

'Twas of *thee* that I hearken'd—'Twas "Herse!"
Thy beauty and wondrous fame;
And now—I will crave thee, in mercy,
Preserve me from frailty and shame!

Far, away, in that region, so nearly
Thy neighbour, and child of the sea,
A fair one there dwelleth, whom dearly
I love, and who dearly loves me.

"Thou fondest!" I cried, "though I leave thee,
To wander o'er ocean away,
I never will live to deceive thee,
Or my bosom be tempted to stray.

"Farewell, love!" how sadly consoling!
"Farewell!" what a moment was this!
And the streams of warm tears that were rolling,
Seem'd to mock the parch'd thirst of our kiss.

Yet brilliant that eye, and was streaming
Like a star, as enchamber'd he lies,
And looks from his casement when beaming
Through the vapour of watery skies.

Still I deem'd in her thought there abided
Some throb which I fain would discover;
In me, she might sure have confided,
So sure did I tenderly love her.

Did she fear that my faith was dissembled?
Did she question the sigh that I drew?
Ah, no! for my weakness she trembled,
But she vow'd that mine Honour was true!

"Ere long, in new cities you'll revel—
In the mazes of pleasure be hid;
Too soon, you'll forget me in Seville,
Or tracing the deeds of the Cid.

"The red sunny region of Hesper
Will steal thee from home evermore;
And the full swelling notes of the vesper
From the ivy-clad porch I adore."

"Ah! never," I chided, "thou dearest,
My firmness shall danger defy;
'Midst pleasure I'll prove the sincerest,
And fancy my Cynthia by."

Not a maid of *thy* church so devoted
As she of our heretic shrine:
And peerless, I deem'd, till I noted
Her beauty repeated in thine.

Then love her, thy sister in beauty—
Each heart be the heart of each other;
That I may be true to my duty
To her, who is child of thy mother.

Nay, linger not, bright one, so nigh me:
For my life, for mine honour, I plead;
In the name of my Cynthia, fly me—
If you tarry, you triumph indeed.

On thy mercy alone I'm depending;
Uphold me from perjury free;
Remember, you conquer, contending;
What a recreant, too, should I be!

That cheek thy fond arm is impressing;
Pillow'd down on its form it reposes;
And the flush of the one is caressing
The calm, which the other discloses.

Too short is the path to the straying—
The shortest, through pleasure to woe;
Thus as near is the calm, the betraying—
And, methinks, we should burn in its snow.

Thine eyes, though to pity unable,
Are not of all justice devoid,
And have put on their fringes of sable
To mourn for the hearts they've destroy'd.

To thee, adoration be render'd,
Where votaries idols adore;
Thyself, thine own image, engender'd
In the blood of the Spaniard and Moor!

I fly thee (if timely), bright Herse;
I fly thee—if flight be not vain;
And the isle not have banish'd her Circe
To take up her mischief in Spain.

But vain—and how vain, is retreating!
Encompass me, Frailty, thy minion;
As I lose in this pilgrimage fleeting,
Bright honour's unfading dominion.

The wand of thy beauty entrances,—
Yet as wretched, as frail do I bow;
The *Spaniard*'s absolved by St Francis,
But the *Saxon* is tried by his vow!

Now, Cynthia, haunt me—pursue me;
A deep, deepened pang be my doom!
Ah me!—not a tear will bedew me,
They scorch in mine eyes, and consume!

PRINCE ALBERT AT THE EXCHANGE.

When Prince Albert entered the pavilion wherein the first stone of the Royal Exchange was laid, he appeared, as the reports agree in informing us, a little embarrassed; and no wonder; for however accustomed his Royal Highness may be to encounter gentlemen named after the offices they bear, such as Gold Stick or Black Rod, he could hardly have been prepared to meet persons designated according to the several matters essential to the ceremony, such as the bottle and the brick, that were entrusted to their care. It disconcerts one not a little to be told that "Mallet now stepped forward," that "Glass Brick then advanced towards the Prince," and that "Bottle next presented himself to his Royal Highness." The Prince's embarrassment, however, ceased the instant the ceremony commenced. He took the trowel with such natural good will, and spread the mortar upon the stone (say the accounts) with such a workmanlike air, that all coldness disappeared, and his exertions were hailed with a tumultuous burst of applause! To borrow an expressive simile from the modern poets, he laid the first stone "like a brick!" But it was not the skill of the Royal Mason, it was the manly and unaffected action of the Royal Consort that people applauded. It was in honour of this that the ladies waved their handkerchiefs. The London public is an enormous admirer of the plain homely virtues in princely people; and the Prince is by no means the first who has obtained applause for performing a simple act in a simple way. We praise little people for doing great things, and great people for doing little ones—as we admire the elephant when he rings a bell. At one of the first visits that William and Adelaide paid to the national theatres, her majesty, when coffee was handed to her, took a cup, added milk and sugar, and, instead of drinking, gave it to the king—just like a human being. This incident was observed by the house, and vehemently applauded! The pit, doubtless, to the infinite amusement of the amiable lady, fell into raptures. The wonder of the spectators was, to see a king and queen acting for all the world like man and wife. Admiration pointed to the domestic virtues, and to homely habits exhibiting themselves in high places. When the king, in an antiquated middle-life fashion, was seen to pour his tea into the saucer, and so drink it, for the sake of coolness, the applause was redoubled. Englishmen are apt to feel additional security under the sway of a king who drinks tea from a saucer, or of a queen whose husband handles a trowel like rare Ben Jonson.

THE FAIR DUELLISTS.

Duels between ladies are not at all uncommon. In most civilized countries they take place occasionally, in modes as various as the causes of dispute. Sometimes the weapons used are the eyes—very sharp ones these; and sometimes, in fiercer contest, tongues are employed—this is usually a protracted engagement. The duel is often carried on by a rapid exchange of three-cornered notes; and once in a century, perhaps, in the more Amazonian districts, taper fingers and auburn tresses have been ingeniously employed as the instruments of hostility. Duels per cards and dice-box were formerly not unfrequent; but duels by proxy, husbands and brothers representing the real parties at war, have been, as gallantry prescribes, in more established requisition than any. It was reserved for France—or Paris, which is the same thing—to be

the scene of a new species of duel the other day; a duel not with eyes merely—still less with tongues—not even with fans; no, nor with sharp-cornered and powerfully-scented epistles; not even with "bodkins," but with ——— Our inimitable illustrator must tell the rest.

"A duel with swords (say the public journals) took place a few days ago between two ladies of Paris! The fair combatants, who are known for their wit, beauty, and fashion, quarrelled about an affair of love, and a hostile meeting was the consequence. One of the ladies was wounded, but, we learn, not dangerously."

THE ROYAL SNEEZE.

BY MRS. STONE,

AUTHORESS OF "THE ART OF NEEDLEWORK."

Some time ago, when our gracious Queen, though fully established in the hearts of her subjects, was yet comparatively a stranger on her throne, a paragraph appeared in an American journal to this effect:—"That the English court was thrown into great alarm by her most gracious Majesty sneezing suddenly on the afternoon of a certain day (named); but that fortunately the convulsion passed away without producing any direful effect on the frame of her most sacred Majesty, and the court around her became tranquillized and reassured."

Surely this was a most malicious paragraph, and calculated to produce irremediable mischief; but happily, most happily, the alarming incident of the sneeze was not known to the public until after the danger was past, since all the mighty engines of the state must have been paralyzed by the idea of the precarious situation of their beloved and royal Head; for we are told that sneezing has been held ominous from times of the most remote antiquity, and was considered a mortal sign "even from the first man" until it was taken off by the especial supplication of Jacob. The Royal Sneeze was, if I remember rightly, in the *afternoon*, which circumstance would tend in some degree to alleviate the anxiety of the Court circle, as they would, doubtless, remember Aristotle's problem, shewing that sneezing from night to noon is unlucky, but that from *noon to midnight* is (or may be) good.

Again: I understood that the royal nostrils were only convulsed once; a bad omen, according to some authorities:—"Two or three neses be holsom: one is a shrewd token. *Bina aut terna sternutatio salutaris, solitaria vero gravis.*"

Still, when it was found that the fondly-anticipated second and third sneeze did *not* come, the fearful expectations of the loyal attendants might be tranquillized by remembering an incident which would probably recur to the memory of one or other of them, of an unhappy individual who was deprived of the shelter and solace he much required because he sneezed more than once.

"He hath sneezed *thrice*, turn him out of the hospital!" shewing evidently that, in some cases, the pernicious influence is considered to be vested in the *third* sneeze. The unlucky wight had sneezed once without exciting other notice than perhaps a passing

benediction: he had sneezed again; but the second sternutation, though doubtless it would cause animated attention, and some secret misgivings, and perhaps some open animadversion, still did not subject the unhappy perpetrator to any severe penalty: but the *third* sneeze—poor wretch! then followed the anathema—"He hath sneezed thrice, *turn him out* of the hospital!"

Happy, then, it seems to have been, that the illustrious personage above referred to only sneezed *once*. Perhaps the attendants did not observe which *way* the royal sneeze was directed, or their dubitations would have been shortlived; for, as Eustathius hath observed, "a sneeze to the left is unlucky, but betokeneth prosperity if the head of the sternutator be turned to the right." Nor does the Court Circular intimate that this nasal convulsion occurred at the moment when condescending royalty was divested of her slipper, in order that its tiny proportions might astonish admiring beholders, or doubtless we should have been further informed that a primate, an especial court favourite, or, in his grace's absence, "a tall bishop," had humbly intimated to her Majesty the propriety of retiring, on St. Austin's authority, who tells us that "the ancients were wont to go to bed again if they sneezed while they put on their shoe."

The habit of bestowing a hasty passing benediction on another who sneezes is still very usual, though done from early habit, probably unawares, and most certainly without any very distinct perception on the part of the giver of good to be done, or evil to be averted by his obsecration. It is a remnant of a good old custom of ancient and more kindly days, and in itself is far from an unpleasing courtesy. But, as "a kind action done early is done twice," so is a well-intentioned action of twofold value when courteously performed. Our concluding sentence will render the application of this remark perfectly plain to our readers.

"If his Lordship chances to sneeze, you are not to bawl out, 'God bless you, sir!' but pulling off your hat, bow to him handsomely, and make that obsecration to yourself."

THE CHRISTENING OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

"This prophecy shall Merlin make."—King Lear.

In one of the towers of Caernarvon Castle is still shewn the small square room which tradition assigns as the birth-place of the first Prince of Wales, when, to conciliate the people, with whom he had had some *slight* difference, his father's will decreed that Edward the Second should be *born a Welshman*.

It is a narrow space, more like a dungeon than a royal bedchamber, lit by a solitary window, and stumbled upon, as it were by accident, in climbing the winding-stair which leads to the top of the tower. Its rugged walls may once have been decorated with tapestry, on which, perchance, were woven the fabled exploits of King Arthur and his knights. Its floors may have been strewn with rushes for the temporary accommodation of the beautiful and devoted Eleanor of Castile; but nothing remains at the present day to tell of either ornament or comfort, and it is left to the trusting faith of the antiquarian alone to people the scene with the actors in a drama so eventful.

But desolate as the spot is now, it was here that the great Edward himself presented his infant heir to the jealous chieftains and patriot bards whose affections he now sought by policy to win. In this stern fortress, surrounded by all the attributes of feudal power, with the leopard-banner of England waving over his head, with mailed knights for his attendants, and wild and fierce mountaineers for his future vassals, the first English Prince of Wales was offered as a pledge of union and peace. Such was the scene in the year 1284.

In the year 1842, *the anagram of the previous date*, the customs of the time offer a picture no less opposite than the transposed order of the above numerals.

The scene is a royal palace, where, encompassed by every appliance that luxury can bestow; with all that is noble and learned, and courtly and fair, thronging around the gorgeous canopy beneath which he lies; with refinement and civilization breathing over every object, and loyal affection beaming in every countenance—another Prince of Wales is given as a token of enduring happiness, not alone to the inhabitants of a nook in one small island, but to the representatives of that United Kingdom, whose sons have spread her fame and extended her territory over every quarter of the habitable globe.

The occurrences, like the dates, resemble each other, but, as the heralds say, "with a difference"—a difference even more distinct than the samite and minever, the chain armour and embroidered surcoat of the middle ages, from the costume of the present time,—a difference of a moral kind. That which five centuries and a half ago was the wish of the monarch alone has now become that of the people, and the Welsh now proudly claim as their Prince the descendant of him whom originally they merely adopted.

The inhabitants of the Principality being of opinion, with Fluellen, that "all the water of the Wye cannot wash the Welsh plood out of the pody" of any of the successors of Edward, very reasonably claim him for their countryman; and their plea is strengthened by the birth-place of Henry of Monmouth and the parentage of Henry Tudor—the last, moreover, a lineal descendant from Cadwallader.

The Prince of Wales is not only *de jure* but *de facto* a Welshman;—and long may the leeks wave in his cap of maintenance, if not as gracefully as the snow-white plumes of Bohemia that decked the helm of his renowned ancestor, at least with a verdure as fresh as their fame!

In all the romances of the cycle of Arthur (to say nothing of the pleasing nursery tales which were founded upon them) we find it recorded, that on every occasion of the birth of a Prince, a beneficent fairy was ready to bestow on her infant *protégé* the richest gifts at her command. It was thus that the famous Ogier the Dane was endowed by the fairy Morgana; that the celebrated Lancelot du Lac, the son of King Ban, was protected by the "ladye" Viviana. King Arthur himself owed that immortality, which Welshmen still believe in, to the agency of Merlin and the "faëry folke."

It would be out of keeping, therefore, if a ceremony so interesting as that of the Christening of the latest Prince of Wales were unattended by the gifts which erstwhile were bestowed upon all her native princes by the "*popol vach*" of Cwmry. We cannot, it is true, positively call them into court, nor would a habeas corpus be of much service upon the occasion, but that which is desired in person may be obtained by proxy; and if to the graces of mind and person, which the fair child will inherit from his Royal Parents, be added the cultivated intellect of his august Sponsor, the sagacity and valour of the great Duke, and a share only of the wisdom of the eminent men who surrounded the baptismal font, England will have no cause to regret the days of her best Edwards, nor the Principality to deplore the absence of the fairies.

Let every true Briton pray for this consummation, and, sailor-like, quaff the cup to the health of the eldest son of the Ocean Queen,

THE PRINCE OF W(H)ALES.

Our Library Table.

To this our library table we hereby invite multitudes of monthly guests, ensuring to all comers a cordial and a constant welcome. They will find our board heaped with epistolary offerings; some light and of choicest flavour, others solid, and perhaps less palatable; these chosen for their vinous and exhilarating effects, those selected for their more medicinal properties. Scraps of dainty literature, samples of spiced correspondence, with sometimes dishes plain as hermit's fare, will supply the continual repast. Variety and abundance will preside at it. This we may venture to promise, having the good fortune to be most affluent in those great essentials, "friends and correspondents;" and as we have no idea of keeping a good thing to ourselves, or of withholding a tale worth telling, because communicated in a letter, we shall, as often as we may receive any literary delicacy—a box of preserved sonnets, or a case of pickled epigrams—freely communicate the same to the good company around us.

Of such epistles, we have an immense mass already; our table groans not, but laughs under its burthen. Some are long, because their writers, like the French correspondent, lacked time to write short ones; some may say little or nothing, and trust, as a lady does, to the pith contained in the postscript; but to each and all we shall give the pleasantest answer, when we give to them Publicity. Thus, for random records, odd points of criticism, tastes of old and new books, glances at pictures and real life, stray thoughts, anecdotes, antiquarianisms, and familiarities out of number, the friendly visitor may repair to this our table, with a chance of finding something to his taste. Should he fail, he has his remedy, by becoming correspondent as well as guest. He may convert the feast into a pic-nic, and bring his own contribution with him; sitting, as fine old Marvell hath it, "not as a guest, but as a meat." And this has led us to the very thing we wanted to say: that he will be the most welcome who shall be the first to take the hint, by adding something to the pleasant stores, whence we now select a few familiar epistles.

THE MAGAZINE—EDITORIAL TOLERATION—THE PRINCIPLE OF CONTRIBUTORSHIP—A SECOND SERIES OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY" PROMISED.

To William Harrison Ainsworth, Esq.

Dear Sir,—You have done me the honour to solicit my assistance; simply, then, I give it,—to the best of my ability. Up to the present time, on various accounts, I have held aloof from contributing to the mass of periodical literature; but the man who wishes to advance, with his pen, not merely some petty interests of self, but the production (so far as in his weak intention lies) of good food for the reading public, should be glad to embrace opportunities whereby he may commune with many minds otherwise beyond his reach. I wish to speak, as I feel, conscientiously; and to disclaim all semblance of arrogating to myself utility, or of imputing mischief to others. Let this, then, suffice for my introduction at all among the ranks of those authors, (and many great names are there,) who are found catering, oftentimes well and wisely, to the still recurring hunger of this world of readers. That I should have yielded so readily, dear Sir, to your unsought solicitation, is additionally due to the fact that yours is a virgin magazine; and I am sure it will be as much your care as your duty, in the capacity of Editor, to preserve it unpolluted by coarse details, and guileless of moral harm.

But let me not be misinterpreted, as if seeking or wishing to ethicize in dulness, or to sacrifice the vigour of a sentiment in order to save its polish. I am a great lover of good fun, as those who know me best know well. It is a wise and useful antidote to the numberless imaginary ills, which among many real, chiefly, perhaps, burden poor mortality; but wit need never be made a vehicle for other than cheerful enjoyment. I am conscious of a mine of thought and power still lying unworked in the feelings and habits of even humblest society, and the popular taste has called forth many samples of this ore; but the anatomy of low life can as graphically be detailed to excite pity as to provoke disgust, and, if generously directed, may lead the public mind rather to the amelioration of such a class, than either uncharitably to hate the mean, or to honour them by fatuous imitation.

But I must not press upon your space: I proceed to tell you how far I can help you. A magazine professes to contain food for almost every appetite; it is like the painter who was willing—let us hope him able—to please all the world. Inconsistency may be taken as its accepted attribute; I say not the character of contradiction, but that sort of non-amalgamation of sentiments which may reasonably be expected from numerous contributors, and a tolerant editor. It is as unnecesary for me to disclaim participation in any expressed principles to which I do not give my name (and nothing anonymous shall

be put forth by me), as it would be for a reader, who, in recommending to his friend some one article as excellent, might therefore be accused of praising some other less commendable paper which may happen to come next in rotation. Some seek merely to amuse, others also to instruct; some may go to the bottom of a well, others may climb the pyramid; and yet both, by diverse powers, may subserve the cause of that good astronomy, whose stars are seen in the gladdened eyes of man and of woman.

The limit to this proper toleration is obvious, but it is a matter of care chiefly to the ruling power: directly dulness presumes to be pedantic, or ignorance teaches error,—directly humour brings a blush upon the cheek of modesty, or wit sends forth his shafts envenomed with the bitterness of open personalities;—still higher, directly a false philosophy pretends to see but vanity in virtue, or the proud infatuation of book-learned infidelity affects to despise the comforts of religion, then tolerance itself—tolerance to the feelings of the good—commands the editorial veto, and invites individual censure.

But I feel that I am wandering: I promised to say what I would do for you; let me then be brief. If a second series of my "Proverbial Philosophy" be suitable, so as to appear at regular intervals, I see no reason why my private efforts to do some little good thereby may not find aid from the publicity of your goodly magazine: it is not unwise to mingle the jewels of religion even among the flowers of fancy and the fruits of literature; for although some may allege its inconsistency, and some may call it profanation, others may have reason to acknowledge the usefulness of truth's good seed being broad-cast everywhere. But, my dear Sir, I will not stop here; I would gladly aid in raising the innocent laugh, and in adding, so far as I may, to the fund of cheerful amusement. With this view, I promise you a series of lighter papers, one whereof (unless I mistake) appears in the present number: that you are so well pleased with it, has reconciled me to hazard its publication.

And now I have done: you ask me for this letter, and therefore I do not withhold it; at the same time I feel that in writing thus sincerely, I may have laid myself open to the black-looking charge of a vain and foolish egotism. Alas! I mean far otherwise. I know myself too well for vanity. But if, in being honest, I have offended any, I sue their charity, and pray the world's pardon and your own.

Faithfully your servant,

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

LETTER FROM MR. BULLER OF BRAZENNOSE.—L'ENVOY.—POLYGLOT VERSES.

Old Bachelor's Den, Dec. 30.

MY GOOD FELLOW,—You ask me what I am doing? Why, if a man moving in any decent society have nominally nothing to do, his friends are sure to find him more than enough, and take up half his time in simply answering them, on foolscap, whether he can or cannot do their foolish behests. You are expected to see, hear, read, buy, and do all things, answer all queries, and when no star is to be had, take the chair at all meetings in your market-town. If you are in the commission, every pestilent old woman is privileged to rout you up with "a tale full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," and amenable to nothing in Chitty's Burn; if you are governor of any public institution, busy-bodies of higher station pester you eternally for your undivided proxy, half-a-dozen at once. If you are suspected of turning or sketching, the well-meaning women nail you for some schoolhouse bazaar; if of writing—Ohè! jam satis est. Experto crede in omni genere. I really think I shall, in self-defence, rub up my rusty Greek, and edit Lycophron by way of an excuse for looking as profound and occupied as a briefless barrister, and sporting oak against correspondents. But as you are the most reasonable of them, and do not add insult to injury, by dubbing me "an idle man," I will lay aside my Christmas bills, bailiffs' accounts, depositions, and warrants, and plunge into the polyglot farrago on which you request an old traveller's report.

11 o'clock.—Print the whole, man, at once; and toss it to the public, like a cork to a good-natured kitten, that they may cuff it about as they like, and determine the genuineness of each quodlibet for themselves.

It is, in any case, a cheap MS. for a few shillings of foreign postage, and, in one instance, at least, I can name the correspondent. I have no possible key to the erudite Olaus Magnus, but his Hyperborean Greek seems passable. In Spanish I just smatter enough to pronounce Juan Nuñez a genuine Andaluz and a gentleman; his seguidilla smacks of the soil, and, methinks, I scent his chorizos athwart the Bay of Biscay When I write for my next butt, I will inquire of D. whether he is of his "conocidos y queridos," and what style of fellow. I should guess him a "Corinthian plinth." as the modern Oxford lads say.

Hurrah! "*I haf de tought,*" *like* Handel.

Shake your ears and eyes free from your mass of papers, and recollect your description to me of the two aspirants to fame whom you met at Paris, in Tony Johannot's company. The first, "à la mode de la jeune France, fier, brusque, eveillé, et tant soit peu fanfaron," bearded like the pard, and bitten with Victor Hugo and the romantic school, though holding Madame Dudevant's garbage, thank Heaven! in wholesome abomination. Remember the grave assertion which tickled your muscles, "*Un ballet ne sauroit pas paroître ennuyeux, pourvu que la morale soit bonne, le genre heroique, et la metaphysique bien entendue.*"

"Wele yma eich Dyn!" "Here, then, behold your man!" as Edward I. said to the Welsh chiefs, on the birth of his son in Caernarvon Castle, and claimed their allegiance to a Taffy born. By-the-bye, my fifteenth cousin, Llwyd Vychan, from whom I have stolen a ghostly legend for you, maintains, I think justly, that Ich Dien (or rather diene) ought to be Eich Dyn, and that our young Prince's motto is falsely worded, through some apocryphal legend of the King of Bohemia.

The Italian was, you said, an artist, poet, and musician, like Lover; and probably, too, a *lover* beyond his pretensions, as he harped on his asserted descent from Buondelmonti (the noble in whose murder originated the Guelph and Ghibelline feud), and snivelled for ten minutes about Tasso and Leonora d'Este. Query, Is not our good little Queen descended from the Ferrara blood? And why does she not, for the sake of her great-great-aunt, and public morals and observances, issue an order in council against those eternal themes, Leonora's philandering, and the nasty Rimini story? That civil old person, Sua Santità, would, I have no doubt, confirm the edict by "a moto proprio," as he gets nothing by the exportation of these nuisances. However, if it be judged inexpedient to ruin the trade in Annuals for want of stock, and if in any future edition of your works, your stomach will stand making Poll Maggot Dantesque and Byronian, just give her a touch of Francesca di Rimini's nameless taint, and she will draw tears.

Probably you promised both of Tony's acquaintances copies of No. I. through him, or verbally; hence their hints on the subject. I recognise the identity of young Kempferhausen's sturdy pot-hooks. He is the son of an old friend, whom you will find mentioned, as well as Harry Seward, the elder, and myself (then two saucy Oxford boys), in *Blackwood's* number for September, 1819, describing the grousing symposium on the Braemar moors, where we were guests, *cum multis aliis*, of old Christopher's. The slang I disclaim; to the authorship of the song, which Harry, excited by mountain air and mountain dew, sung under Dr. Parr's very wig, as Whately's composition, I plead guilty; but not to taking a double first, for I had not then been up, and never even got into conic sections. And as to the rest of the hocus-que, pocus-que, jocus-que,

> Uproarious, victorious,
> Happy and glorious,

seasoned by Tickler's caustic quirks, Dr. Parr's unusual urbanity, and the poor dear Ettrick Shepherd's pungent naiveté—is it not written in the annals of Christopher? the only man who laveth himself in the fountain of perpetual youth, while we, far his juniors, coax up our thin side-locks, and patronize large print.

The next year, while I was writing political squibs as "Old Tom of Oxford," Hal ran away from Christ Church to Gretna, and the Illustrissimus took a frau to comfort his mature period of life, as he wrote me word. The result, in the one case, is a clever young varlet, who tops me, his godfather, by an inch, and has given me leave to send you his letters from the Archipelago; in the other, a parvus Iülus, of six feet five, the cock of Jena, whom I expect in my lion's den by about February. Not content with a promised introduction to you, he insisted on my sanction in addressing you as "lieber Wilhelm," by letter, and it seems "have been and done't *nolus bolus*," as our constable says in assault cases. As Hal, the younger, chooses to send him an English journal now and then, he must aid me to clap the giants' "zerschmeissende Faust" into a strait waistcoat on his arrival. I mark him in my list, as Claverhouse did Morton, "double dangerous," and just the lad, without due coercion, to do summary vengeance on the well-meaning critics, whose motives you respect too much to point out to them that they have laid the saddle on the wrong horse. They do not perceive that there was not a word in poor Jack to excite a single bad passion in the minds of those who could afford to read him, but rather to suggest, in the words of honest Baxter, the Puritan, when he saw a culprit in the condemned cart, "But for the grace of God, there goes Richard Baxter." We ought, in fact, never to say grace over a good dinner, sweetened by a good character among one's guests, without recollecting what want and evil education might have brought us to. The story might have rested quietly with Paul Clifford and fifty such things; but the cads of the penny press thought it worth pirating to your detriment, and Yates *would* lug it on the stage in the most attractive fashion; and let them bear the blame.

But what saith the deep-mouthed Theban, who knew the world better than most poets, save Shakspeare?

Ηρος τον εχονθ' ὁ φθονος ερπει.

Viz., (for the benefit of newspaper critics) "Perch a man on a pinnacle, and people pelt him with peas."

Doppenheim, I conclude, is the professor in petto, Tickler's friend, who, I know, sent him your works, and considers him almost as good an instructor in philology as Dr. Becker of Offenbach, who is so worshipped by his English pupils. His Sapphics seem to contradict the standing libel—

Nos Germāni quantitātem omnīnō non curāmus!

for I cannot find a single word of false prosody in them. Imprimantur cum aliis. If he be the same, and means, as you conjecture, more than a metaphor in his fourth stanza, send him to my lion's den; there is stretching-room and prey for him; and I will send for my godson to lionize him about town, when duly refreshed; but I rather think his hands are too full at Leipzig. I feel obliged to him for a hint in the last stanza, on which I shall forthwith work up my promised and deferred "L'Envoy," to your spirited little concern forthcoming. But, mark,

Ne'er expect a fat justice, like Buller,
On high lyric pinions to soar:
I leave it to you, like old Fuller,
To chronicle worthies of yore.

Like Horace's "Apis Matinæ,"
An amateur bee among bees,
I take flights rather casual and tiny,
And hum about just as I please.

I think I shall couch it in this metre. It is, you know, Dr. Maginn's fighting tune, "The Groves of the Pool," adopted in "Jerry Mahony," the shillela song.

Friday.—Struck a lucifer at five this morning, to throw a light on the subject, and here they are, "*valeant quantum valent*"—"*tal qual*," in Nuñez' more concise style; or, as my gardener says of his small potatoes, "least-ways, here 'um be, sich as 'um be."

As polyglot's the fashion nowadays,
I can't help putting in my claim for praise,
And hope to wear the macaronic bays.

Tuissimus,
T. R. BULLER.

L'Envoy.

Come, my hearts, launch the vessel and man her,
Where Fortune conducts us, make sail;
The tide's with us now, and our banner
Floats light in the favouring gale.
Up, Cruikshank! your aid we rely on;
Dash a flask of champagne on the prow;
While my fiddle I tune, like Arion,
Serenading old Thames as we go.

Our skipper, as jovial and free as
A bridegroom, all squalls doth defy,
Exclaiming, like "Pater Æneas,"
"My merry men, never say die,
But trust in the pledge of bright Phœbus
All jolly true Trojans to aid,
And fire away broadsides of rebus,
Ode, legend, and light pasquinade!"

To our Pergama's glory and power
First fill we one cup of regret;
One sigh for the noble old Tower,
While its ruins are visible yet.
Old England, the bold and true-hearted,
In grief o'er its ashes shall bend;
But its strength and its trophies departed
Survive in the page of our friend.

And now, all our rigging set trimly,
Through Thames's broad reaches we fly;
Saint Paul's, in the offing, yet dimly
Looms large through the vapour on high.
"Friend Ainsworth, good luck and success t' ye!"
Sounds deep from its iron-toned tongue;
"For, thanks to your pen, Heaven rest ye!
My ancestor fell not *unsung*."

And hark! as that bell's lordly echo
Dies faint in the distance abaft,
The breeze freshens;—all hands upon deck, ho!
It fills every sail of our craft.
Evöe! 'tis the breath of proud Clio,
The muse and awarder of fame,
Which wafted the blind bard of Scio
O'er ocean, to win him a name.

Fire a gun! salute Maga's bold skipper,
We've both of us sail'd in his crew;
Then steer our own course in the clipper,
And care not what other folks do.
There's sea-room for us and for others,
And trade on the river for all,
So we'll not shew our teeth, my stanch brothers,
Without an imperative call.

Meantime, our rich argosy, freighted
For Windsor, the Castle doth near;
All agog for the prize they awaited,
Hark! gentles and Eton lads cheer!
And now, in despite of the season,
'Mid princely oaks waving around,
They crowd to the banquet of reason
On royal and classical ground.

While we, my boys, hither and thither,
Will roam the wide seas in our yacht,
And as to the how and the whither,
I know not and care not a jot.
Anywhere from the Pole to the Indus,
Where Fate may direct in her whim,
With fresh blowing breezes behind u
And hearts full of fun to the brim.

T.

AL EXC^mo SEÑOR

DON GU. HENRIQUEZ AINSWORTH.

EL CONVITE.

SEGUIDILLA ANDALUZA.

Vaya se V. M. amigo!
Y vaste ti de majo:
Venga a comer conmigo
Buen chorizo y ajo.

Echaremos unos cigaritos
De lo puro y fino,
De los mas esquisitos;
Vaya! un trago de vino!

De lo particular de Sevilla
Pues—vamonos a los toros,
O Balcon o Barandilla!
Por vida de los Moros,

Todos aca mueren á verti!
Senas Christino, o Carlista,
No le hace, quieren conocerti!—
Aunque—abour—hasta la vista.

Mande V. M. con toda franqueza
A Ese su fiel servidor
Que su mano a V. M. besa
JUAN NUÑEZ—buen bebidor.

A Nata en Cuba en Xerez.

A MONSIEUR W. H. AINSWORTH.

SOUVENIR D'AMOUR ET RECONNOISSANCE.

Gaston, Dunois, Bayard, et toi, preux Ribeaumont,
Que seul d'un roi vainqueur as soutenu la rage,
Et toi, vaillant Guesclin, honneur du sang Breton,
A vous j'espère un jour de rendre un digne hommage;
Mais attendant ce jour, (soulagement unique
De ce triste entresol qui forme mon asyle,)
Ainsworth, je lis toujours tes annales historiques
Pour nourrir mon genie, et ranimer mon style;
Et quel plaisir pour moi, seduisant et nouveau,
Quand de ton bel ouvrage tu me feras cadeau.

EUSTACHE DE BEAUJOLOIS,
Etudiant de Paris.

AL AMICO AINSUORTO.

"E qualche volta almeno
Ricordati di me."
METAST.

Amato, con tal gusto sempre aspetto
Il promesso dono, e bramo, ahi lasso!
Quel d'avere mai un bel mazzetto
Di fiori scelti del Parnasso.
Quel piacevolissimo libretto
Che m'appellai Il cuor di sasso
Sovra el sino con l'ingrata Nice
Ove tu la fata abitatrice.

ANDREA BONDELMONTI,
Di Firenze.

[illegible]

[illegible]
Inglese.

VIRO. INSIGNI. GUL. H. AINSWORTH.

Si quis incassum, GULIELME, moerens
Propter antiquum Thamesin, Britannis
Quaerat ereptum decus, et ruinas
Igne sepultas,

Te legat, doctum patriis, amice,
Fabulis, priscaeque lyrae peritum,
Callidum, quicquid libet, evocare
Arte magistrâ.

Qualis Amphion, fidibus canoris
Colligis terrâ cumulata passim
Fragmina, et sparsos lapides reponis
Ordine certo.

Te duce, ut quondam comitante Divâ
Ductus Æneas, celebres adibo
Principum sedes, patriasque cernam
Ducere pompas.

Pristinam plebem; monumenta, mores,
Templaque Augustæ recolam, priusquam
Pestis illatæ rabies, et ignis
Funere mersit.

Te Camœnarum favor insecutus
Fovit infantem; tibi mox ephebo
Pallas arrisit; comitantur Hermes
Mnemosyneque.

Quicquid intactum petis, i secundo
Omine, et lectâ juvenum catervâ
Cinctus, ut Jason; ita Diis amicis
Ibis ad astra.

KARL FRIEDRICH DOPPENHEIM,
Von Leipzig.

ZUM HOCHACHTBAREN HERRN WILHELM AINSWORTH.

Ein kleines Ehrenwort.

Vivallerallerallera!

"Stimmt an mit hellem, hohem klang."
WEISE.

WILHELM, die Burschen loben Dich,
Nach Deine Werke fragen,
Und wollen alle gern, wie Ich,
"Heil! und Willkommen!" sagen.

Denn überall in Tugendsbund
Der Dichter bleibt so eben,
Und Jeder ächte Fremde Mund
Ertön't, "Er soll hoch leben!"

Der Edelfrau Jane Grey recht gut
Hast Du ihr Loos beschrieben;
Zur Welt sie rückt, mit Heldenmuth
Zu leiden, leb'n, und lieben.

Du fang'st, und schick'st zum Hochgericht,
Wie ein gar frommer Dichter,
Den, wer ist nur ein Bösewicht:
Was mehr mag thun der Richter?

Die Heuchler, die Dir feindlich sind,
Wird meine Faust zerschmeissen;
Und Du soll'st hier in Deutschland, Kind
Und Freund, und Bruder heissen.

Nun lebe wohl! und mögen Dir
Freiheit und Fried' und Freude
Und Freundschaft bleiben, hin und hier,
Dein Lebenlang, wie heute!

MAX. ADOLPH. KEMPFERHAUSEN,
Von Jena,
ANTI-PHILISTERISSIMUS.

Victoria doch!
Und hurrah hoch!!!

George Cruikshank

Randulph Crew introduced to Beau Villiers on the Mall

London Published by Hugh Cunningham Feb^r 1.1842.

THE MISER'S DAUGHTER.

A Tale.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

UNCLE ABEL'S SENSIBILITY.—HIS INSTRUCTIONS TO MR. JUKES.—A SECOND NEPHEW.—THE LOAN.—MR. CRIPPS'S SENSE OF HONOUR.—THE BRIBE.

[A slight, but very important typographical error occurred in the first page of this story in the greater part of the impression of last number. The date was printed 1774. It should have been 1744. A cancel page will be given to bind up with the volume; but, meanwhile, the reader is requested kindly to correct the mistake with his pen.]

UNCLE Abel returned home by himself about two o'clock, in a very ill humour indeed, and, vouchsafing no answer to Mr. Jukes, who smilingly inquired where he had left the two gentlemen, proceeded at once to the library, and commenced writing a letter. Knowing the peculiarity of his master's temper, the discreet butler left him to himself, but ventured, unsummoned, into his presence in about half an hour, and found him in the act of tearing up the letter, and throwing the fragments into the grate.

"What brings you here, sir?" cried Abel, turning sharply upon him. "I didn't ring the bell."

"I know you didn't, sir," replied Mr. Jukes; "but I was certain you wanted me, nevertheless."

"You were certain of no such thing, sirrah," rejoined Abel, in a tone that contradicted the asperity of his words, "and you presume too much on your long services."

"I do not presume too much on your kindness," rejoined Mr. Jukes, in accents oddly enough compounded of familiarity and respect. "I see plainly that something has gone wrong, and perhaps I may be able to set it right."

"Well, shut the door, Jukes," returned Abel, seating himself; "and put the window down,—why was it left open?—you know I can't bear a draught. What do you think of my nephew?"

"That he is a remarkably fine young man, sir," replied the butler. "I have not seen a handsomer man this many a day. And Mr. Trussell was quite right when he said he was like your sister. He is a perfect picture of her as she was when—"

"Never mind the likeness, Jukes," interrupted Abel, hastily; "I don't want to know what you think of his good looks. They are obvious enough—too obvious by far—for, trust me, whatever you may think of the matter, it is a great misfortune in a man to be too handsome. What I wish to have is your opinion of his disposition?"

"I think it equal to his good looks, sir," replied the butler, promptly. "It will be strange indeed if he does not turn out a fine character."

"Hum!" exclaimed Mr. Abel, with one of his sneers, "so that is your opinion, Mr. Jukes. I thought you a better judge."

"I see what you are driving at, sir," replied the butler; "but it wont answer with me. You are displeased with your nephew, and want me to disparage him; but I tell you plainly, I wont. And if I were foolish

nough, and base enough, to do so, no one would be more angry with me than yourself. I think Mr. Randulph a very fine young man, and a very promising young man; and I am truly happy to find, since you are never likely to marry yourself, that you will have such a worthy successor."

Accustomed as he was to his master's fitful humours, Mr. Jukes was not prepared for the effect which his words produced, or he would have cut off his tongue sooner than have uttered them. Abel, who was gazing at him fixedly as he commenced, cast down his eyes at the close of his speech, and pressed his hand convulsively to his brow. He remained silent for some moments, and then giving vent to his suppressed respiration in a groan, walked to the window, and appeared to be looking out into the garden. Mr. Jukes allowed him to remain undisturbed for a few minutes, and then approached him.

"I am extremely sorry for what I said, sir," he remarked, penitentially; "I ought to have known better."

"You said nothing, Jukes," replied Abel, sadly, yet kindly, "but what I ought to have heard unmoved, and I am ashamed of my own weakness. It is not because I shall go childless to the grave that I have exhibited this emotion. It is because your allusion opened old wounds, and brought the past too palpably and painfully before me. You know the secrets of my heart, and will understand what a train of emotion a chance word might awaken. I am an old man, Jukes—callous in feeling on most points—but there is one point on which I am as sensitive as ever. It is that disappointment—that blighting which I met with from—from—I cannot bring myself to utter her name. The wound I then received is incurable. I shall bear it to my dying day."

"I hope not, sir—I hope not," sympathized the butler.

"I hate the sex, Jukes!" cried Abel, almost fierce. There is no faith, no honesty in it—any more than there is true friendship in men. I never yet knew a woman whom I could thoroughly esteem—nor a man on whose friendship I could entirely rely. If I could make an exception in the latter case, it would be in favour of yourself."

"And if servant was ever true to his master, I am true to you, sir," replied Mr. Jukes, earnestly. "But you expect too much from human nature. Our imperfect condition is to blame, not ourselves. In my opinion, there are more true-hearted women than the reverse; and I should be sorry to think otherwise. But if you search the world over for one who could come up to your notions of perfection, I fear you would not find her. The best of women have some faults, and the worst many redeeming qualities. But with all their faults they are the best part of creation. So at least I think, and so you would think too, sir, if your choice had not been so unhappily fixed."

"Do not advert to it again, Jukes!" cried Abel, repressing a pang.

"I've done, sir—I've done!" rejoined Mr. Jukes, hastily. "And now may I venture to ask what has displeased you with your nephew?"

"Perhaps I ought not to be angry with him," replied Abel; "but I watched [illegible] during his introduction to Beau Villiers and Lady Brabazon on [illegible] this morning, and saw that he was completely dazzled by them. [illegible] detected, by certain looks and gestures that passed between [illegible] Brabazon, or Brazen, for such should be her title, that she [illegible] about his relationship to me. I do not blame him for [illegible] know what effect appearances have upon young persons, and [illegible] understand real worth when set against the glitter of [illegible] however worthless or vicious the latter may be. I do not [illegible] that he did not bear his first trial better."

"You should blame Lady Brabazon, not him, sir," rejoined Mr. Jukes. "Some ladies of her rank have a way of abashing modest young men, and delight in doing it. And then I am sure I may tell you, without offence, that your dress and appointments are scarcely becoming your real station in life. No, sir, I don't wonder that Mr. Randulph felt a little embarrassed. I might just as well complain of my graceless nephew, Crackenthorpe Cripps, who serves Mr. Villiers, the very gentleman you've mentioned. The rascal will never own me if he meets me in the Park, though he is extremely glad to call me 'nunks,' and wheedle me out of a crown at other times. But what do I care for his impertinence? Nothing at all."

"Well, Jukes, perhaps you are right," said Abel, after a moment's reflection; "and perhaps I am guilty of as much weakness as my nephew himself in feeling hurt by the matter. I had written to his mother on the subject; but I have just destroyed the letter."

"I am glad to hear it, sir," replied Mr. Jukes.

"And now there is another point, about which I feel considerable uneasiness," pursued Abel. "Randulph, as you know, has seen Hilda Scarve; and, short as the interview was, it was long enough it seems for her to produce a strong impression upon him. Now," he continued, sternly, and emphatically, "he never shall marry that girl, with my consent,—never! Jukes. And if he should marry her, he shall never have a shilling of mine. I have forbidden him the house; but I am apprehensive he will disobey my injunctions. If he goes there without my knowledge, I will shut my doors against him."

"If you do so, you will act very harshly, and very unjustly, sir," replied Mr. Jukes, "and so I tell you beforehand."

"The fault will be his own," rejoined Abel, coldly. "I have warned him. It must be your part to see Jacob Post, if the fellow is still with the miser, and ascertain whether Randulph visits the house. D'ye understand?"

"Perfectly," replied Jukes: "but I don't like the job."

"Like it or not, you will do as I bid you," continued Abel peremptorily. "And you have not yet received the whole of your instructions. You say that your nephew serves Mr. Villiers. Bribe him to bring word what Randulph does in his master's society; whether he games, drinks, or riots—in a word, how he goes on."

"There will be no necessity to bribe Crackenthorpe to tell all this," returned Mr. Jukes. "But I repeat, I don't like such underhand proceedings. They are unworthy of you."

"It is the only way of arriving at the truth," replied Abel. "And now leave me. I must write to my sister about this Scarve—curse on the name—and will desire her to interdict her son from going near the house."

"In my humble opinion, you are taking the precise course to attract him thither, sir," rejoined Mr. Jukes. "If he never desired to go before, he will do so now. It's human nature, sir. Tell me not to open that cupboard, and I should long to do it. Recollect Bluebeard, sir."

"Bluebeard be hanged!" cried Abel, angrily. "Go and look after dinner. Serve it at four o'clock to a moment. I won't wait an instant for them—not an instant."

The butler bowed and retired, while Abel commenced a second letter to his sister.

As Mr. Jukes approached the butler's pantry, whither he repaired after quitting his master, he was startled by hearing a voice issue from it, singing with some taste, but in a very affected style, the following snatch:—

[illegible] this introduction will lead to no good. But, be that as it [illegible] bring me accurate information of all their proceedings."

[illegible] upon knowing everything, nunks," replied Mr. Cripps.

[illegible] done yet," pursued Mr. Jukes. "There is a certain Mr. [illegible] lives in the Little Sanctuary—"

[illegible] miser, whom folks nickname Starve?" interrupted Cripps.

[illegible] My master has borrowed large sums of money from him. [illegible] him, nunks?"

[illegible] wish to ascertain whether Mr. Randulph ever visits the house, [illegible] Mr. Jukes.

[illegible] Abel is afraid of his nephew borrowing money, eh?" replied [illegible] laughing. "Well, that can be easily managed. A perruquier [illegible] Pokerich by name, lives opposite old Starve's dwelling, [illegible] servant, if he keeps one; if not, he must know the miser [illegible] what you want from him, never fear. Any further com- [illegible] his hat jauntily, and gracefully twirling his cane, [illegible]

[illegible] the door was opened, and Abel Beechcroft [illegible] so sternly at Mr. Cripps, that the confidence [illegible] him, and, hastily taking off his hat, he would [illegible] not stopped him.

[illegible] rascal," he asked.

[illegible] 'pon rep, Mr. Beechcroft!" stammered the

[illegible] gains, knave, you mean," rejoined Abel, [illegible] I have a plague of a nephew as well [illegible] become acquainted with your master—your [illegible] master,—and I cannot hope will escape the taint [illegible] New, I want to know how quickly, and to what [illegible] You must play the spy upon him, fellow."

[illegible] your request, Mr. Beechcroft," rejoined Mr. [illegible] if you put the matter in such an objectionable [illegible] with my—my rep-rep-reputation, comply with

[illegible] scrupulous, eh, rascal?" laughed Abel, derisively, "and [illegible] of honour as your master? But, like him, you have [illegible] the information I require, and you shall have double [illegible] may be, out of which you have just cajoled your uncle."

[illegible] twenty crowns, Mr. Beechcroft," replied Mr. Cripps. [illegible] of human nature, sir, 'pon rep, and have dis- [illegible] No Cripps was ever proof against a bribe."

[illegible] included," replied Abel, impatiently. "See him [illegible] And then let this letter be taken to the [illegible] and my nephew's voices in the hall. Point [illegible] Jukes."

[illegible] with the valet, while Abel returned to [illegible] were talking and laughing in the hall. [illegible] directed his nephew's attention

[illegible] Villiers' gentleman, Mr. Cripps. [illegible] not amiss to be on terms even with [illegible] word with you. There's a bow, [illegible] the hair before, with the proper [illegible] to its place. Then did you [illegible] sword-knot?"

"Never on a footman, unquestionably," replied Randulph.

"Mr. Cripps," continued Trussell, "this is my nephew, Mr. Randulph Crew,—a young gentleman new to the world, as I need scarcely tell you He has just been presented to your master, and, I flatter myself, has already won his regards."

"Delighted to hear it, Mr. Trussell—delighted," replied Mr. Cripps, with another diving bow,—"but not surprised. Fine young man, 'pon rep! and only wants the *je ne scai quoi* air, which my master will speedily impart to him, to be perfect. Egad, my master must look to his laurels, Mr. Trussell, or your nephew may rob him of 'em—ha! ha! Will you condescend to try my snush, sir? It's the beau's mixture."

"Thankye, thankye, Mr. Cripps!" said Trussell, plunging his fingers into the proffered box.

"What is to be to-night, sir?" inquired Mr. Cripps—"the ridotto at Ranelagh, the French play at the Haymarket, or Lady Fazakerly's drum?"

"I'faith, I don't know," replied Trussell, a little embarrassed. "The truth is," he added, in an under tone, "my brother is rather straightlaced. He has prejudices to which we must occasionally succumb."

Mr. Cripps smiled significantly, and regaled his nostrils with a very large pinch of snuff.

"You'll take care of my nephew's interest with your master, Mr. Cripps," whispered Trussell, slipping a crown at the same time into his hand.

"As of my own, Mr. Trussell, 'pon rep!" replied Mr. Cripps, in the same tone.

With this, he inclined his person almost to the ground, and departed.

"Well, I've made a tolerable thing of it to-day, 'pon rep!" he muttered to himself, as he swirled out of the house. "Done nunks out of ten crowns —got the promise of twenty from old Abel—received one from Trussell. This Randulph Crew seems to bring me good luck. On my way home I'll call on the little barber—put him on the miser's scent. Something is to be made of this, I perceive. To-night I shall try my hand at the dice-box at the Duke's.

My fortune, I hope, is reserved for this cast,
To make me a saver for all my life past;
Be lucky this once, dice! 'tis all I implore,
I'll reform then entirely, and tempt you no more."

In this way he went on soliloquizing and singing till he reached his boat, which lay off the stairs near the palace, and, jumping into it, ordered the waterman, with the air of a lord, and several very fashionable imprecations, to row to Westminster.

Uncle Abel did not join his nephew and brother till dinner was served, and took little part in the conversation that occurred during the meal. Habituated to his humours, Trussell was as lively and amusing as ever, and rattled away like a young man; but Randulph could not help being oppressed by his elder uncle's grave looks. He also felt, he scarcely knew why, dissatisfied with himself, and wished to regain Abel's esteem. Thus the dinner passed off; the cloth was removed, and the wine placed on the board. The glasses were filled by the attentive Mr. Jukes, who took especial care that on this occasion one of the oldest and choicest bottles should be brought forth, and his attention was speedily rewarded by a very beneficial change in his master's temper.

"Well, Randulph," said Abel, while sipping his second glass, "how do you like your new society?"

"I have seen so little of it at present, sir," replied the young

I can form no precise opinion: but I must say, that I think Mr. Villiers the best-bred man I have ever met with, Lady Brabazon a woman of great spirit and wit, and her daughter—"

"The most beautiful creature you ever beheld!" supplied Abel, laughing drily; "and you have already lost your heart to her."

"So far from thinking her the most beautiful creature I ever beheld," returned Randulph, "she is not to compare with—with—"

He was about to add the name of the miser's daughter, but the looks of his uncles, both of which were fixed on him, though with a very different expression, checked him.

"I know what you are about to say, Randulph," observed Uncle Abel, sternly; "you were going to mention Hilda Scarve. Once for all, let me caution you against alluding to her. I have a particular reason for disliking her father—for hating him, indeed, for my feelings towards him are of the strongest kind,—and I cannot endure to hear of any one connected with him."

"Well, sir, your wishes shall be obeyed, so far as it is in my power to obey them," replied Randulph; "but I should not be dealing frankly with you, if I did not tell you that I think them a little unreasonable. I can easily understand that Mr. Scarve may have offended you, but his daughter—"

"Randulph," cried Abel, fixing his grey eye upon him, "you are in love with that girl, or rather, you fancy yourself so; for love, though sown at once, requires time to bring it to maturity. You must subdue this passion, if you entertain it. The daughter of such a man must inherit some of his bad qualities."

"There I think you are unjust, sir," rejoined Randulph. "And, grant that the father may be objectionable, the mother, whom she evidently takes after, may have been—"

"Randulph!" exclaimed Abel, interrupting him with a sharp cry, "would you drive me mad!"

"What have I said, sir?" asked the young man, in astonishment.

"For God's sake, hold your tongue!" whispered Uncle Trussell, who had in vain been endeavouring to attract his nephew's attention. "Don't you see he can't bear to talk of these Scarves?"

Randulph was greatly disconcerted. In vain he tried to rally; no subject for conversation occurred to him; but at last Uncle Trussell came to his relief.

"We are going to breakfast with Beau Villiers to-morrow morning, sir," he said to his brother. "We were asked to Lady Fazakerley's drum to-night; and Lady Brabazon invited us to accompany her to Ranelagh."

"And why didn't you go?" asked Abel, peevishly.

"Because, sir, I thought it might not be agreeable to you," returned Trussell.

"Pshaw! what care I about it!" rejoined Abel. "Plunge your pupil over head and ears in dissipation! Surfeit him, as the grocers do their apprentices, with sweets! Never mind me in future. Do what you will."

Uncle Trussell winked at Randulph.

"We'll take him at his word!" he whispered.

But Randulph took no notice of the signal. His heart was too fully occupied with Hilda Scarve; and he felt a rising dislike to uncle Abel which he could not conquer. He excused himself from taking more wine, and, repairing to the garden, entered the summer-house, where he gazed at the broad and beautiful river flowing past it, and the venerable Abbey on the opposite shore, near which she dwelt whom he now began to feel with Abel was mistress of his heart.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

A THIRD NEPHEW.—A DINNER AT THE MISER'S.—THE PAYMENT OF THE MORTGAGE-MONEY.—SIR BULKELEY PRICE.

NOTHING very particular occurred at the miser's dwelling after Randulph's departure. Mr. Scarve took a large account-book from the box beneath his table, together with several papers, from which he proceeded to make extracts; and he thus employed himself for more than an hour and a half, when his candle having burnt down into the socket, he intimated to his daughter and Mrs. Clinton that it was time to retire to rest.

"You have sat up longer than usual," he said, "and I have been so busy that I quite forgot to bid you to go to bed. Hilda, your cousin, Philip Frewin, will dine here to-morrow."

"You have told me that before, sir," she replied, coldly.

"And I have told you, also, that it is my wish you should receive him graciously," rejoined the miser. "Don't say a word more on the subject;—good night, daughter—good night, sister Clinton. Here, Jacob! light the ladies up stairs. I have settled my accounts, and don't want the candle."

Jacob obeyed, and the ladies were conducted to their room, to retire to rest, as usual, in the dark.

A moment afterwards, Jacob returned, and set the expiring candle on the table.

"Well, Jacob," said the miser to him, "what did you think of our visiter to day?"

"What did *you* think of him, sir?" returned Jacob, evasively.

"Pretty well," replied Mr. Scarve. "Not wanting in good looks—but improvident, thoughtless, in the extreme."

"Don't think so," rejoined Jacob, gruffly.

"You're no judge of character," rejoined the miser, sharply. "I read the spendthrift in his whole appearance and demeanour. In short, Jacob, I would rather see no more of him. If he *should* call again, which is not unlikely, though I gave him a broad enough hint that his visits would be anything but agreeable, you will deny me and my daughter to him."

"What!" exclaimed Jacob, "do you mean to shut your doors against the son of your old friend? Is that acting like a Christian—like a gentleman?"

"The lad is a scapegrace, Jacob,—a senseless, romantic, scapegrace," rejoined the miser.

"Don't think so," replied Jacob.

"He has given away his fortune," said the miser.

"He'll get it back in time," was the rejoinder.

"Jacob, you are a fool!" said the miser.

"Fool or not," replied Jacob, "if I were you, I would marry my daughter to that young man."

"When I ask your advice on the subject, it will be time enough to offer it," rejoined the miser. "You may now retire, Jacob. But first go over the house, and see that all's safe. I thought I heard a noise in the cellar last night."

"It was the rats, sir," replied Jacob.

"Indeed!" replied the miser; "then the rats make a pretty clattering with their jaws. Jacob, I suspect it was you."

"Well, then, it was me," replied Jacob, doggedly.

"Oh! you confess it?" replied the miser, uneasily. "Where do you get your victuals from? Who supplies you with them, eh?"

[illegible] sir." replied Jacob; "so as it doesn't cost you anything, [illegible]."

"True, true!" replied the miser; "and yet I should like to know how [illegible] food."

"You'll steal it," replied Jacob. "But see, the candle's going out,—[illegible] better go to bed."

"You're right, Jacob," said the old man. "Good night! Be sure you look [illegible] the house."

With this, he crept off to his own chamber, and, just as he reached it, the candle expired.

Mr. Scarve always arose at day-break, and generally spent two or three hours before breakfast at his accounts. On the morning following the events previously related, he remained longer than usual in his own room, and when summoned to breakfast by Mrs. Clinton, at nine o'clock, he descended with a large deed under his arm. The family breakfast consisted of milk and water, the proportions being one-third of the former liquid to two of the latter, —a small loaf of bread, but neither butter nor meat. Of this meagre fare all parties partook sparingly, and the meal was soon ended. Hilda had generally little appetite, but on this occasion she ate less than usual, and her father remarked it.

"I fear you are not well to-day," he said; "I am sorry for it, for I wished you to be in good looks to receive your cousin."

"I have no wish to see him," she replied, with a look of inexpressible disgust.

"Than you have no wish to please me," he rejoined.

The miser made no further remark at the time, but when the scanty remains of breakfast were removed, and he was left alone with his daughter, he said—"Hilda, I want a word with you. I have long desired to converse with you seriously on a subject nearest my heart. It relates to your cousin, Philip Frewin. You can scarcely be ignorant that he seeks your hand. But if you are ignorant of his intentions, I must now acquaint you with them. I have a very high opinion of him, not merely because he is my nephew, but because he is a very prudent, careful person, who will take care of what he has got. He is directly the reverse of the weak young man who was here last night."

"So he appears, sir," replied Hilda, significantly.

"Philip is very rich, Hilda," pursued the miser; "he is worth fifty thousand pounds, if he is worth a penny. And, in short, it is my pleasure, if he *should* propose to you, as I expect he will, that you accept him."

"Then it is fit, dear father, that you should know what my answer will be to his proposal," she replied.

"What will it be?" asked the miser.

"A positive and decided refusal," she returned.

"Hilda!" exclaimed the miser, furiously—"Hilda!"

"Do not urge me further, father," she rejoined, calmly—"upon this point I am firm."

"You are captivated by the fair face and showy figure of the prodigal who [illegible] last night," cried Mr. Scarve, carried away by his passion—"but [illegible] I will never consent to such a match. If you wed him, neither he [illegible] child or children of yours, shall ever have a penny of mine! [illegible] all! He is a beggar, and a beggar's wife you shall be. [illegible] got last hold of the estates, all might have been well—I [illegible] but as it is, I will never listen to his suit. No, Hilda," [illegible] "the husband for you is Philip Frewin,

my sister's son,—one who knows the value of money, and will take care of it,—one who hates extravagance in all ways.—I can commend him as a thoroughly well-principled, and excellent young man."

"He may be all you describe,—though I doubt it," she replied; "but I do not desire to marry."

"Tush!" rejoined the miser, impatiently—"every woman desires to marry. It is her first object—what she is brought up for—the end and aim of her existence."

"But surely, father," replied Hilda, with a half smile, "every woman desires to marry the man she loves? Her heart must have something to do with her choice."

"Pshaw!" cried the miser, "mere idle talk,—mere girl's fancy. Before you have been married a week, you will love your husband better than any man in the world. A husband should not be chosen for his good looks, but for his good qualities; for his pecuniary, rather than his personal advantages,—and for his ability to take care of you, your property, and your children. Such a one is Philip Frewin—such a one is *not* Randulph Crew."

"I wish you would not mention Randulph Crew so often, father," replied, Hilda, in some little confusion; "I do not see why his name should be brought forward."

"Nor I," rejoined the miser; "and I'll take care not to mention it again. But enough has been said on the subject. You know my wishes; don't dispute them. Go to your chamber, child; go to your chamber!" And he turned away from her to pore over the deed before him. Hilda gazed at him for a moment, irresolutely, and then sighing deeply, withdrew.

A guest being expected at dinner, some little preparation was made. The repast was to consist of a few ribs of beef baked upon half a dozen potatoes, followed by a small batter pudding, likewise baked.

Punctually at two o'clock, at which hour the miser dined, a knock was heard at the door, and Jacob, answering the summons, admitted a tall thin young man, with very sharp features, dressed in an old worn-out grey cloth coat, with plated metal buttons, that might have belonged to his grandfather; a tattered plush waistcoat; darned worsted hose; a scratch wig, that looked as if it had been picked up in the kennel; and old shoes, with high quarters fastened by small iron buckles. This extraordinary personage was welcomed with great cordiality by his uncle, who seemed to contemplate his miserable appearance with the utmost satisfaction.

Hilda, however, would scarcely behave civilly to him, though the young man paid her the utmost attention, and whenever her father's back was turned, put on a manner that filled her with disgust. At the close of dinner, the miser called for wine, and a bottle was brought him, containing barely a glass, as was proved when Jacob poured it out. Mr. Scarve pressed his nephew to take it, but the young man declined. The miser then raised the glass to his lips, but put it down, observing—"No, I don't require it. Indeed, I am better without it. Put it back again, Jacob. I drink your health, nephew, in a glass of water."

"And I return the pledge in the same wholesome beverage," replied Philip Frewin. "I never take any other, sir," he added, ogling Hilda in an intolerable manner. "I drink to you, fair cousin." And as he spoke he gulped down a large draught, but with a very bad grace.

"I don't think, for all he says, that he's accustomed to such draughts," thought Jacob. "He doesn't look a water-drinker."

Dinner was no sooner over than Hilda withdrew with her aun-

[illegible] would she, though her father sent Jacob to summon her,

[illegible] strange fancies, Philip," he said to his nephew. "Her mother [illegible] whimsical. I don't think, though she married me, that she cared

[illegible] have your consent to the match, sir, that is all I care for," re- [illegible] Philip. "Love will come in good time. My cousin Hilda is a [illegible] girl, and would be a prize without a penny, but with what you [illegible] give her—"

[illegible] leave her, Philip—to leave her, not to give her!" interrupted the [illegible] hastily. "I shall give her nothing during my lifetime."

[illegible] make any settlement?" asked Philip, uneasily.

[illegible] whatever," replied the miser: "but I shall require a settlement [illegible] part. You are rich, Philip, and can make a good settlement."

[illegible] settlement on your part, uncle," muttered Frewin, "and a large [illegible] handed on mine? This requires consideration."

[illegible] doesn't," said the miser, sharply; "for if you hesitate, you shan't [illegible] My daughter shall not be refused by any man, even by my [illegible] You shall take her on my terms, or not at all."

[illegible] gladly take her so, uncle," replied Philip.

[illegible] will do wisely," rejoined the miser, more calmly. "And now I've [illegible] news for you, Phil—rare news. You know—for our attorney, Diggs, [illegible] have told you—that I have advanced fourteen thousand pounds to Sir [illegible] Price, on the mortgage of one of his estates in Flintshire. Now [illegible] is worth upwards of twenty thousand pounds, perhaps more, [illegible] there are several copper mines upon it. Well, I have given Sir [illegible] notice to pay over the money. He has paid no attention to the [illegible] and if I do not receive the money at six o'clock, at which hour [illegible] paid, or tendered, I shall foreclose—yes, foreclose, nephew, [illegible] will become mine—your wife's hereafter, and your children's."

[illegible] thought Philip. "I sincerely congratulate you, uncle," he [illegible] "and hope nothing may happen to deprive you of your [illegible]

[illegible] is likely to happen now, Philip," replied Mr. Scarve. "The [illegible] good as my own. I have just been reading over the description [illegible] deed of mortgage; and a noble estate it is. But since Hilda [illegible] down, it is scarcely worth while for you to stay longer. Come and [illegible] this day week, and I will try and fix the day. Meanwhile, I [illegible] my daughter, and bring her to her senses."

[illegible] hear you say so, uncle," rejoined Philip, "for I almost [illegible] might be a rival in the case."

[illegible] cried the miser, with a slightly-embarrassed look. [illegible] Mr. Randulph Crew called here last night;—he is a very [illegible] and fit to win a girl's heart. But I don't think [illegible]

[illegible] Philip, uneasily. "Well, never mind what im- [illegible] if you give her to me."

[illegible] on the terms I have mentioned, but no other," [illegible] day next, at two. Jacob! shew Mr. Frewin to [illegible] good bye!"

[illegible] by Jacob, who eyed him surlily askance [illegible] and shook his hand behind his back as

"That skinflint shall never marry my young missis," he muttered, "if I can prevent it."

On reaching King-street, Philip Frewin snapped his fingers derisively in the air, and, quickening his pace, did not stop till he reached the door of a tavern in the Rhenish Wine-yard, in that street, and entering it, proceeded at once to a private room. Then, bursting into a loud laugh, he dashed his old wig to the ground and trampled upon it, threw off his tattered coat and waistcoat, and proceeded to rid himself of the rest of his attire. He next equipped himself in a smart suit of green velvet, put on a campaign wig, and added lace ruffles to his shirt.

"I'm glad to get rid of those horrid masquerade habiliments," he muttered; "the part is a devilish disagreeable one to act. But no matter, it is worth playing. My fair cousin will like me all the better, when she knows me in my real character. And now I must hasten to Diggs, to tell him how I've prospered, and instruct him how to proceed."

On being informed by Jacob of her obnoxious cousin's departure, Hilda came down stairs with her aunt, and bore her father's reproaches with a meekness that, instead of allaying his fury, served to increase it. At length, she ventured to say, "Why do you wish me married, sir? I am quite content as I am, and could not be happier. I think, nay, I am sure, if I quitted you, you would feel very desolate."

"Weigh that over before it's too late," interposed Jacob. "I'm sure *I* should feel very desolate. I don't think I'd stop with you."

"Hold your tongue, sirrah!" cried the miser, sharply. "I can live very well alone, Hilda," he added, turning to her, "and I should like to see you comfortably settled before I die. I don't want you to become the prey of an adventurer."

"If that is all you are afraid of, father, you may rest quite easy," she replied. "And do not suppose I speak from any feeling of prejudice, but I think you are deceived in my cousin."

"Deceived, Hilda? In what way?" asked the miser.

"By his apparent carefulness—by the manner in which he seems to adapt himself to your notions and peculiarities," she replied. "Recollect, too, that, owing to circumstances, you have seen and known so little of him, that but for the fact of his being your nephew, he might be an entire stranger. Forgive me, sir, if I say you are not acting in this case with your usual caution. You trust too much to Philip's own representations."

"You think so," said the miser, "but you are wrong. I have made inquiries through one who would not deceive me—my attorney, Mr. Diggs; and I am assured that Philip is the most careful person breathing."

"Yourself excepted," muttered Jacob.

"In fact, I hear nothing but good of him from Diggs," pursued the miser, not choosing to notice the remark; "and what is better, I know—for I have seen the will—that his father left him fifty thousand pounds; fifty thousand pounds, Hilda—twenty of which he shall settle on you."

"Do not suffer this notion to get possession of you, I entreat, dear father!" she replied. "If he had a million of money, I would never marry Philip Frewin."

Here Mrs. Clifton, who had in vain endeavoured to throw in a word, interposed, and engaged Hilda in conversation. The miser referred to his mortgage-deed, and the description of the estate, which he looked upon as his own, restored him to good temper. Nearly an hour having elapsed, he arose, and called to Jacob, who had retired to the e

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summons not being answered as expeditiously as he desired, he called again, and Jacob made his appearance, brushing the moisture from his lips, and trying to swallow down a morsel that stuck in his throat.

"You have been eating, rascal!" cried the miser, "and drinking too!—Faugh! how the knave smells of beer!"

"If I have been eating and drinking," said Jacob, clearing his throat by a violent effort, "it hasn't been at your expense."

"Well, go and see what's o'clock," said the miser, who did not appear particularly angry.

"What's o'clock!" exclaimed Jacob, in surprise. "Why I've lived with you these twenty years, and never was sent on such a message before. What do you want to know what's o'clock for?"

"What's that to you, sirrah?" rejoined the miser, with more anger in his words than in his tones or looks. "But I'll tell you thus much, I never in my life wished a day passed so much as I do this."

"You excite my curiosity, father," said Hilda. "Why do you wish to-day passed?"

"Because, if a certain sum of money is not paid to me before six o'clock, I shall be the possessor of one of the finest estates in Wales," replied the miser. "It must now be five; in another hour I shall be safe—safe, Hilda! the mortgage will be foreclosed—the estate mine! Mr. Diggs will be here at six. If I obtain this prize, Jacob, you shall drink my health in the glass of wine I put back in the bottle."

"Then it'll be the first time I ever so drunk it," replied Jacob.

"Take care it isn't the last, you thankless varlet!" rejoined the miser. "Don't stand chattering there! Go and see what's o'clock."

As Jacob departed to obey his injunction, Mr. Scarve paced to and fro within the room, rubbing his hands, and chuckling to himself. Five minutes nearly elapsed before Jacob returned, and when he did so, it was with a countenance of very peculiar meaning.

"Well, is it five?" cried the miser.

"No; it's fourteen," replied Jacob.

"Fourteen!" exclaimed the miser. "What do you mean? You're drunk, sirrah—drunk on the promise of a glass of wine."

"No, I'm not," replied Jacob. "I mean that there's a troop of fourteen horsemen at the door. There! don't you hear 'em? They make noise enough, I should think."

And, as he spoke, a loud knocking, mixed with shouts and laughter came sounding down the passage.

"It is the mortgage-money, father," said Hilda.

"It is—damnation!" cried the miser, stamping on the ground.

"At first I took the troop for a gang of highwaymen," said Jacob, "when their leader, a fat, bloated old fellow, calls out to me, in an imperious tone, 'Tell your master, the miser,' says he, 'that Sir Bulkeley Price has brought him his money. He is not yet owner of an estate in Flintshire.' And then all his followers burst out a-laughing; and I don't think they've done yet."

"Curses on them!" cried the miser, furiously, "and on him too!—They sha'n't enter my dwelling. I won't receive the money. Send them away. Tell them I'm not at home, Jacob."

"It wont do, sir," replied Jacob; "they know you're at home, for I told 'em so. And as to refusing the money, why should you do that? They've brought it in great bags—bags of gold of five hundred pounds each."

"Five hundred devils!" cried the miser, foaming with rage. "What!

bring such a sum as that in broad day! I shall be exposed to all my prying neighbours."

"That you will," rejoined Jacob; "they're all at the windows, looking on. There's Mr. Deacle, the mercer, over the way, and his wife and daughter; and the inquisitive little barber, next door; and the ironmonger's wife and her family at the Blackamoor's Head; and the vintner's at the Man-in-the-Moon, and——"

"Hold your peace," cried the miser, furiously, "or I'll strangle you! I'll not be insulted thus by any man. Fetch me my sword!"

"Father!" exclaimed Hilda, "why do you excite yourself thus? Sir Bulkeley Price has but done what was right. He has brought you back your money."

"What is it o'clock, Jacob—did you ascertain that?" cried the miser.

"Not five, sir—not five," replied Jacob.

"Oh! perdition seize him! he is in time," cried the miser. "But I'll be revenged. I'll have his blood, if I can't have the estate. My sword, Jacob! What, you won't move? Nay, then, I'll fetch it myself." And opening a side-door, he rushed up a small flight of steps, leading to his bed-room.

"Some mischief will happen, Jacob," cried Hilda, with a terrified look. "I never saw my father so agitated before. I'll go forth myself, and entreat Sir Bulkeley to depart."

"Don't expose yourself to the insults of his servants, miss," rejoined Jacob. "I did not tell master a quarter what they said of him."

But despite his entreaties and those of her aunt, who also endeavoured to detain her, she rushed forth, followed by Jacob.

On gaining the street, Hilda found that Jacob's statement was perfectly correct. A troop of fourteen horsemen, with Sir Bulkeley Price at their head, were drawn up in front of the house. Most of them were well mounted, though a few of the number rode stout Welch ponies. All had swords at their sides, and pistols in their holsters, as was needful from the amount of money they carried,—every man having been provided with two bags, each containing five hundred pounds in gold, slung over his saddle-bow. A pile of these precious sacks lay at the door, and some of the men were now adding to the heap, while others were unslinging bags from their comrades' saddles. The whole company were in high glee, and laughing loudly. The leader of the troop, Sir Bulkeley Price, was a stout, portly gentleman, whose swollen inflamed cheeks and mulberry nose shewed he was by no means indifferent to the pleasures of the table. A claret-coloured velvet riding coat, buttoned to the throat, displayed his full chest and rather commanding figure to advantage; while a well-powdered, full-bottomed perriwig contrasted strongly with his rubicund and fiery visage. Hilda's appearance created a great sensation among the lookers-on, and especially attracted the attention of the barber, who was chattering with Mr. Deacle about the occurrence, and of the fair Thomasine, who was leaning out of an upper window, just above her father's sign of the Three Pigeons.

"There's Miss Scarve!" cried Peter, calling to Thomasine.

"I see her," replied the mercer's daughter. "Poor thing, how I pity her,—to be exposed to such insults! I long to fly to her assistance."

"Do, do!" cried Peter. "I'll fly with you."

"No, don't," said Mr. Deacle—"you had better not interfere. Lord bless me! I wonder what it all means."

Heedless of what was passing around her, for she heard her father's furious voice in the passage, Hilda rushed towards Sir Bulkeley Price, and, in a tone of the most earnest entreaty, cried, "Oh, sir, I implore of you to go away! My father is fearfully incensed—some mischief will happen!"

"You are Mr. Scarve's daughter, I presume," returned Sir Bulkeley, politely taking off his hat. "I should never have suspected him of owning aught so beautiful. But why should I go away, Miss Scarve? I am merely come to pay your father a sum of money that I borrowed from him."

"But it is the manner of paying it, sir,—the public manner,—the exposure, that incenses him," cried Hilda. "I would not for [illegible] that this had happened."

"I dare say not," replied Sir Bulkeley; "but your father has forced me into the measure. My estate would have been forfeited, if I had not paid the money by six o'clock. It is as unpleasant to me as it can be to him; but I had no alternative."

At this moment, a loud, angry cry was heard at the door, and the miser appeared, brandishing his drawn sword at it. His mad career was opposed by Jacob, whose wig was knocked off in his endeavours to push him backwards.

"Villain!" cried the miser, shaking his hand at Sir Bulkeley—"Villain, you shall repent your insolence! Release me, Jacob! Let me get at him!"

"No you shan't!" replied Jacob, who had to exert all his strength—such was the miser's fury—to keep him back.

Mr. Scarve's vociferations of rage were now drowned by the hootings and jeers of the knight's attendants, who did all in their power to incense him further. Terrified by the cries, Hilda clasped her hands in agony, and again addressed herself to Sir Bulkeley.

"As you are a gentleman, sir, I beseech you to withdraw," she said.

"Such an appeal, and from such lips, is irresistible," replied Sir Bulkeley, again raising his hat.

"He is no gentleman, Hilda!" shrieked her father, who overheard what was said. "Come away, girl, I command you—leave him to me!"

"Well crowed, old cock!" cried one of the attendants, in mockery. And all laughed jeeringly, as before.

"Hold your tongues, you saucy knaves!" cried Jacob, fiercely regarding them, "or, as soon as I'm at liberty, I'll break some addle pates."

"For pity's sake,—go, go!" cried Hilda to the knight, "and take the money with you. Some other time will do for payment."

"Pardon me, Miss Scarve," replied Sir Bulkeley. "Some other time will not do. I mustn't jeopardize my estate. Mr. Scarve," he shouted to the miser, "here is your money,—fourteen thousand pounds, in gold. Friends," he added, looking round at the crowd of spectators in the street, and at the windows, "I call you all to witness, this money is paid before six o'clock. I will take your word, Miss Scarve, for a receipt, and for the delivering up of the mortgage deeds."

"Take hence your money, villain!" vociferated the miser; "I want none of it."

This exclamation was followed by a roar of derisive laughter from the knight's attendants.

"Silence, them—oh, silence, them, sir!" cried Hilda, imploringly.

Sir Bulkeley looked majestically round, and his attendants became instantly mute. At the same time, Jacob forced Mr. Scarve into the house; and Hilda, hastily expressing her thanks to the knight, withdrew. In a few seconds, the whole of the bags of money were collected, and placed on the threshold. Sir Bulkeley would not, however, depart till Jacob returned, when he committed the heap to his custody.

"What have you done with your master?" he asked.

"He has fainted, and his daughter is tending him," replied Jacob.

Pickwick's interview with Cordwell Firebras in the Cloister of Westminster Abbey

"Well, take him that," rejoined Sir Bulkeley; "it will speedily restore him."

And with this he rode off with his followers, amid the acclamations of the spectators. The same persons now began to hoot Jacob, and even seemed disposed to assail him; but being now provided with his crabstick, he presented such a menacing and formidable appearance that those nearest him slunk off.

In the hurry of the moment, it has been omitted to mention that when Hilda retired, the fair Thomasine uttered a scream, and fainted. Made aware of the circumstance, both by the cry and the disappearance of the mercer and his wife from the windows, Peter Pokerich quitted his own dwelling, and flew to render aid. With some little difficulty, the sensitive damsel was recovered; but when restored to consciousness, she was very palpitating and hysterical, and leaned against the wall with her head upon her hand in a very tragical attitude.

"Oh the indignities that that sweet creature has endured!" she gasped. "She is a model of filial pity, and more to be admired than the Grecian Daughter."

"Much more," said Peter, "though I don't recollect the lady you mention."

"Would I were her friend," cried the fair Thomasine. "Would I might pour my sorrows into her sympathetic bosom."

"What hinders you from doing so?" asked the barber.

An hysterical sob was all her answer.

"I wonder how much money was paid to the miser?" interposed the mercer. "I say twenty thousand!"

"And I say thirty!" rejoined Peter. "He must be enormously rich. What a fortune his daughter will be!"

"She would be a fortune without a penny," said the fair Thomasine.

Meantime, the crowd dispersed; but not before Jacob had noticed some suspicious-looking personages eyeing the bags of treasure lying at the door in a very alarming manner.

"I shall have to keep strict watch to-night," he thought. "Such a public delivery of money as this is almost an inducement to robbery. We ought to have a couple of watchmen."

Thus ruminating, he removed the whole of the bags, twenty-eight in number, and each containing five hundred pounds, into the passage. He then locked, bolted, and barred the door, and afterwards conveyed the treasure into the room generally used by Mr. Scarve. The miser, as he had stated to Sir Bulkeley, had fainted. The unhappy man recovered just as Jacob brought in the last two bags, and seeing the treasure before him, uttered a wild shriek, broke from his daughter and sister-in-law, who were tending him, and, throwing himself upon the heap, relapsed into insensibility.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER.—THE LANDLORD OF THE ROSE AND CROWN.—MR. CORDWELL FIREBRAS.

It will now be necessary for a short space to retrace the current of our story. Peter Pokerich, as related in a previous chapter, crossed over to his own house with the letter he had abstracted from Randulph's saddle-bags, and immediately proceeding to examine it, found it was addressed to Mr. Cordwell Firebras, at the Rose and Crown, Gardiner's-street, Petty France. This not tending greatly to enlighten him, he tried to obtain a peep at his contents by pressing down the sides between his finger and

thumb; but not being able to make out anything in this way, his curiosity got the master of him, and he broke the seal; but so dexterously and carefully, that he felt confident he could restore the letter to its original appearance, if needful. He then read as follows:—

"Friend Cordwell,—The bearer of this letter is just the man you want. He's a bold rider; always in at the death; and as rash and daring as our young squire himself. The game I sent you was seized by the keepers, as perhaps you may have heard; but I'll forward another basket shortly by a safer conveyance. Don't be in a hurry about coming over to us; and tell the young squire we can't promise him much sport this season. The game is plenty, but our kennel is but thinly stocked. The old pack is nearly broken up; Talbot and Ringwood have been 'ticed away by old George's keeper; and we shall do no good, unless the great squire on t'other side of the river will send us a strong pack of harriers, of the best French breed. We want some Scotch terriers sadly, for the rats are greatly on the increase. If the young squire can manage this, the sooner he comes the better, but not otherwise. Meanwhile, I again advise you to engage the bearer of this letter.

"Your assured friend, Ned Poynton."

This letter was a complete enigma to the barber. He read it over and over again, but could make neither head nor tail of it. He could not help thinking that more was meant than met the eye, but still he could not penetrate the mystery. He determined, however, to call the next morning at the Rose and Crown to make some inquiries after Mr. Cordwell Firebras, whose name had something mysterious and extraordinary about it that piqued his curiosity. And with this intention he retired to rest.

"After all," said Peter, as he laid his head on his pillow, "I shouldn't wonder if that young man turned out a poacher. Now I think of it, he certainly looks like one. Nobody but a poacher would prefer his own hair to a wig."

Sallying forth betimes the next morning, he repaired to the Rose and Crown, which was but a short distance from his own dwelling, and inquired from a potboy at the door whether a gentleman of the name of Cordwell Firebras lodged there. The potboy could give him no answer, but, applying to the chamberlain, he was told that Mr. Firebras frequented the house, but did not lodge there.

"He generally comes in the evening," said the man; "and if you have any message to leave for him, I will deliver it."

"What sort of man is he?" inquired the barber.

Before the chamberlain could reply, the landlord made his appearance, and on being informed of the barber's inquiry, asked him what he wanted with Mr. Cordwell Firebras.

"A gentleman who has a letter for him called at my shop last night," said Peter, "and wished me to inquire whether he was still here; that's all."

"Pray step this way, sir," rejoined the landlord, ushering Peter into an inner room.

Here the landlord took up a chair, and, knocking it three times on the floor, without offering it to his guest, sat down. Not exactly knowing what to make of this singular reception, Peter took up a chair, knocked it in like manner, and sat down opposite the landlord. The landlord then tapped his nose, and Peter, not to be behindhand, imitated the gesture.

"All's right," said the landlord.

"All's right," echoed Peter.

"Where did you leave them?" asked the landlord.

"Leave whom?" asked Peter, in surprise.

The landlord's countenance altered, and he looked hard at him.

"What wigs do you wear, friend?" he asked.

"On week days a minor bob, and on Sundays or holidays a bag," replied Peter, in increased astonishment.

"Hark ye, friend," said the landlord, eyeing his guest with some suspicion, "can you tell me where the king is?"

"At Saint James's Palace, I suppose," replied Peter, innocently.

"To be sure!" replied the landlord, laughing, and getting up—"To be sure! Good morning, sir!"

"Stop, stop!" cried Peter, "I didn't come here to answer idle questions. I want to know something about Mr. Cordwell Firebras."

"I know nothing about him, sir," replied the landlord, evasively,—"you must apply elsewhere."

Thus baffled, Peter was obliged to return to his own dwelling; and his mind was so fully occupied with Randulph Crew and the mysterious Cordwell Firebras, that he could scarcely attend to his business. About four o'clock, as he was sitting in his shop, combing out a flaxen perriwig, Mr. Crackenthorpe Cripps came in, and flinging himself into a seat, said, "Scatter some pulvilio over me, Pokerich; for the tar and paint of the wherry I have just quitted, has quite overcome me."

Having recovered breath, the valet then proceeded to explain the business with which he had been charged by his uncle, and he found a ready agent in the barber, who, however, explained to him the difficulty of obtaining any precise information of what passed in the miser's dwelling. While discussing this matter, it occurred to Peter that Mr. Cripps was a proper person to consult about the mysterious letter. He knew that the valet was a person of no particular scruples, and might be safely confided in. He therefore shewed him the letter. Mr. Cripps read it over twice or thrice, and at last said—"Egad I cannot tell what to make of it, but I'll soon find out the meaning of the riddle. Make it up again, and I'll deliver it myself to Mr. Cordwell Firebras."

"When will you take it?" asked the barber, after he had carefully fastened up the seal.

"At once," replied Mr. Cripps. "I'm in the humour for an adventure. I'll return directly and report my success."

He accordingly set forth, and encountering an empty chair as he entered the area in front of the Abbey, got into it, and told the bearers to proceed to the Rose and Crown. Arrived there, with all the assurance he could muster, he strutted into the bar, and flourishing his cane, inquired for Mr. Cordwell Firebras. The landlord stared at him somewhat suspiciously, but returned no answer; and Mr. Cripps calling to mind the barber's account of his interview, took up a chair, as if accidentally, and struck it thrice on the floor. This operation acted like magic on the landlord. He made a peculiar sign in return, and said, "He's not here now, sir; indeed he seldom visits us, except in an evening. But you'll find him at his lodgings, in Ship Yard, not a stone's throw from this." And he added, in a lower tone, as Cripps bowed in acknowledgment, "the club meets here, sir."

"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Cripps. "Does it meet every night?"

"Every Friday night at eleven," replied the landlord. "But may I ask you, sir, where the king is?"

"Over the water," rejoined Cripps. And he thought to himself, "I have stumbled upon a nice Jacobite's nest now 'ifaith."

"I see it's all right," said the landlord, smiling. And he accompanied the valet to the door, ushered him to his chair, and told the bearers where to take him. Mr. Cripps speedily arrived at his destination, and was deposited at the door of a very small and unpretending-looking house. A middle-aged woman of respectable appearance answered his knock, and informed him that Mr. Cordwell Firebras lodged there, but she was not certain whether he was within. Judging from her manner that she only wished to ascertain whether her lodger would receive him, Mr. Cripps thought it better to secure the interview by delivering his credentials. He did so accordingly, and the result was as he anticipated. She returned in a few minutes, saying that Mr. Firebras *was* at home, and would be happy to see him.

Mustering all his resolution, Mr. Cripps strutted after her, and was ushered into a small room, in which was a middle-aged gentleman, who immediately advanced towards him. Mr. Cripps had sufficient knowledge of the world to see at once that he had a very dangerous person to deal with, and that it behoved him to be careful how he proceeded. Never had he seen such broad shoulders, such muscular legs, and such a burly frame, as was possessed by the individual before him. Mr. Cordwell Firebras was a little below the middle height, and his squareness of figure, aided by a loose coat of dark brown cloth, edged with silver, which reached half way down his legs, made him look almost as broad as long. His features were somewhat coarse, his cheek bones high, his complexion light, and his beard, brows, and eyelashes of a sandy hue. Altogether, he had the look of a Scotsman. His chin was large and broad, evincing the utmost determination, mixed with considerable craftiness; his mouth wide; his *nose broad and flat*; and his eyes of a light gray. He wore a flaxen

bob wig, which harmonized well with his light complexion, and carried a broad-bladed sword, evidently intended more for use than ornament. To this, not very prepossessing, exterior, Mr. Cordwell Firebras added easy, affable, and almost graceful manners. It was quite clear to Mr. Cripps that he was acting upon the instructions of his correspondent, for he received him with the greatest cordiality, shook him by the hand, and motioned him to be seated. It did not escape Mr. Cripps, in the hasty survey he took of the room, that there was a basket-hilted sword in the corner, together with a brace of long barrelled silver-mounted pistols, and a Highland dirk. Nor did he fail to notice that the window opened upon a small garden, skirting Saint James's Park, thus offering a ready means of escape, if required. These things considered, Mr. Cripps did not feel entirely at his ease, and it required all his effrontery to enable him to go through with this part. Whether it was that Cordwell Firebras perceived his uneasiness, or that his quick perception of character detected the imposition attempted to be practised upon him is immaterial, but his countenance suddenly changed, and the affable, almost courtier-like manner with which he had commenced, gave way to a stern scrutinizing glance and chilling demeanour that made the valet tremble. They were alone, for having ushered Cripps into the room, the elderly female retired, closing the door after her.

"You are lately from the country, sir, I believe?" asked Firebras.

"Just arrived, sir," replied Mr. Cripps, taking out his snuff-box to hide his confusion, "allow me to offer you a pinch."

Firebras bowed, and accepted the offer. A peculiar smile, which the valet did not like, crossed his features.

"I must compliment you upon your air and manner, sir," said Firebras, in a tone of slight irony; "they are anything but rustic. But may I now ask whom I have the honour of addressing?"

"Mr. Randulph Crew!" replied the valet, confidently.

"Randulph Crew!" exclaimed Firebras, almost starting. "What! the son of my old friend, Randulph Crew? Impossible!"

"I am not aware whether my father enjoyed the honour of your friendship, sir," replied the valet, who began to fear he had got on ticklish ground, "but my name is Randulph Crew, and so was my father's before me."

Though the day was by no means chilly, there was a small fire burning in the grate. Mr. Cordwell Firebras placed the letter which he held in his hand before it, and certain lines of writing, traced in invisible ink, instantly appeared. These he eagerly scanned.

"It is useless to trifle longer, sir," he cried, turning suddenly upon the valet. "You are an impostor. For what purpose are you come hither? Answer me, or your life shall pay the forfeit of your rashness."

As he spoke, he drew his sword. Mr. Cripps, though greatly alarmed, drew likewise, but his blade was instantly struck from his grasp by Firebras.

"Raise a cry, and you are a dead man," pursued Firebras, locking the door, and putting the key in his pocket. "Who are you, sirrah?"

"My name is Crackenthorpe Cripps, and I am chief valet to Beau Villiers," returned the other, bowing.

"You are a spy, rascal," cried Firebras. "You have come on an errand, of the danger of which you were ignorant. But you will get nothing for your pains."

"Pardon me, Mr. Firebras," said the valet, who was by no means destitute of courage, or, at all events, of the quality next in value to it,—self-possession. "I *have* gained my object. I have discovered the existence of a Jacobite club, of which you are a member. I have discovered that there is a plot hatching in Cheshire, and can easily find out who is implicated in it; and I have only to give information to a magistrate, and your arrest must follow."

"Well, sir," replied Firebras, calmly. "Well, sir?"

"But I have no such intention," pursued the valet; "your secret is safe with me, provided——"

"You are paid for your silence—ha?"

"Precisely, Mr. Firebras. I am not a Jacobite, neither am I an Hanoverian; and I care as little for the Elector, as I do for young Perkin. The fact is, you are in my power, Mr. Firebras, and I shall make the most of my position. Buy me, and I will deal with you fairly!"

"Hum!" said Firebras, looking fixedly at him; "well, I *will* employ you, and will also make it worth your while to be true to me. Rand[illegible]ew has of course

lost this letter. I will not inquire how it came into your hands. But he cannot be aware that it has reached me. My correspondent says he is about to visit his uncle, Mr. Abel Beechcroft, and cautions me against that gentleman."

"And with reason, sir," remarked Cripps; "I, also, advise you to beware of him. My uncle is Mr. Beechcroft's butler."

"Then, from your connexion, you may materially aid me in my designs upon this young man," said Firebras. "You must take a letter from me to him."

"With pleasure," replied Cripps; "and it fortunately happens that he is to breakfast with my master to-morrow morning, when I can easily deliver it."

"Good," replied Firebras, "I will prepare it at once."

With this, he sat down to a side table on which writing materials were placed, and with much deliberation penned a dispatch, and sealed it. He then opened a secret drawer, and took out five guineas, which he gave to the valet.

"It is perhaps a needless piece of trouble to seal the letter," he observed, significantly; "but you will learn nothing by opening it beyond the fact that I desire an interview with Mr. Crew. I know I can trust you."

"Oh, you may trust to my honour, Mr. Firebras, 'pon rep," said Cripps, placing his hand upon his breast.

"I trust to the value you place on your own safety, Mr. Cripps," replied Firebras, significantly. "Attempt to play me false, and nothing shall save you from my vengeance. I have agents that you know not of, who will find sure means of reaching you."

These words were pronounced in a tone and with a look that impressed Mr. Cripps with a full sense of the speaker's power of executing his threat.

"You need be under no apprehension about me, Mr. Firebras," he said.

"I am under none, fellow," rejoined the other, laughing bitterly; "or you should never quite this room alive. Come to me to-morrow night at ten. I may have more work for you."

"Willingly," replied Mr. Cripps.

Firebras then unlocked the door, and let out the valet, who was ushered to his chair by the elderly female. As he took his place within it, having first ordered the bearers to convey him to the spot where they took him up, he muttered to himself—"So the adventure has terminated very satisfactorily. This Randulph Crew seems destined to make my fortune. Everybody pays me to play the spy upon him. That Cordwell Firebras is an awkward customer. He has got an eye that looks through one, and seems to penetrate one's very soul. It wont do to play cross with him. But I must trump up some story to delude the barber. I'll tell him that nothing is to be made of it—put him off in some way."

Thus musing, he was conveyed to the entrance of the Little Sanctuary, where he alighted, discharged the chair, and bent his steps towards Peter Pokerich's shop, with the full determination of putting his design into execution.

BRIGHTON.

BY CHARLES HERVEY, ESQ.

Some bards engage high patronage
Their rising fame to heighten,—
Who will refuse to aid the muse
That sings the praise of Brighton?

Its useless now for me, I vow,
Untravelled folks t' enlighten;
What cit in town has not popp'd down
To take a dip at Brighton?

Though bathing is to many bliss,
Yet babes 'twill sometimes frighten,
When early led from cosy bed,
To taste the sea of Brighton.

What cliffs are there, what bracing air,
What hills to fly a kite on!
What cricket grounds, what packs of hounds,
To tempt the lads of Brighton!

When ladies fair, or dandies dare,
Their waists too much to tighten,
When wan and pale, their spirits fail,
What remedy's like Brighton?

When sour old maids, those crabbed jades,
Who tom-cats vent their spite on,
Would hook a beau, I'd have them know
The place for beaux is Brighton.

When bards are cross, and at a loss
What subject next to write on,
When even steam's a worn-out theme,
I'd recommend them Brighton.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

Second Series.

BY MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, ESQ.

I.

Introductory.

ME again, and greet me as a friend, fellow-pilgrim upon life's highway,
...while the hot and dusty road, to loiter in the greenwood of Reflection.
... cool dim grotto, that is watered by the rivulet of truth,
... time-stained rock climb the fairy flowers of content;
... my mossy bank of leisure fling thy load of cares,
... simple store, and rest one soothing hour.

... would count thee for a brother, and commune with thy charitable soul;
... wrapt within the mantle of a prophet, I stand mine own weak scholar:
... disciple for a teacher, if knowledge be not found upon his tongue;
... vanity and folly were the lessons these lips untaught could give:
... precious staple of my merchandise cometh from a better country,
... harvest of my reaping sprang of foreign seed:
... this poor pensioner of Mercy—should he boast of merit?
... grafted stock,—should that be proud of apples not its own?
... the bubbling brook I dip my hermit shell;
... receiveth as a cup, but Wisdom is the river.

... over, for this filagree of fancy, this Oriental garnish of similitude,
... the world is old,—and all things old within it:
... trodden path, I love the good old ways;
... and priests, and kings have tuned the harp I faintly touch.
... ornament of the past, is my choice and simple theme;
... new to-day: and the mantle was another's.

... an insect swarm, the buzzing cloud of imagery,
... swarming on my sight, and thronging my reluctant mind;
... of studious culling, and infinite analogies of nature
... fashion of my speech with froth-built dreams of Reverie:
... the underwood for game; my pheasants flock upon the lawn,
... hares disport fearless in my dewy field:
... purpled hills, wearily watching for a covey,
... wait to my decoy, eager to be caught:
... lingering patiently for sport,
... draught, and take the glittering shoal:
... making it with breathless toil,
... and spear surrounded thousands!

... boast?—sweet Charity, think it other,
... are captured in the mullet-haul:
... thoughts, alike with the partridge and the quail,
... hang upon my Seric shambles.
... dressing up his jackal as a lion?—
... unwillingly he doth.
... yet shall it be foul with thistle;
... many berries will be sour:

From my nets have I flung the bad away, to my small skill and caution;
Yet may some slimy snake have counted for an eel.
The rudder of Man's best hope cannot always steer himself from error:
The arrow of Man's straightest aim flieth short of truth.
Thus, the confession of sincerity visit not as if it were presumption;
Nor own me for a leader, where thy reason is not guide.

II.

Of Gifts.

I HAD a seeming friend;—I gave him gifts, and he was gone;
I had an open enemy;—I gave him gifts, and won him:
Common friendship standeth on equalities, and cannot bear a debt;
But the very heart of hate melteth at a good man's love:
Go to, then, thou that sayest,—I will give and rivet the links:
For pride shall kick at obligation, and push the giver from him.
The covetous spirit may rejoice, revelling in thy largess,
But chilling selfishness will mutter,—I must give again:
The vain heart may be glad, in this new proof of man's esteem,
But the same idolatry of self abhorreth thoughts of thanking.

Give, it is like God; thou weariest the bad with benefits:
Give, it is like God; thou gladdenest the good by gratitude:
Give to thy relative, he loveth thee,—for it is thy rightful privilege to bless him;
Give to youthful merit for encouragement,—reward is duty not less than punishment.
Yet heed thou wisely these; give not to thy better;
For such obtrusive boon shall savour of presumption;
Or, if his courteous bearing greet thy proffered kindness,
Shall not thine independent honesty be vexed at the semblance of a bribe?
Moreover, heed thou this; give to thine equal charily,
The occasion fair and fitting, the gift well chosen and desired:
Hath he been prosperous and blest? a flower may shew thy gladness;
Is he in need? with liberal love, tender him the well-filled purse:
Disease shall welcome friendly care in grapes and precious unguents;
And where a darling child hath died, give praise, and hope, and sympathy.
Yet once more, heed thou this; give to the poor discreetly,
Nor suffer idle sloth to lean upon thy charitable arm:
To diligence give, as to an equal, on just and fit occasion;
Or he bartereth his hard-earned self-reliance for the casual lottery of gifts.
The timely loan hath added nerve, where easy liberality would palsy;
Work and wages make a light heart; but the mendicant asketh with a heavy spirit.
A man's own self-respect is worth unto him more than money,
And evil is the charity that humbleth, and maketh man less happy.

There are who sow liberalities, to reap the like again;
But men accept his boon, scorning the shallow usurer:
I have known many such a fisherman lose his golden baits;
And oftentimes the tame decoy escapeth with the flock.
Yea, there are who give unto the poor, to gain large interest of God,—
Fool,—to think His wealth is money, and not mind:
And haply after thine alms, thy calculated givings,
The hurricane shall blast thy crops, and sink the homeward ship;
Then shall thy worldly soul murmur that the balances were false
Thy trader's-mind shall think of God,—He stood not to his barg

[illegible] given wisely and in season.
[illegible] approveth it, for great is the influence of gifts.
[illegible] before, is welcome for his jewelled baubles:
[illegible] without a fee, must yield to bounteous guilt.
[illegible] whose just discrimination seeketh thee,
[illegible] merit, honoureth it with gifts!
[illegible] appear sufficient, and the motive clear and unsuspicious,
[illegible] who cannot help, or proving honest thanks,
[illegible] among a million, who is proof against the charm of liberality,
[illegible] that boon of praise, hath power with the wisest.

[illegible] of three natures, craving all for charity:
[illegible] enough to give him meats, withholding other comfort;
[illegible] the mind starveth, and the soul is scorned, and so the human animal
Saleth its unsatisfying pittance, a thankless, heartless pauper:
Yet would he bless thee and be grateful, didst thou feed his spirit,
And teach him that thine almsgivings are charities, are loves:
I saw a beggar in the street, and another beggar pitied him;
Sympathy sank into his soul, and the pitied one felt happier:
Anon passed by a cavalcade, children of wealth and gaiety;
They laughed, and looked upon the beggar, and the gallants flung him gold:
He, poor spirit-humbled wretch, gathered up their givings with a curse,
And went to share it with his brother, the beggar who had pitied him!

THE VIRGINNY PIRATE.

BY UNCLE SAM.

"Is that you, Uncle Sam? How are you?"

"Why, rather low-spirited. Those two articles of mine in the last Mag. didn't seem to go off well."

"You are joking. They were very well spoken of. Some of the critics said they were first-rate."

"The critics that said so shewed a true feeling. But then the *other* critics took no notice."

"Ah, that will happen sometimes."

"You cannot enter into my feelings, sir. A middle-aged man and a young author in one—buttoned under the same waistcoat, as one might say—don't like to be overlooked. I've only had one hearty satisfaction the whole month, and that was to see a fat gentleman in a news-room, grinning through a snuffy coat collar, with the Mag. in his hand, and when I went round to pretend to search for a particular paper, to find him reading my *Yankee Actor*."

"Well, that will do for one month, if you reflect that he is not the only fat gentleman in a snuffy coat collar in the British Empire."

"There's some comfort in that, certainly. I've brought you a pirate."

"Very well; let us have him."

"Here goes, then."

The river Delaware, which, opposite Philadelphia, is about three quarters of a mile broad, will freeze so as to be passable for heavy vehicles in less than four-and-twenty hours. Immense masses, even acres, of ice float down the stream and abate its turbul[illegible] wedged together, in most cases overlapping each other, [illegible] surrounding the ice soon freezes, and the river becomes a [illegible] pretty on a bright moonlit night, to see from the sleigh in

...d crossing you with
...ly makes one

...ve o'clock one
...and men with
..., lighted up as if
...f I went to it in
...mporary tavern, and
...urid glare from large
...nd of the apartment;
... like a substantial booth

...wo gentlemen in pleasant
...g on a very short stool, and
...old a burning cigar, which
...ng the two cigars together to
...fying himself with the smoke
...e large apartment, I went to the
Havannah; whilst doing which, I
...mpanions.
...old horse-marine in the green-room
...me—that's a fact; though it's only a
...andfather, the Grey Bear used to do.
...igars you have in y'r hat. Mine aren't
... Hardface, the old tobacconist actor in
...m all himself first, and then covers the
... water."
...g in this manner to the gentleman who was
...nded of the manner and voice of Mr. Winner-
...r and comedian, whom I had formerly seen at
his, as he looked up from the blazing logs of
...d a re-introduction:—
... to speak to him, I never forget his countenance.
...na-*tives* of this country: the real Red Men and

...he shot," said the doubly armed smoker. "When
...ment for the oysters at the refectory, where we went
...pardoned after cutting his wife's head off, you promised
...'em the next night; but you forgot, and didn't too

...n yet that I mean to treat you to," replied Mr. Winner-
...friend I treat him handsomely, and give nothing com-
...oysters you shall have with my money shall be spikers,
...d real, precious flabbers. But here's an old friend of mine I
... for this many a day?' as Miss Ophelia says. You recollect
...an, sir, grandson of that fine old In*dine*, Grey Bear."
...r conversing with you after seeing you conjure at Manyunk

... to understand you are the son of a Jew, and grandson, by
...a Winnipeg Indian."
...f, sir; and our family name is Grey Bear. Here's my friend,
..., knows it's as true as the battle of New Or*leens*."
...I may be shot. You are—"
...r. Certainly I am; that's a fact. And you, Captain Barlowpotts,

...ut always Black Beards, and the Virginny Pirate I have here
...like a great majority of Americans of the Southern States devoid
He had a truly European countenance, compounded
...one of French, two of Irish, and two of Saxon
...d at the comedian conjurer when the word *pirate* was

... countenance would enable him, and then, rubbing his two cigars ... inquiring glance into my visage to ascertain if I noticed the character ... him. He found I was surveying him with a curious eye, as one would ... who has a man pointed out as a suspicious character.

"This Mr. Winderbarn—" said Captain Barlowpotts.

"Winnerbag—" interrupted the half Indian.

"Well, Winnerbag, Windinghorn, Winanything, — who professes to be an American necromancer and Grey beard—"

"Grey Bear, sir; my *Indine* name."

"Well, well. This comic actor, who paints his face with rouge, and then says he's a Red Man, makes free to poke his fun, and call me a pirate. His head's full of robbers, Sixteen-string Jacks, and Bottle Imps, as his best part is the devil and such like in the mellow drarmers. You see I'm as free as a nor'-easter, or as any free and independent citizen in these States; but if you'll sit a few minutes, sir, I'll tell you all about it. It's a joke—if it isn't, I wish I may be shot."

"If being near hung is a joke, then you're as great a joker as Davy Crockett, and he isn't at all slow, I calculate," quoth the Jew Indian.

Captain Barlowpotts then commenced his narration. It appeared he had been a Virginian shipmaster, in the African (slave) trade, and had been "had up for seizing a vessel on the coast," when some of the crew of the "seized" vessel "unfortunately got killed." He had succeeded in procuring "considerable of a cargo," when he discovered that his provisions were short; and that if he sailed for America with his "large compliment," some of the "poor devils" would certainly get starved. There was on the coast another vessel in the same trade, and after an ineffectual overture for the purchase of some provisions, the Captain determined to "board" his neighbour in the night time, to "complete his outfit." The boarding took place, and "a few men unfortunately got killed;" for which mishap to the enterprise, Captain Barlowpotts was "had up" in Virginia.

"They wouldn't take any bail," said the Captain, "and if I didn't think my time was come, I wish I may be shot. The owners, too, went down right away from York, and said they couldn't calculate how 'twas possible to get me clear out. They were afraid of their dollars; but I said to 'em, 'I tell you how it is, neighbours, if I'm going to be uncomfortable, any how, about losing my life in this fix, I shall spin out who the owners were, no ways slow.' So they said it must be prevented at all cost, and sent for a real, good lawyer, who done it easy. The lawyer knew who the judge was to be, and sent for the judge's son—a counsellor down east. Says the lawyer, 'Out of respect for your father, and because the people of this State want justice done to all parties, I've sent for you, and you may charge five thousand dollars, if you've a turn that way; only take particular pains for the defendant.' You should have seen how he stared! He hasn't had such a good case as mine since, or I wish I may be shot."

"But the jury—"

"Oh, the lawyer managed that: we had a capital jury—special, quite special;—planters, and they knew a captain must be protected in doing his duty to his ... When we began the business, I was no more afraid than I am now. The ... gave a capital charge, and agreed with his son. He said it was a piece ... right injustice to bring the case into court; and if they deprived a man of ... accident, the entire country would be disgraced, and the star-spangled ... striped and striped with blood. You never see a jury give a verdict ... and if I wasn't honourably acquitted, I wish I may be shot."

"... luckiest men down south," said Mr. Winnerbag. "Give me ...

... you would, but I'll not go. My father came from there, ... I'll avoid it. The old Jew cheat! to come over to this ... of Grey Bear, the fine, old *Indine*. I never forgive ... I'd give him Erebus to eat for a pumpkin squash."

... you so down in the mouth, as to wish you'd never ...

... pirate? Not I. Why I can suck melan- ... a weasel sucks eggs."

"None of y'r play-acting speeches. Learn to act more naturally *on* the stage, and less artificially *off* it."

"You're a clever kind of critic, Captain Barlowpotts; and yet you were sold dreadfully at rehearsal this morning."

"You'll not catch me on the hatches behind your painted main-sheets again, I guess. It wasn't handsome, no ways, it wasn't, to get one of your mizen-topmen to hoist my hat up into the cobwebs. I gave a grocery order for seven dollars for that hat, or I wish I may be shot."

"I don't want you behind again: the front is the place for you, at my benefit next Wednesday.—Were you ever behind the scenes, sir?

"No; but I intend to be shortly. Your manager, whom I met last week, very politely consented to my going behind any evening; but said I should not be amused, as there is no fun going on."

"Why, not always, sir, certainly; but we get up a good thing now and then. Come to-night, sir. Lucius Junius Cobarn is expected from Boston, to play Richard the Third; Rice jumps the jumping Crow; and we conclude with the grand new piece 'The Coronation.' I must be off now, but before we go I'll tell you a case of absence which I have called 'Hats off.' This morning the manager was rehearsing the new melodrame, and all of us were on the stage, when somebody (it doesn't become one to speak of oneself) tied strings to all the actors' hats, and the topmen in the flies over the *pro*-scenium had hold of the ends. Old Chalk-and-dot-one, the manager, walked up and down by the lamps, and at the conclusion of the first act he gave the word —'*Strike your attitudes, and let the band play in G major.*' Well, we all struck our attitudes, and the band played in G major, when off went all the hats to the ceiling, and the manager set to and blazed away with double-barrelled oaths for half an hour."

A DAY AND NIGHT ON THE BANKS OF THE EUPHRATES.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, ESQ.

The morning that the steamer bearing the name of the river whose waters she first navigated—the Euphrates—left Annah, she turned her head up to the current a few miles below that centrical and picturesque little town, and lay to for a short time by the edge of the bank, which was here a level greensward, backed at a short distance by a low, rocky terrace. Leaping ashore with others, and speaking for a moment to the Commander, Colonel Chesney, I proceeded to examine the rocks, and found them full of fossil organic remains—curious relics of a world older than that of Assyria or Babylonia. With these I was assiduously filling my pockets, when, on turning round, I found the steamer gone. She was fast sweeping down the broad stream of waters,—already out of hearing, and speedily out of sight.

The most infinitesimal portion of time was sufficient to render me aware of all the perils of my situation. My habitual custom on board the steamer, during her descent of the river, was to sit in front of one of the paddle-boxes, taking notes, so that I should not be missed till dinner-time, which would be at the end of the day's journey, an average distance of from fifty to sixty miles. I was on the opposite side of the river to that on which the town of Annah was situated, and could not go back, and obtain a boat. I had before me a district probably scarcely inhabited, and if so, by lawless and predatory Arabs. I had no arms; but, on examining my purse, found that I had luckily four gazis, small gold coins of four shillings each. Two of these I immediately secreted in my watch-fob, and left two in my purse for demand. Thus circumstanced, my mind never wavered as to what was to be done; but disencumbering myself of the weighty curiosities I had collected, I set off at a rate of about four miles an hour, to overtake a steamer descending a river fourteen miles in the same time, but which I knew would bring to at night. I had not walked above an hour when I came to a village, near which a group of fellahs, or agricultural Arabs, were sitting beside a corn-rick. The road approached them in such a manner that I joined the party unobserved. They were greatly surprised at seeing a strang[illegible]'em, and like all Arabs in similar circumstances, were at first frightened an[illegible]ut when made aware there was no danger, haughty, malicious, and over

[illegible] guide, who [illegible] the short [illegible] a protection [illegible] Arabs; so, with [illegible] of, I explained [illegible] and wants, [illegible] to. The fellah [illegible] said it was impos- [illegible] on the road; [illegible] I would stop till [illegible] This, with the distance [illegible] being out of [illegible] of the sheikh, whom I [illegible] surrounded by [illegible] the usual distrustful manner. After some alter- [illegible] give my handkerchief to the favourite daughter, [illegible] for the guide. Although doubting the sincerity of [illegible] but acquiescence; and so we started,—the Arab [illegible] good pace.

[illegible] conversation, for upwards of two hours, when we met [illegible] putting on his shoes, entered into an earnest colloquy [illegible] signs and nods, it was easy to see had reference to me [illegible] I might have in my possession. When I urged the [illegible] only laughed, and asked for more money; so I was [illegible] his company, and proceed by myself. From this [illegible] of Haditha, I saw no more villages. The country was [illegible] gravel and a vegetation of wormwood, mixed with [illegible] black and apparently boundless expanse; fatiguing [illegible] of living things; and without the promise of [illegible] however, sometimes unexpectedly relieved by [illegible] in hollows in the wilderness, and covered [illegible]

[illegible] a low range of hills, extending several [illegible] diverged in the same direction, it was natural to [illegible] through the rocky barrier, it would resume its [illegible] was to cross over the hills. I hesitated, however, [illegible] not being able to regain the banks of the water, so [illegible] arid country. While tracking a rocky valley, a [illegible]; and in little more than an hour I had gained the [illegible] prospect opened itself to my view, consisting of a [illegible] valley, occasionally wooded, and watered by the [illegible], had twined round the hills, and now lay at my feet, [illegible]

[illegible] my aching eyes followed the long line of white light, [illegible] the hour of eve: no steamer was to be seen, nor a [illegible] here, aqueducts advanced into the stream, shewing that [illegible] had been in former times the seat of civilization.

[illegible] misgave me. Night was coming on, and had it been [illegible] hope would have borne me on over each successive [illegible] I had to traverse, without a chance of relief, (and I [illegible] before me like the ocean to a shipwrecked mariner. I [illegible] knowing I could get water, and this had already [illegible]

[illegible] into the plain, the ardent sun had dipped beneath the [illegible] cool and pleasant; and if hitherto my walk had [illegible] became quite the reverse, for the whole plain [illegible] living things. Stealthy foxes, of the Tatarian [illegible] to drink at the river side, quickly putting their [illegible] away, when they perceived me in their path. [illegible] round, snarling defiance, as if questioning my [illegible] bounded along the plain—sometimes in [illegible] the woods, then issuing forth again in troops [illegible] and gnashing their teeth, or bristling up [illegible]

[illegible] impossible, under these circumstances, [illegible] edge; but an opportunity offered, in [illegible] the others, of cutting a stick—no very [illegible] communicating, in the absence of all other

Thus armed, I ventured to dispute with the thirsty fourfooted claimants a draught of water, and having gallantly obtained it, I proceeded onwards till darkness overtook me. Under this emergency, as the moon rose at midnight, when I could continue my journey, I resolved to go out to the extremity of the next aqueduct I met, and sleep there in comparative security from wild animals.

What was my surprise, however, on approaching one of these ruins of former days, to find a fire lighted beneath an arch, and an old Bedwin Arab and a boy seated by its side. At my approach the old man started up, and lifting the club ordinarily carried by all his tribe in their girdles, prepared to strike: I laughed at him, and throwing down my stick, in sign of peace, sat down by the fire; the boy brought me water in a jug, and then burnt wet straw to keep off the mosquitoes, that hung like a cloud over the flame; while the old man offered me bread. To the questions I then asked, I obtained an answer, that the steamer had passed down the river that day; and the old man promised to be my guide, as soon as the moon should rise.

I had laid down to take some repose until that time, when another Arab joined the party; he had been out plundering, but it was upon a very small scale, for he exhibited his earnings, which were things not worth picking up on the road. This did not improve the notion I had formed of my guide, though it affected me too little to prevent my sleeping soundly. I was awakened by some one pinching my great toe, and found, on opening my eyes, a grotesque visage hanging over mine, lighted up by a radiant moonbeam. The other man and the boy were gone, as was also my stick, which was a comprehensible circumstance; but the old man was there. I rose and proceeded silently on my journey, scarcely knowing what I had to anticipate. The night before, I had secured the old man's service by the present of a gazi, on which occasion I had exhibited my empty purse; but Bedwin Arabs are not to be taken in by such subterfuges.

As we proceeded, therefore, I expected every moment to be joined by more guides than I required, or desired: my only hope was that the old man's cupidity would lead him to consider me as his particular prize, and that he would make the attempt by himself, so as to save participation of profits with any one; and this hope was happily verified.

Our road lay along the banks of the Euphrates, which was now seen to the greatest advantage in the moonlight, broad shadows being thrown on its lucid bosom by the dependent landscape.

In a short time, we began the ascent of some hills, the crest of which we had no sooner gained than my guide laid himself down on the ground, and scanned the naked upland that now extended before us. I sat down in the meantime. When he had finished his survey, he slowly muttered the words "No Arabs," as if he himself had not been one. He then came and placed himself by my side, in closer propinquity than was desirable, while he put forth his hand to examine the steel buckles of my braces, (for I wore no waistcoat,) which shone like silver in the moonlight. In doing this, his hand trembled, and betrayed his intentions. I rose quickly, and seized a stone, he at the same moment lifting his club, and holding out his hand, rubbing the thumb and forefinger together—a significant manner of asking for money, common to many parts of the world. The indignation with which I regarded my antagonist was now at its height. It is true he was tall and bony, but he was aged, and not even active; his forehead "villanous low," his nose long, his eyes red and purulent. It was, however, for our mutual advantage that peace should be established; so walking on, and keeping all the time beyond the reach of the club,—retaining, moreover, possession of the stone for fear of renewed hostilities, we argued the matter over in a pleasing and edifying manner. First, he asked for money;—I told him I had none: then for my fez;—I said I could not expose my head to the sun: then for an Arab kerchief I had tied round my waist;—knowing the value he would set upon this, I determined to propitiate him, if possible, and gave it up. He then put his club in his waistband, and a temporary confidence was re-established.

We now turned down a ravine, and then crossed some low hills, when my guide again resumed the recumbent position—the usual reconnoitring posture of the Arabs. I advanced, and to my delight, for it was just break of day, found the river flowing below, with inhabited islands on its bosom, and between me and it a cultivated and peopled country.

My guide went no further than this spot; it was in vain to urge him: he was as much in dread of fellahs as he might have been of Turkish authorities; so I

[illegible] this my mishaps had not quite terminated; for some [illegible] field observing me, hurried away at full speed to [illegible] with small hatchets, which they waved over my head. [illegible] robbed of everything on the nile, and they did not dis- [illegible] themselves with the kerchief round my neck, without [illegible] the third and last I had to give.

[illegible] beyond this I came to some cottages. Here there [illegible] who received me most kindly, and gave me milk. From [illegible] infinite joy, that the steamer was not far distant, behind [illegible] turned out to be the case; and I had not travelled many [illegible] before I distinguished the funnel among the column-like date- [illegible] which I was, however, there were no houses, and it was more [illegible] attract the attention of the Arabs on the island. This I [illegible] my arrival was made known on board the steamer, whence [illegible] dispatched in search of me the previous night; a boat was sent [illegible] more I was safe on board. I was heartily received by my [illegible] and a night's walk of upwards of fifty English miles, which [illegible] illustrative of the true character of the Arab, who, with all [illegible] and high-mindedness, will never lose an opportunity of rob- [illegible] it with impunity.

THE AWAKENER IN THE DESERT.

(From the German of Ferdinand Freiligrath.)

BY JOHN OXENFORD, ESQ.

[illegible] the sands,
[illegible] stands,
[illegible] that bear him,
[illegible] near him.

[illegible] I,
[illegible] his breast,
[illegible] has grown
[illegible] crown.

[illegible] head,—
[illegible] how dread!
[illegible] is dull,
[illegible] pool.

[illegible] with fear,
[illegible] fear
[illegible] anger swell,
[illegible] gazelle.

[illegible] rebounds,
[illegible] sands,
[illegible] weary,
[illegible] weary

[illegible]

When vict'ry's banners round me flew,—
Lion, thy sires my chariot drew.

"Proudly my gilded chariot roll'd,
The beam was overlaid with gold,—
The wheels, the spokes, with pearls would shine,—
The hundred-gated† town was mine.

"These feet, that are so dry and weak,
Trod on the Arab's stubborn neck,
Trod on the Indian's tawny brow,
Bent the Moor's tangled forehead low.

"This hand has once the world controll'd,
Which now the byssus must infold:
All by yon hieroglyphs express'd
Begun—was nurtured in this breast.

"The monument which o'er me stands
Is but the fabric of my hands;
I saw the workmen‡ hurried on,
While I sat on my guarded throne.

"As on the waters I would float,
My subject Nile would rock the boat,—
The Nile which now, as ever, flows,
While I have slept in deep repose,

"And all by darkness is conceal'd"—
Here is the lion's thunder still'd;
As o'er his eyes a dulness creeps,
The dead man sinks, and once more sleeps.

[illegible] is "edged or hemmed round with glory."
[illegible] a word as "hundred-gated" is admissible, to
[illegible] to the children of Israel. In the same
[illegible]

THE GRAVEDIGGER. A TALE FOR MARCH.

BY CHARLES OLLIER, AUTHOR OF "FERRERS."

"No sun or moon, or other cheerful star,
Looked out of heaven! but all the cope was dark,
As it were hung so for her exequies!
And not a voice or sound to ring her knell,
But of that dismal pair, the scritching owl,
And buzzing hornet! Hark!" BEN JONSON.

I AM an old man, and for many years have been a wanderer in foreign and remote lands. But now, tired even of novelty and variety, finding no pleasure or excitement in beholding the wonders of the world,—or, rather, having lost, through age, the power of taking interest in things which to younger minds are full of attraction,—my "truant disposition" has left me, and I have made an abiding home in Copseleigh, one of the villages of my native England. The quiet, the leafy seclusion, the hill-sheltered beauty, the quaint and straggling cottages, the solitary farm-houses, and the picturesque old church, suggest to me, instead of the pleasure of retirement, no other idea than the serenity of the grave; with which, indeed, all the meditations of my daily walks, and all my night reveries, are inseparably connected. To prepare for death is now the constant business of my life; and, possessed by this one absorbing thought,—this monomania, if so it may be called,—I have, by constant visits, made myself familiar with our old church-yard, and know by heart the inscription on every tombstone in it. I feel that I shall soon be one of the silent company sleeping beneath the grassy covering of that last home. I have outlived all my relatives and friends. An only and dearly-beloved sister was lost to me while I was abroad; and, in spite of anxious and prolonged inquiries, I never could ascertain whether she still lived; or, if not, where she breathed her last, nor in what ground her relics reposed. Her fate was wrapped in mystery, and with her the last of my family disappeared. Alas! who will supply an epitaph for the "frail memorial" which may indicate where I am laid?

I must not think of this: I must forget the affecting declaration of the poet,

"On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires."

There will be no one to bestow on me—a lonely man—these final consolations. But let me not complain: let me rather extract, if possible, something of comfort from circumstances which I may not change. If my death-bed cannot be cheered by the tender offices of wife, or children, or other kindred, I at least know that my end will be unproductive of pain to a single living creature. In this conviction, I find repose.

A simple, rustic, ancient pile, is the church belonging to the place of my sojourn. Like the generality of village fanes, it has a square and not lofty tower, touched in wandering lines with clinging ivy; a deep porch with stone benches on each side, and a low-roofed, tranquil, and humble nave. But its structure must originally have been very strong; for though centuries have rolled over its head, it is still undeformed by crude repairs or modern alterations, and stands with its grey, and sanctified, and time-hallowed honours about it. Leading to the porch are two rows of reverend yews, casting a solemn shade on the villagers as they pace along that avenue to their Sunday worship. The church-yard is fenced by a green hedge, of which the line is broken here and there by towering elms, giving to the edifice, especially as it stands a little apart from our village, an air of still and holy seclusion, of inviolable sanctity, of gentle awfulness, which even the most wanton and depraved—should such ever penetrate so pastoral a recess—would fear to outrage. As the parishioners are few, the surface of our burial-ground is seldom broken; so that, unlike those crowded cemeteries surrounding London, it presents frequent patches of soft and velvet turf, beautifying the loneliness with their emerald gleam. The tender melancholy inspired by this spot is increased by its being situated at the foot of the loftiest upland (for it can hardly be called a hill) in the neighbourhood. This slope fences the church and churchyard from tumultuous north-west winds, cherishes the brooding silence that inhabits there, and, in the evening, casts a premature shadow over the place. But, as towards the east it is more open, the morning light comes there at earliest dawn; and when the sun [illegible] horizon, its slant rays fall on turfy graves and carved monuments, with golden hues as with a glory. In this calm enclosure, this spot where few sounds are ever heard, except the numerous whispers of

or their rustling fall in autumn, or the untaught canticles of summer-birds, it is, as I have said, my delight to linger. In proof, however, that peace has taken its flight from earth, not deigning to abide for a season even in its stillest nooks, I became last year acquainted with a story, of which the elements are—rage, terror, delusion, and remorse, and of which the rustic burial-ground of Copseleigh was in part the scene. I am, moreover, though not an actor in them, personally concerned in the details.

It is well known, that the January and February of 1841 were more than usually inclement. Iron frosts, heavy snow, bitter and furious gales, and angry rains characterized both months; but March set in without its usual north-east winds; and it was not until two or three weeks of it had passed, that the arid and withering quality of this period of the year became predominant. The approach of spring, under any aspect, however forbidding, is generally delightful to the heart of man, for it is the season of hope; but it brought with it no peculiar joys for me. To the happy mind of the brightest, wisest, most various, and most original of English essayists,* March is fraught with pleasure. "It is one of the best-natured months in the year," says he; "drying up the superabundant moisture of winter with its fierce winds, and thus restoring us our paths through the fields, and piping before the flowers like a bacchanal." In spite, however, of so poetical an eulogy, I did not mark this advent of the vernal quarter by haunting the fields, but confined my out-of-door perambulations to the old churchyard, in the shelter of which the cutting northern blasts were mitigated, though I was obliged to compound for an exposure to the eastern breeze.

Roaming thus frequently in these hallowed precincts of the dead, I could not fail to witness the greater portion of what passed there. The month of which I write was exceedingly unhealthy. March is generally a trying time, especially to the aged; but now the rapid alternation from soft south-western airs to rigid blasts from the east, made the time more than usually fatal. The sward of our burying-ground was accordingly broken up almost every other day. So great a mortality had not, for many years, been known in Copseleigh and its neighbourhood. Our old sexton was therefore called from the hermit-like seclusion in which he loved to dwell, and was compelled to face the savage winds as they rushed against him from the east. There was something singular in the character of this man: he shunned society, seldom or never held converse with his neighbours; lived in perfect solitude, in a hut situated in one of the green and tree-bordered lanes branching from the village; and, except that he evidently disliked his calling, seemed, of all others, fitted for the dreary offices of the churchyard. His figure was bent, more, as it would appear, from constant despondency than from age; his face was pale and haggard, and his voice that of one who had long bidden adieu to hope. The fitful and piercing glances of his eye gave symptoms of mental alienation, and he never entered the confines of our receptacle for the dead (though from it he drew the means of life) without a shudder. But what attracted the curiosity of the villagers more than all this, was the fact of his pertinaciously shunning, as if a nest of vipers lay there, a particular angle made by the porch and the body of the church, in the shadow of which was a single grave-mound, covered with rank grass, neglected, and unmarked by either headstone or footstone.

Though the corpse beneath this turfy hillock had lain there undisturbed for thirty years, and the ground was liable to be again opened, our sexton anxiously dissuaded the relatives of any person deceased against selecting that spot as a place of interment. The angle, he said, was almost always in shadow: it was grim, gloomy, and, worse than all, damp, from the constant dripping, in rainy weather, of the projecting church-roof. In accomplishing his point, he had hitherto found little difficulty, there being still so many unoccupied spots in the burial-ground. Nevertheless, his reluctance to open that solitary grave, and his constant avoidance even of approaching it, were, as I have said, noticed by the villagers in general, and by myself in particular, though none could form the remotest guess as to the cause.

One day—one bitter day in March—I repaired to my usual place of meditation, though all around was bare and comfortless, and though the baleful east wind was abroad. So piercing were the blasts that I should have retreated to my home, had not my attention been attracted to the sexton, who was superintending the digging of a grave by his assistant. The work was going on near the nameless mound of which I have spoken. I had never before seen the sexton so close to it, and I watched him anxiously. Pacing restlessly by the side of the narrow chasm, he urged the man, in a voice tremulous with agitation, to hasten and complete his task. Being

* Leigh Hunt. See his "Months."

thus incessantly pressed, and seeing the perturbation of his master, the labourer plied his pickaxe and shovel so incautiously as to break into the confines of the neighbouring grave, and not only to lay bare part of the old coffin, but even to break away a piece of its mouldering wood. Seeing this, the sexton uttered a sudden shriek, and fell senseless to the ground.

The labourer sprang from the dismal pit he had formed, and, with my assistance, lifted his master from the earth. We bore him speedily to his house, laid him on his bed, and did our best to restore him to animation. In this, after an interval, we succeeded; and, having promised to send the village doctor to him, I was about to retire, when he begged I would stay, adding, that he had something to impart which for many years had oppressed and tortured him, and which he could no longer conceal. I acquiesced in his wish; when, having dismissed his assistant, he thus began:—

"I have been a sufferer many years. Racked with remorse, and languishing under broken health, my life has become a burden to me. Often have I longed to reveal a crime of which the memory is ever present, and which, like a perilous load, weighs me down, even unto the dust. But whom among my neighbours could I select as a fitting auditor for woes like mine?"

"The clergyman," I said; "why not confide in him?"

"No," replied my companion. "Our rector is a cold and haughty man, more used to the sports of the field than to administering spiritual consolation to such as I am. Besides, he seldom officiates here, and is perpetually changing his curates. As I have frequently seen you in our burial-ground, and during divine worship at church, and have perceived that your demeanour and mode of life differ widely from those of the other parishioners, it has long been my wish humbly to solicit that I might confide to you the secret of my agony. But, sir, I feared to ask so great a favour; and I dreaded still more to encounter the pangs of confession. My purpose has been thus procrastinated; and I should still have shrunk from it, had not the torturing incident of this day rendered silence no longer supportable. Besides, I feel that death is not far off."

The unhappy man here paused, being apparently exhausted. In a little time, however, he recovered; and thus resumed his story:—

"I must be brief in what I have to say. It is now nearly thirty years ago since I kept a school in a neighbouring country town. I was then in the prime of manhood, and my business succeeded so well as to warrant me in seeking a wife. At the house of a friend, I became acquainted with a young, and fair, and gentle being, who inspired me with a love more intense, more devoted, more passionate than I believe was ever felt by one human creature for another. I offered her my hand, and was rejected. My mortification was extreme; and I abandoned myself to the wildest impulses of sorrow. But when I learned, as I soon did, that she was already betrothed—nay, that she would speedily be married—my bosom, madman that I was! burned with the fiercest longings of revenge against the man who had interposed between me and the bliss for which I would then have impiously bartered my hopes of heaven!

"The marriage soon took place. The bride and bridegroom were settled, in a humble way of life, in the very town wherein I dwelt; and my rage was fed by seeing them from day to day existing in unrestrained happiness. With the spirit of a fiend, I resolved, if possible, to destroy their felicity; and having discovered that the husband had formerly been engaged at sea in the merchant service, I found means (the war with France then raging hotly, and seamen being wanted for our ships) to get him hunted down by a press-gang, and he was dragged away from his shrieking wife, to a frigate then lying off the adjacent coast. The ship sailed immediately afterwards, and was soon engaged in a bloody conflict with the enemy, in which the young husband fell! The fatal news was quickly heard by his wife, who never smiled again.

"I now began to tremble at the consequences of my heinous treachery; but the worst of my suffering was to come—the final measure of my iniquity was yet to be accomplished. The hapless widow was soon to become a mother. Exhausted by sorrow, heart-broken, and suffering under penury, she died in giving birth to a child, who did not many hours survive her! How can I describe the terrors of conscience, the dismal throes of remorse that convulsed me when my fatal revenge was thus consummated? The gates of hell seemed yawning to demand me.

"Notwithstanding the fierce torture I underwent, I was selfish enough to rejoice that the poverty in which my victim died, warranted me, as one formerly acquainted with her, to offer to defray the expenses of her burial, provided I might select the spot where she *should be laid*. There was no one to object to this. I was actuate

by an irrepressible desire to get the body removed from our town, for I could not endure to live in contiguity with her grave. If her remains should repose at some little distance, I fondly hoped that my horror would be abated. With this design, I ordered that the funeral should take place here, and I selected a gloomy and hidden spot in the churchyard of this village, where I thought both she and the memory of my crime would be hidden. It was late in an afternoon of March, thirty years ago, that the dead victim and her infant were given to earth. Twilight was coming on. The bleak and howling wind sounded like a dirge, chilling to the very heart myself and one only other mourner. The service was briefly dispatched, and we hurried from the spot, leaving two men busily employed in shovelling earth upon the coffin. How I exulted in the secrecy and obscurity of the place! Fool! madman! what can appease the ever-gnawing consciousness of guilt—what can elude the dreadful eye of God? I have myself frustrated my own design, and am led by the irresistible course of events to the daily contemplation of the object I desired to shun.

"The state of mind into which I was plunged by wickedness, rendered me unfit for my calling. I neglected my scholars, and they were not long in neglecting me. Want was fast approaching my door, when a vacancy occurred in the office of sexton to this village. It was offered to me; and my repugnance being overcome by the universal law of nature—self-preservation, I accepted it. For some time I endeavoured to lull the spasms of remorse by mixing in company, and frequenting the ale-house. Alas! this was of no avail. I became more and more the prey of the worm that dieth not. My night-slumber was constantly broken. Body and mind suffered equally.

"Thus far, monstrous as was my offence, you will give credence to what I have said. That which is to come, you will set down as the delusion of a disordered imagination. Indeed, I am not sure that it was not so, though when it occurred I fully believed in its reality. Whenever I walked to or from the inn at night, was I always encountered by a stranger who, I was certain, did not belong to the village. Whence he came, or why he should thus waylay me, I could not guess. His presence filled me with dread. I dared not speak to him; and he, on his part, was silent. I made many inquiries in the neighbourhood, but no one had ever seen him. Still he invariably crossed my path at nightfall; till at length I resolved not to stir abroad any more except in the full light of day.

"One night, as I was preparing for rest, a knock was heard at my door. I opened it, and was confronted by the stranger, who pushed past me, paced into my room, and sat down at the table. To my inquiries as to the cause of his visit, he deigned no reply, but bent on me a stern and searching gaze. Scared by his silence, no less than by his unearthly look, I started up in a paroxysm of fear, and would have fled the house, had he not grasped my arm and held me back. 'What are you? why come you here?' I again demanded. 'To punish you,' he replied. 'Come with me.' So saying, he drew me out of the house, forcing me to walk with him even to our churchyard, and to the obscure grave-mound, now lighted by the moon. 'Wretch!' exclaimed he, 'the innocent sleepers here were destroyed by you. They once were mine—my wife, my child! This meeting shall for ever hang upon your memory like a curse, and this spot shall be unto you a perpetual terror. Look at me!' I gazed at him, and instantly recognised the man as he appeared when I plotted against him thirty years ago! Aghast with fear, I turned away my face. 'Look again!' thundered he. I lifted my eyes towards him a second time, and, lo! an ashy and eyeless corpse was before me, which soon faded away into the night air! How I reached home, I know not; but the morning found me in a raging fever; from which I recovered only to endure prolonged torment. You must often have noticed my painful avoidance of the lonely grave. The cause is now before you."

Such was the end of the Sexton's recital. Impelled by the interest his story had inspired, I asked what was the maiden name of the dead woman. Shudderingly, he whispered it in my ear. "Great Heaven!" I exclaimed, "my sister! Inscrutable are thy ways, O Supreme Disposer of events!"

The Sexton never again left his bed; and died within a month after he had disclosed to me his miserable secret. The ghost, vividly as its appearance was impressed on him, was doubtless nothing more than the offspring of his own sick and terrified imagination—the fruit of that one dread idea which he could not shake off—the light-headed wandering of a heavy heart burning with fever.

A tomb has been erected at my cost over the grave of my sister, with the simple inscription— MARIA!

TO THE CROWN PRINCE OF HANOVER.

WHOM the Lord loves he chastens—upon thee,
Betimes, O Prince! the loving hand severe
Was laid, to give the world assurance clear
"How sweet the uses of Adversity"—
How perfect, more than outward sense, may be
The inward vision, purged by heavenly truth,
Which gave thee to discern in blooming youth
Things that pertain to Heaven—so fixing free
Thy choice immutable, that, all prepared,
On the unerring will thou dost await,
Whether to give thee back the sense impair'd,
Or dooming darkness for thy mortal state,
To open first thine eyes, where they shall meet
The Saviour's, smiling from the Mercy Seat. C. S.

SCIENCE AND GOOD-HUMOUR.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

A FEAST of old was spread;
The guests sat down, sings rumour,
With Science at their head,
And at the foot Good-humour.
But soon, though rich the fare,
One half the group sat pining,
While all the others there
Were diligently dining.

'Twas Science, so 'tis sung,
Who check'd his hearers' wishes,
By learned descants, rung
On countless cooling dishes.
Good-humour fared with those
Who not one moment wasted;
But ask'd for what they chose,
And relish'd all they tasted.

No chicken Science carved
Without a lecture sterile,
To prove, where one man starved,
A thousand ate in peril;
His *Vice* with laughter shook,
As there the board grew thinner;
He thought not of the cook,
But only of the dinner.

On wines would Science chat,
On alcohol and acid,
On vintage this and that,
In accents slow and placid.
But while these maxims dropt
They set each listener thinking;
And there the wine had stopp'd,
Had Humour not been drinking.

While Science, glass in hand,
Shew'd how 'twas manufactured,
Good-humour's jovial band
A score of bottles fractured.
As Science proved, past doubt,
That mirth we should not care for,
Good-humour laugh'd, without
Inquiring why or wherefore.

Then rose a cry for song!
As Science led the table,
The call was loud and long
On vocalist so able.
But Science had—of course—
A cold, destroying music;
And fear'd that tones so hoarse
Would make both me and you sick.

At length—much breath and time
Consumed in sweet persuading—
In Dutch or German rhyme
Hear Science serenading.
The cadences, though pure,
Are rather soporific;
The strain is quite obscure,
But then—'tis scientific.

His flourishings are vain,
Though each he twice rehearses;
To sing the song again,
He stops at fifteen verses.
Apollo has a hunch,
A gap is in the ballad;—
No brandy's in the punch,
No lobster in the salad.

Good-humour now essays
A careless, easy measure;
He sings, yet he, for praise;
He only sings for pleasure.
His tones are not so clear,
And clouds the sparkles smother;
Yet though you stop one ear,
You open wide the other.

His slips in time and tune
Had nigh set Science swearing;
But nightingales in June
Such censures might be sharing.
Right simple was the song,
He sang it like a linnet;
'Twas not so very long,
But something deep was in it.

Now forth at eventide
They saunter,—some are rushing;
Through garden-walks they glide,
A maze of blossoms blushing.
Here Science grew distress'd,
The flow'rs were not in order;
Good-humour liked them best
When bursting through the border.

Then Science spoke, deep learn'd,
Of petals, lobes, and anthers;
On tiger-lilies turn'd
His talk,—and then on panthers.
The roses he despised,
As common, vulgar, vagrant;
But these Good-humour prized,
So rich were they and fragrant.

No beauty Science pleased—
Of plants he sought the rarest;
Good-humour beauty seized—
Of plants he loved the fairest.
O'er buds, with heart of ice,
One pored, with eyesight failing;
While airs from Paradise
The other was inhaling.

Good-humour stopp'd to mark
The glow-worm's light, enchanted;
When Science—but 'twas dark—
To read an essay panted.
Anon the beetle hums!
Good-humour hearkens to it;
But Science, when it comes,
Will thrust a sharp pin through it.

The thronging stars steal forth;
Yet Science views no wonder;
He speaks of east and north,
Of meteors, belts, and thunder;
Of distance, shewn by miles;
But scarce his eye upraises;—
His mute Companion smiles,
And blesses while he gazes.

As homeward now they stroll,
The mind of Science stranded
Good-humour feels his soul
With rich delight expanded.
While Science, sleepy drone,
His chamber seeks—the upper—
Good-humour, not alone,
Is sitting down to supper.

STRAWBERRY HILL.

"The following account of pictures and rarities is given *with a view to their future dispersion*. The several purchasers will find *a history of their purchases*; nor do virtuosos dislike to refer to such a catalogue for *an authentic certificate* of their curiosities."—*Preface to the "Description of Strawberry Hill," by Horace Walpole.*

ORD ORFORD, scarcely known by his title, but celebrated throughout Europe as Horace Walpole, was one to whose refined taste the present age is as deeply indebted for the impetus which he gave to the study of the works of art of the Middle Ages, as the century in which he lived, for the instruction and amusement afforded by his writings. His letters are enduring monuments of epistolary style; his publications on the Fine Arts, the Drama, Fiction, Biography, and general Literature, attest his various ability; and Strawberry Hill yet remains to shew, not only how much could be accomplished by one man, but how admirably he performed the self-allotted task, which was throughout one long labour of love. — But Strawberry Hill, with all its treasures, like many a place of older renown, is destined to illustrate the sad truth, that "nothing on earth continueth in one stay," and to this contingency the noble collector of its wealth of art appears to have been fully alive; nay, more, the passage which we have selected to introduce this imperfect account, clearly indicates that such was his expectation.

It is impossible to witness, without feelings of regret, the dispersion of objects on whose acquirement a whole life has been spent; but, at the same time, it may be questioned whether this almost inevitable fate be not productive of corresponding advantages. An object is prized, not only from its intrinsic value, but from its association with remarkable events or illustrious names. Thus, the antique mirror, the jewelled goblet, the Damascened blade, may all be beautiful in themselves; but they acquire a rarer value, are invested with far higher attributes, when we know that one of these reflected the fair features of a Mary Stuart, or a Marguerite de Valois; that another was brimmed with ruby wine at the feasts of the chivalrous founder of the Garter; or that a third belonged to the identical poniard which slew a Medicis, or hung by the side of a Du Guesclin. When, in addition to historical recollections, we find that men of taste and learning have subsequently been the possessors of these objects, and have conferred upon them a fresh celebrity, they rise in estimation with each occasion, and are more eagerly sought by the public; the new link gives increased value

to the chain; and when, after an interval, they are again dispersed, the circle of information is widened, and the means of improvement become more generally diffused.

Another view of the case may also be taken: when the collection, as in the present instance, is a large one, a number of its treasures must, of necessity, be hidden or overlooked; while passing from the hands of one to those of many, the reputation of each is distinctly proclaimed by every new possessor.

This thought must reconcile us to the fate of Strawberry Hill, which, as it now stands, we take the last opportunity of describing. In doing so, we shall not,—for our space would not admit of it,—follow the details of the catalogue, our object being rather to indicate some of its most striking features, than to guide the reader through all its mazes.

In our passage from the low monastic doorway to the hall of entrance, attention is for a moment arrested by a small, very small oratory, wherein is a saint enshrined, and beyond this, by a cloister, which contains two objects of interest. One of these is the portrait of Leonora d'Este, "Dia Helionora," a bas-relief head, in marble, cold as the princess herself to her unhappy lover, who has bestowed upon her

"One half the laurel that o'ershades his grave."

If this portrait be *really* like, Leonora was certainly no beauty. The other attraction is the vase of "the pensive Selima," whose fate inspired another poet. It is quite deep enough to drown a cat! Passing these, without attempting to reconcile associations, the portal of the "Castle" expands, and we enter the hall, whose only light is derived, as Horace Walpole describes, "from lean windows fattened with rich saints in painted glass," and where depends the lantern "which casts the most venerable gloom on the stairs that ever was seen since the days of Abelard."

A narrow passage leads from hence into the "Refectory," and here leisure and space are allowed to begin that inquiry which promises so much, and keeps its promise so well. The pictures in this room are, for the most part, family portraits, or those of intimate friends. At the lower end stands the great minister, Sir Robert, in all the glory of the robes of the Garter, and his two wives on either hand: the first, Catherine Shorter, a copy from Kneller, by Jervis,—a very pretty woman, dressed simply in white, with a blue scarf, *en sautoir*; and the second, Maria Skerrett (irreverently called "Moll," by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu), by Jervis himself, in the costume of a shepherdess; she is very pretty also. Their simplicity of demeanour and attire contrast strikingly with Sir Robert's splendour. Beneath these portraits is placed a beautiful table of Sicilian jasper, covered with fine old porcelain, and still more antique Etruscan relics, in the shape of bowls and beakers and vases; and over the table hangs an object of great curiosity and interest, a hunting horn of rich enamel, upon copper; the painting being on one side the history of St. Hubert, and on the other, a series of allegorical figures. The enamel is of that beautiful kind called Limoges, of which there are so many specimens in other parts of the house. To return to the pictures: we have in a row the portraits of Sir Robert's sons and daughters. Here are, the second Lord Orford, attired in red velvet; Edward, in the robes of the Bath; and Horace Walpole himself in a scanty, collarless, blue velvet coat, and a waistcoat of crimson velvet, reaching down to his knees. The daughters are Lady Maria Walpole and Lady Malpas; the last a beauty. Over the chimney-piece of pointed architecture (designed by Bentley) is a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, called "Conversation," containing the portraits of Lord Edgecumb, Mr. Williams, and George Selwyn, who never missed an execution, and who, when he had a tooth taken out, "dropped his handkerchief as a signal for the dentist to begin." Sir Horace Mann, and his brother, Galfridus, painted by Astley; Lady Anne Osborn, by Sir Godfrey Kneller; and Lady Dorothy Walpole, in a Turkish dress, by Jervis, are scattered about the room. More recent additions are Lord and Lady Radstock; but the gem of the collection is the charming group by Sir Joshua — the three beauties, the Ladies Laura, Maria, and Horatia Waldegrave, assembled round a work-table. The colours are gone from this attractive picture, but unequalled grace and delicacy still remain; it is far finer than "the Graces," by the same master, in the National Gallery. The massive ebony tables, the chairs, of Walpole's own design, that seem built, as no doubt they were, expressly to accommodate the wearers of the wide-spreading skirts of that day; the antique bureau, and the famous clock, by Le Roi; and more than all, the windows ornamented with fragments of Dutch art, (one specimen of which, a cobbler at work before an open window, whistling to a bird in a cage, is marvellous for its effect,) are not among the least attractions of the Refectory.

Ascending the staircase, we pause at the first landing-place, and then enter the Breakfast-room, "hung round with blue paper, and blue and white linen." It is the prettiest and most cheerful place that can be imagined, and is filled with objects of various kinds, miniatures predominating. Of these, there are two frames, carefully concealed by green silk blinds, which contain so many perfect gems. The first consists of nine miniatures, principally by Isaac and Peter Oliver, and is devoted to Sir Kenelm Digby and his family. Four of them are portraits of Sir Kenelm's wife, the beautiful Venetia Stanley, who is represented at three different periods of her life, and once after death. The last is extremely curious, and, like all the others, exquisitely finished. Sir Kenelm's devotion to his lovely wife is shadowed forth in the motto—"Vindica te tibi," which appears in gold letters above his own portrait. The second frame contains fifteen miniatures, chiefly by Hilliard and Petitot: the most striking portraits are, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, Carey, Lord Hunsdon, the Duke of Vendôme, "with a red knot," the Princess Palatine, the Duchesse de Montpansier, and the Duchesse de Montbazon. But the most remarkable of all is a miniature painting, representing the interior of the House of Lords, with King James the First on the throne. This picture is so small as to require a magnifying-glass to trace it accurately. Over the chimney-piece are also some interesting portraits:—Miss Farren, (afterwards Countess of Derby,) gay, and sparkling, and high-coloured, her laughing eyes and mouth all comedy; Pope; Lady Mary Leppel; and a later celebrity, in severe contrast to Lady Derby, Mrs. Hannah More. In other parts of the room are, Holbein, by himself; Cowley the poet, by Sir Peter Lely; the Comte de Grammont, at the discovery of whose portrait in Paris, Walpole was in such raptures; and, "in a frame of silver *filigraine*," the famous Charlotte de la Trimouille, (*also* Countess of Derby,) the heroic defender of Lathom House—

> "Who, miracle of womankind,
> Lent mettle to the meanest hind
> That manned the castle wall."

There are, also, more portraits of the Digby family; and, among the most remarkable, an unknown head, by Holbein; Thomas Seymour, Lord Sudely, the High Admiral, and brother of the Protector Somerset, with pride in his eye to dare anything, and a neck that seems to defy the block, to which his turbulent nature led him. We must not omit the well-known picture of Madame du Deffand, and the Duchesse de Choiseul; that of Rose, the royal gardener, presenting the first pine-apple grown in England to Charles the Second; the portrait of the late Margravine of Anspach, then a young and very pretty woman; nor the two Miss Berrys, with countenances finely expressive of intelligence. But the list would be a long one were we to enumerate half the contents of this room, which is, for the most part, as Horace Walpole left it, with the exception of the portraits of the present Earl and Countess of Waldegrave, and some modern ornaments.

Before we approach the Library, the small, but curious collection, meets the view, which Walpole called his "Armory;" and thus describes:—"A vestibule open with three arches on the landing-place, and niches full of trophies of old coats of mail, Indian shields, made of rhinoceros' hides, broad-swords, quivers, long-bows, arrows, and spears; all *supposed* to have been taken by Sir Terry Robsart, (an ancestor,) in the Holy Wars." Here we find in a niche, on the staircase, the armour of Francis the First, of steel-gilt, and covered with bas-reliefs; his [illegible] of ebony, inlaid with silver, his sword steel, beautifully inlaid with gold, and probably the work of Benvenuto Cellini. It is a magnificent suit, and at once recals the figure of the gallant monarch; far more effectively, indeed, than the splendid [illegible] on the leaves, which appears to want height. Two shields for tournaments hang [illegible] by Polydore; one bears the head of Medusa, the other that of Perseus. [illegible] Henry the Third of England, of his time, stands over the [illegible] of the various contents enumerated by Walpole, with some things [illegible] a singular relic of the Norman rule, an ancient

coure-feu, and a most elaborately-carved and antique pair of bellows; a sketch of which appears in the margin. The battle-axes, shields, maces, &c., are all highly curious; and two corslets bear the marks of some fatal affray.

Our next step is the transition from war to peace—from the Armory to the Library; where, ranged in cases, modelled from the choir of Old St. Paul's, are collected about 15,000 volumes. Of these, we shall refer only to the least known, which are contained in a small glass case. The first, and, in our estimation, most valuable, is a book of original drawings, by *Janet*, formerly in the possession of *Brantôme*, and subsequently in that of *Mariette*, the famous collector, who has written the following inscription inside the cover:—"Recueil des portraits des Princes et Princesses et des Seigneurs et Dames qui composoient la Cour de François 1er, Roy de France, a appartenu sans doute à Brantôme. Ce qui me le fait prejuger c'est que plusieurs des inscriptions sont ecrites de sa main. Je m'en suis affermi par la confrontation que j'en ay faite avec un MS. authentique tout corrigé de la main de ce célèbre ecrivain. (Signed) Mariette." The portraits are all in pencil, tinted with red chalk, like the drawings of Sir Thomas Lawrence, which they fully equal; and amongst them we find some noble heads: Francis the First, Louise of Savoy, Margaret of Navarre, Diane de Poitiers, Lautrec, the Admiral Bonnivet, Claude de France, Francis the Second, the Baron de Figeac, Madelaine de France the first wife of James the Fifth of Scotland, and some thirty more. It is a priceless volume, though Horace Walpole got it cheap enough. We find a memorandum in his handwriting beneath Mariette's description, to the effect, that the Earl of Hardwick offered through his agent 100*l.*, but the person entrusted with the commission "was not at the sale, or not in time."

Another very precious volume is a collection of *original* drawings, in pen and ink, by *Callot*, the greater part of which have never been engraved, though the title-page bears the usual designation of "Diverses Fantaisies de noble Jac. Callot."

One MS. of great interest, is a book of the expenses of Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, kept by Sir Sackvill Crowe, probably his Grace's treasurer. The various items are very curious, and shew the unsparing profusion with which he scattered his money. One long list refers to the journey to Spain, when he went on his embassy to Madrid. Here is one item:—"Given to the Condessa of Olivarez, her butler, for fruit, 14s." This same Condessa of Olivarez was the "teterrima causa" of Buckingham's sudden departure from Madrid, which broke off the projected alliance between Charles and the Infanta. Other disbursements refer to the last of the race of court jesters; for instance:—"To the King's foole, 13*l.* 6s. 8d.;" "To Archy, 20*l.*;" "To Rosado, 13*l.* 6s. 8d." And the following item proves the value set by Buckingham upon the services of his dentist:—"Given to a tooth-drawer, 20*l.*" The whole of the accounts throw considerable light on the personal history of the favourite.

Amongst the printed books, the most curious and rare are, "The New Year's Gift," written by "Microphilus" (the dwarf Jeffery Hudson), and presented by him, in 1638, to Henrietta, the Queen of Charles the First; "Le Tombeau de Marguerite de Valois, Reine de Navarre;" a copy of Virgil, printed by Baskerville, with drawings on the covers by Lady Diana Beauclerc; on the edges, which are highly gilt, is a view of Blenheim, which disappears altogether when the volume is closed. The identical copy of Homer used by Pope for his translation; it is a small Amsterdam edition, date 1707, with the text in Greek and Latin, and bears this inscription: "E Latini, A. Pope, 1714;" and lower down, "Finished ye translation in Feb. 1719-20, A. Pope;" it is illustrated by a pencil-sketch of Twickenham Church by the poet's own hand; two school-books of Horace Walpole, Homer, and Horace, very small and neat; "Lettres et Mémoires du Chevalier d'Eon," by him-(*her*-)self, with several portraits, printed in London by Jacques Dixwell, 1764; the "Catalogue of the King's (Charles the First's) collection of limnings," published at Walpole's expense; Genealogical History of Yvery, London, 1742; 2 vols. large 8vo., printed by H. Walpole, and never sold; the Earl of Northumberland's Household-book, &c.

Of other rarities, are a letter from Catherine Parr, the widow of Henry the Eighth, written, in the year she died, "to her constant Thomas Seymour, Lord High Admiral of England," and signed, "Catherine, the Queen, K. P.;" and a most characteristic letter from Oliver Cromwell to his wife, the day after the battle of Dunbar. We cannot resist the temptation of transcribing it:—

"For my beloved wife, Elizabeth Cromwell, at the Cockpitt, theise:

"My deerest,—I have not leisure to write much, but I could chide thee that in many of thy letters thou writest to mee, that I should not be unmindfull of thee and thy little ones. Truly, if I love you not too well, I think I err not onn the othere much. Thou art deerer to me than any creature; lett that suffice. The Lord hath shewed us an exceedinge mercye—whoo can tell how great it is? My weake fayth hath been upheld—I

Ascending the staircase, we pause at the
room, "furnished with blue paper, and bl
cheerful place that can be imagined, and
predominating. Of these, there are two
which contain so many perfect gems. Th
Isaac and Peter Oliver, and is devoted
them are portraits of Sir Kenelm's wife, th
at three different periods of her life, and
and, like all the others, exquisitely finished
shadowed forth in the motto—"Vindica
own portrait. The second frame
the most striking portraits are, Robert D
the Duke of Vendôme, "with a red hand
pensier, and the Duchesse de Mondhaven
painting, representing the interior of the
the throne. This picture is so small
Over the chimney-piece are also
Countess of Derby,) gay, and sparkling
all comedy; Pope; Lady Mary Lepp
Derby, Mrs. Hannah More. In other
the poet, by Sir Peter Lely; the Com
Paris, Walpole was in such rapture
Charlotte de la Trimouille, (also
House—

There are, also, more portraits of
unknown head, by Holbein; Th
brother of the Protector Somerset

lance is of ebony, in
probably the work of
the figure of the
armour in the Louvre
near it, painted by
An alto-relievo, in
Armory, and within
not described by

...ure thee I growe an
...—would my corrup-
... The particulars of
... My love to all dear

... are all family ones; but
... the shape of a hand, a
... the head of this article,

... library
... gift
... on the
... and
... bearing
... which
... initials
... knots,
... most hap-
... This love
... emblem of
... one, after
... aries; but
... Henry's *eternal*
... it should
... the fire-
... ry,—a large
... Henry the Sixth
... with all the care and fidelity of ex-
... the period. The miniatures are of
... Henry the Eighth, whose youth pro-
... shirt and nightcap, which is most
... the picture informs us that it is
... *Sue XV.*" Beside the *Duck* is Sir
... also, the portraits of the High
... lor, and Mary Fairfax, the widow

... cabinets of medals, old coffers, and
... for three and sixpence a-piece,"
... the coins *seriatim*, our stay might
... to the broad piece of Elizabeth,
... she forbade its issue; and to the
... Cromwell, the subject of which,

... contents of which refer for the most

... are extremely beautiful; and a
... have belonged to Queen Bertha,
... to Mary Queen of Scots) are
... class of relics is the red hat of
... it is carefully preserved in a
... traced by Vertue from the
... a portrait of Charlotte de
... praying, with an open missal
... course, unlike all others;

the Fifth of England; the Maréschal Monluc; Henry and Anne Boleyn, frequently ...; Philip of Spain and Mary, a copy from the Woburn picture; Anthony of ..., the awkward-of, intangible father of Henri Quatre; Sir Thos. Wyatt; the ... of Suffolk; Marguérite de France, &c. An exquisite pencil-drawing by Holbein ... not be overlooked, of a fireplace in one of Henry the Eighth's palaces; nor the ...y-piece which adorns the "Holbein chamber," and which was designed by Mr. ..., from the tomb of Archbishop Warham, at Canterbury.

The Grand Gallery, of really noble dimensions and superbly decorated, now lures our willing feet towards the richest treasures of Strawberry. We find we have not left ourselves space to dilate upon them as they deserve, and our observations must be briefly directed to the most precious objects. Foremost amongst them is the magnificent Roman eagle, found within the precincts of the baths of Caracalla, in 1742. It well deserves the reputation which it enjoys, of being "one of the finest pieces of Greek sculpture in the world." Here are the fine vases and cisterns of *majolica*, of which the figures on the latter were designed by Giulio Romano. Here, too, an exquisite coffer, glittering with mother-of-pearl, and reflecting every ray from the stained windows above it; a bust of Vespasian, in basalt; beautiful bronzes, and pictures, interesting from their antiquity and intrinsic worth. Of the latter are, the marriage of Henry the Seventh; a group, by Janet, of Catherine de Medicis, her three sons, Francis, Charles, and Henry, successively Kings of France, and Marguérite de Valois; the full-length portrait of Lord Falkland, in white, by Van Somer, which suggested the incident of the picture walking out of its frame, in the "Castle of Otranto;" Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and his royal bride; the beautiful Laura Walpole, Countess of Waldegrave and Duchess of Gloucester, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and many more to which we cannot even allude.

A peep at the round Drawing-room at the extremity of the Gallery shews us fine stained windows, shedding their parti-coloured light on vases of porcelain and services of silver; where, above the rich, mosaic chimney-piece, stand silver beakers and jars, valuable for their weight of metal alone,—to say nothing of their workmanship; where the china of Sevre vies with the faenza of Florence, and the portrait of Vandyke's ladye-love, Mistress Lemon, looks smilingly down, a pendant to his own picture in the Louvre. The Countesses of Leicester and Carlisle, by the same inimitable hand, grace the same chamber; a vase of *majolica* bears the arms of France and the Medici, and probably belonged to to Catherine; and ivory cups and objects of Indian art lie scattered on the tables. Getting glimpses at every turn of closets filled with china, and painted glass, and models in terra-cotta and marble, we proceeded to the North Chamber, filled, like every other, with pictures, antiquities, and objects of *vertù*.

To begin with comparatively modern times, two pictures by Hogarth are, at the least, attractive. One of these is the original sketch of the Beggar's Opera, bought ... of Rich, the manager of Covent Garden; and the other, which we have transf... e

pages, the rehearsal of an opera, with caricatures of the principal performers. Nicolini stands in front, Mrs. Toft is at the harpsichord, Margarita is entering in black; the gentleman with a patch over one eye is Sir Robert Rich. Near the chimney-piece is a large picture of Henry the Eighth and one of his Queens, Edward the Sixth, Mary and Philip of Spain, and Queen Elizabeth, with several allegorical figures, and a long eulogy upon the royal race of Tudor inscribed round the frame. Beneath this is a bust of Francis the Second of France, in marble, and a bas-relief, in bronze, of Anne of Brittany. On one side we see a large portrait of the celebrated Bianco Capello, by Vasari, with her singular story written on the frame; and facing her, at the other end of the room, the portrait of one even better known to fame, the fascinating Ninon de l'Enclos. This is the only original portrait known to exist of the lovely and accomplished fair one, to whose charms, however, Walpole seems to have been insensible; in our opinion she must have been as beautiful as the world has always supposed her. She is very fair, with auburn hair and hazel eyes, and her dress, which is somewhat *decolté*, is prettily confined by a narrow pink riband fastened at the shoulder with small pearls and coral beads. Near her are Mademoiselle de la Vallière, Madame de Maintenon, Madame de Grammont, &c. A fine Rembrandt and a Nicolas Poussin adorn this end of the chamber. In a small cabinet, covered with medallions, is an illuminated psalter, which, but for the "Hours" of Anne of Brittany in Paris, would be priceless. It is the work of Julio Clovio, and its authenticity, did it not speak for itself, is thus attested in Walpole's handwriting:—"This beautiful MS of the Psalms, illuminated for the Prince d'Anjou, in 1537, by Don Julio Clovio, scholar of Julio Romano, and afterwards purchased by Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, was, on the dispersion of the Arundel collection, bought, in 1720, by Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford, who bequeathed it to his only daughter, Margaret, Duchess of Portland, on whose death it was purchased, in May, 1786, by Horace Walpole." He further adds,—"As there was no Duc d'Anjou in 1537, the *Princip. Andegavensis*, mentioned in one of the illuminations, must have been Theodore d'Anjou de Mazières, who was aged about thirty in 1537, and who was son of a natural son of Charles d'Anjou, K. of Naples." It is a small, thick MS., and executed in a style of art that surpasses belief.

Before we leave this chamber, one glance must be allowed at the little glass case in the corner, which is filled with curiosities. Here is the wondrous speculum of the renowned Dr. Dee,—the mirror which

"Kelly did all his feats upon;"

a piece of highly polished cannel coal, of a circular form, with a handle to it. It is a very mysterious-looking object, and worthy of being called "The Devil's looking-glass." In the same case are several apostle spoons,—a German wooden spoon, finely carved,—twelve silver plates, exquisitely engraved, which belonged to the great Earl of Clarendon; the wedding gloves of Mrs. Hampden, and a pair worn by James the First; four silver owls, used for whistles to call servants, before the introduction of hand-bells; the whistle is formed by the perches on which the emblems of wisdom are standing, and the noise made through them resembles the doleful cry of those lugubrious birds. One of the most puzzling *objets* is a box of large wooden counters, very thin and painted on one side; in Walpole's catalogue they are called "ancient round trenchers, with scriptural mottoes;" but they seem rather to have belonged to some game; and as to the scriptural character of the mottoes, here is a

specimen:—"Women are like nettles, who toucheth them they stinge them, but hurt not those that *wringe* them."

The adjoining room,—the last we shall venture to dwell upon, and of which we present a sketch, is "The Tribune."

To detail the wonders contained in this beautiful room would claim a volume for itself; what justice then can be done to it in a few lines? There is a cabinet containing at least a hundred miniatures by Petitot and other great masters; and glass cases on either hand, the shelves of which are loaded with relics. Amongst the latter, gleaming with gold and jewels, is the missal painted by Raffaelle and his scholars for Claude de France, the Queen of François Premier. It is covered with turquoises and rubies, and on each cover is an enormous cornelian, with an intaglio of the Crucifixion on one side, and a relievo on the other; it is very small, and might be worn as an ornament. The famous Florentine boar, the Jupiter Serapis, the dagger of Henry the Eighth, snuff-boxes, medals, intaglios, rings, and gems of every conceivable kind crowd upon the view, and it only wants the silver bell of Benvenuto Cellini to bewilder us with the perfection of art. Its form we have faintly portrayed; but to describe it adequately is impossible. It was made by the artist whose name it bears, for Pope Clement the Seventh, and is covered all over in the highest relievo "with antique moths, flies, grasshoppers, and other insects, the Virgin and boy-angels at the top, a wreath of leaves and lizards at the bottom." After seeing this, we cease to admire even that which is worthy of all praise: Callot's Battle-piece, the portrait of Madame de Sévigné, the letter written in her name from the Elysian Fields, by Madame du Deffand, and pictures and bronzes without end, pass before us in succession, and leave us still amazed at the untiring perseverance of the man who heaped up all these treasures, now about to be spread once more over Europe.

That they should be thus dispersed is, we repeat, a matter as much for regret at what is lost from the spot, as congratulation for that which is gained by the public. In order that the public may *really* gain, we trust that all that is national may find its way to the British Museum.

THE SOFA AT SEA.

BY MISS PARDOE.

How many plots for comedies might be picked up on board a steam-boat, were it only in studying each particular group scattered over the quivering deck. The careless aristocrat, clad in camlet or caoue-chaoue—the mincing bourgeoise, clean-gloved and capricious—the restless invalid, querulous and dissatisfied—the tyro-tourist, wandering and important—the accustomed traveller, quiet and observant—the timid, the inquisitive, and above all, the *managing*, whose trunks, portmanteaux, carpet-bags, cloaks, and umbrellas, (naturally of more value than all the other luggage collected in the vessel, and all virtually inscribed "this side up,") are to be placed on a particular spot, piled in a particular manner, and kept under the eye of the owner—at least, until a couple of ruthless sailors carry them off *vi-et-armis*;—consign the trunks to the hold along with the portmanteaux; and displace carpet-bags, cloaks, and umbrellas, when they chance to annoy the other passengers, despite remonstrance and despair!

But the "Antwerpen," in which we embarked for Belgium on the 14th of July, 1839, could boast a finished comedy of its own, which may fairly be entitled "The Sofa at Sea." The demand for places had been so great, that the agents for the vessel had indulged themselves in the (not very justifiable) amusement, of letting all the berths in the ladies' cabin three times over; and its dimensions being somewhat confined, the eagerness of each individual to "hold her own" became proportionably earnest; and fortunate was it for those who had been prudent enough to preserve the ticket, which proved the prior date of their claim. The great object of ambition and contention was, however, a horsehair sofa, placed immediately under one of the windows, and open to the air of heaven; which, in a small cabin destined to afford sleeping accommodation (?) to twenty-one individuals, was no mean recommendation.

When we entered to claim our own berths, of which we only obtained possession by "standing to our order," and displacing the *sacs* and parasols, implying their usurped occupancy; the said sofa was enjoyed by a tall, slight, lady-like person, who was quietly reading a volume of the Family Library, and who, like ourselves, had taken refuge from the heavy rain that was deluging the deck, in this most uninviting retreat.

A young and pretty girl, with the large tears of recent parting from some dear one still standing in her eyes, soon joined the party, requesting permission to lay a mantle at her feet for a few moments, when she was answered by a desire that she would place there whatever she pleased, until she could secure her own berth. The dialogue was, however, suddenly terminated by a pert lady's maid, who having barely permitted the cloak to come in contact with the sofa, flung it rudely to the floor, with the remark that it was very easy for people to be generous with what did not belong to them, but that she begged the lady who was inclined to be so polite, to remember that the sofa on which she was lying was not *hers*, but belonged to *her* mistress, Miss ——, who would very soon settle matters when *she* came.

To this very seemly address, a calm reply was given: the temporary occupant of the coveted couch was aware that she was not the lady of the sofa, being in fact, what some one on board had facetiously designated, one of the "supernumerary ladies," and having no berth whatever; but whom the stewardess, in consideration of her delicate health, had permitted to avail herself of this, until it was claimed by its proper owner.

"A mild answer turneth away wrath," and the fierce waiting-woman, finding no direct objection rise glibly to her tongue, walked out of the cabin in dignified silence. The last consequential flutter of her drapery had scarcely disappeared, when a plump, rosy, ringletted dame of some five-and-forty years of age, swam into the cabin, and

discharged a capacious arm-full of sundries upon both the disputed sofa and the calm lady who sat thereon, with an abrupt "I'll thank you, ma'am, to get up, and let me arrange my luggage."

"Certainly, madam;" was the rejoinder; "I was only here on sufferance, until Miss ——, whom I presume that I now address, came to claim it."

"I don't know what you mean, and it's of no consequence," sharply retorted the new comer; "I am not Miss anybody; I am a married woman, ma'am, and my husband 's on board—walking the deck—where, if you think proper, you may see him. I don't know any Miss ——; but the sofa 's mine, and I'll keep it."

The person addressed, who had already vacated the disputed territory, and who had never sought to "remove her neighbour's land-mark," only bowed in reply; and as the florid dame made her arrangements on taking possession, I was involuntarily reminded of Mrs. Trollope's "Widow Barnaby;" a coincidence which, as I afterwards discovered, was laughable enough.

"A pretty thing, indeed!" pursued the fat and florid dame, in great indignation, as she spread forth her travelling treasures on the contested sofa; "a person in my delicate state to be put about so!" Then, as she happened to glance round and detect a smile on every lip, she added, in the voice of a stentor, "I suppose, because I am stout, everybody believes that I am in rude health, but it is no such thing; I'll be bound I'm the weakest woman on board, and, indeed, I hardly know how I shall get through it.—This is yours, ma'am, isn't it?" she asked, a moment after, of the rival invalid, as she jerked, rather than lifted, a huge carpet-bag from the sofa—"you must find another place for your things."

"I have not the honour of owning it, madam," was the answer; and the unclaimed *sac-de-nuit* lay abandoned on the carpet.

Five minutes afterwards, a tall, gaunt, sallow-looking French-woman entered with great seriousness, and seeing the capacious receptacle for sundries so ignominiously situated, gathered it up by a mighty effort, and inquired angrily who had taken the liberty of interfering with her sofa. Then was the battle dire: the lady whose husband was on deck persisted in her claim—she was No. 14, and No. 14 she would be—the sallow French-woman became flushed with indignation, and flourished her ticket, whereon No. 14 was inscribed in very legible characters, but which was nevertheless treated with supreme contempt; and at length she hurried from the cabin, only to return accompanied by an enormous man, encased in dark gray camlet, surmounted by a *casquette* defying all description, who growled out, with much the same gentleness as might be anticipated from one of Jove's thunderbolts, the appalling inquiry,—"*Qui a osé deranger les affaires de ma femme?*"

No one replied: the stout dame evidently did not understand the question, and the lookers-on saw no necessity to interfere; but when the man-mountain began in his turn to sweep away the luxurious arrangements of the possessor of the sofa, in order to re-instal the vast carpet-bag, it was found necessary to call for the interference of the stewardess, who had been occupied in the fore-cabin, and who terminated the discussion in a very unexpected manner, by stoutly telling "the weakest woman on board" that neither she nor her luggage could remain where she was, as her berth was No. 14, *forward*, where it was quite ready for her.

Forward! the "Widow Barnaby" coolly told to walk forward—to squeeze her comely person between people's carriages to the fore part of the vessel—and then to find herself No. 14, in the second cabin! Her exit was magnificent; and, save on deck, we saw her no more.

The Frenchwoman looked on in grim satisfaction; and when the light-handed stewardess had ejected the last package of the worsted enemy, she advanced, flanked by her portly husband, to replace the *sac-de-nuit*, the well-crammed object of her solicitude;—but neither was this to be. "What's your name, if you please, Ma'am?" asked the female functionary.

"*C'est ma femme*," growled out Monsieur; "*et voici son billet.*"

"Then the lady hasn't got a berth at all, sir, and there's some mistake," said the stewardess, referring to her list—"for No. 14 has been let for ten days, and your ticket is only dated yesterday; so I must trouble you to take that great carpet-bag on deck, for we've no spare room here.

A volley of *sacrés*, interspersed with sundry other energetic French expletives, was the reply, agreeably varied as only a Gallic vocabulary *could* vary them; and these were eventually terminated by the inquiry, "*Mais, comment donc! oserez-vous mettre dehors les affaires de ma femme?*"

"Must indeed, sir," said the imperturbable stewardess; "Madame should have taken her place earlier—and the bag will be safe enough upon deck."

"*C'est indigne!*" exclaimed the husband, foaming with rage, and addressing himself to the assembled party; "*Je vous demande, mesdames, si ce n'est pas indigne de mettre à la porte les affaires de ma femme?*"

But we had not even the comfort of sympathy to offer him, for what sympathy could be felt by one-and-twenty individuals, destined to be pent up in a small apartment of about six feet by four, during a night in July, with the sorrows of a stranger, which promised them deliverance from an extra companion? And, accordingly, seeing the hopelessness of extracting consolation from the tenants of the cabin, he at length tucked his lean wife under one arm, the voluminous carpet-bag under the other, and slowly ascended the companion-ladder, grumbling as he went, his last words audible to us being—"*les affaires de ma femme.*"

Miss ——, with the pert attendant, was then really the "Great Unknown,"—the lady of the sofa, and not even the heavy rain which had been steadily falling ever since we left the Tower-stairs had driven her below to claim it. Out of mere want of occupation, we all became curious to see her take possession; but we were not to be gratified—her Abigail was still her representative, and an indignant one she was, when she returned to the cabin only to discover what had taken place, and found that she had to re-do all the undoings of the deposed "Widow Barnaby."

The plot thickened: there was an aged lady on board, the widow of a naval officer of rank, whose friends had only been enabled to secure for her an upper berth, to which she was totally unable to climb, and who trusted to the considerate kindness of some younger woman to exchange with her. As the sofa now appeared incontestably to be the legitimate property of the fortunate Miss ——, and as that lady was still invisible,—the said sofa being undeniably the most eligible position for the Admiral's widow,—it was determined by her friends that the fussy Abigail should be made the bearer of a polite message to her mistress, requesting her to accede to the exchange. She resisted stoutly for a time. "She knew that *her* mistress would never allow herself to be put about for no one—she wouldn't herself;" and it was only by downright coaxing that she consented, as she expressed it, to give both them and herself "a great deal of trouble to no end." It might assuredly have been spared; Miss —— sent word that she knew nothing of the politics of the ladies' cabin, and that she should take possession when it was convenient to her to come below, begging that she might not again be troubled on the subject. So, having duly delivered the reply, the Abigail remained on guard.

Thus were things situated, when a very pretty girl walked into the midst of us, and throwing off a large shawl, laid it upon *the sofa!*

"You can't put your things here, miss," said the maid, pursing up her mouth.

"I beg your pardon. I thought that we might always lay our shawls on our own berths," replied the young lady.

"Oh, yes," acquiesced the waiting-woman, with great condescension, in the spirit and nearly in the words of a noble duke, "you may do as you like with your own; but this sofa that I'm sitting upon is *my* missis's, and we don't allow nothing to be put upon it."

"I thought that it had been No. 14," remarked the gentle girl, looking about her.

"And so it is, sure enough, miss," said the maid; "and that's the very reason why it's *ours*."

"Then there must be some mistake," was the quiet rejoinder, as the young lady resumed her shawl; and she was about to quit the cabin, when one of the party detained her to mention the elderly lady, that in the event of her yet making good her claim, there might be some hope for the Admiral's widow.

"I am now doubly sorry, madam," was the graceful remark of the fair girl when the tale was told, "that my right is disputed, or your friend should have suffered no further inconvenience."

"The sofa *is* yours, miss," said the stewardess, steadily; "and now you're come for it, of course you must have it. That maid's all wrong; her mistress has a top sofa, but I haven't had time yet to make it up. No. 14, next the floor, is yours."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the Abigail, indignantly lifting up her huge hands, which were crushed into a very over-worn pair of her lady's pale kid gloves; "and do *you*, Mrs. Stewardess, think that *we* shall put up with it?"

"I suppose you must, as you have got your own, and this young lady has claimed hers."

"Well, if I ever!" again ejaculated the waiting-woman, as she bustled out of the cabin.

"May I ask, madam," said the fortunate lady of the sofa, "which is the berth of your friend? as I will at once take possession of it, and leave my own at her disposal."

It was pointed out to her, amid very sincere thanks; and having deposited her shawl on the pillow in order to signify its occupancy, she left the cabin to rejoin her party.

We believed that the comedy was now played out, but it was not so; for while the busy stewardess was arranging the upper sofa for the displaced Miss ——, that lady herself swept into the room, followed by her ireful attendant, and slowly made her way to the scene of action.

"And am I to understand," she demanded, magisterially, "that *the shelf* which you are now preparing is intended for me?"

"Yes, ma'am; and I hope that when the bed's made you will be satisfied with it," answered the quiet functionary.

"*I* am easily satisfied," said the solemn lady; "but"—and she gave her hand a wave that might have beseemed a tragic actress—"what my friends may feel I shall not attempt to decide." And having uttered this inferential threat, she disappeared; nor could she, as it appeared, compel her dignity to a surrender, for at eleven o'clock at night the Abigail took comfortable possession of "the shelf," leaving her "missis" to brave the fog on deck at her leisure; and the widow of Admiral —— passed a quiet night on the sofa at sea.

QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN.

BY THE HONOURABLE JULIA AUGUSTA MAYNARD.

Young Queen! upon thy snowy brow
A shade of thought is gathering now,
Those liquid eyes so rich and bright
Beam with a dark and pensive light.
Alas! they've view'd such scenes as ne'er
Should meet the glance of one so fair,—
Scenes of wild strife and madd'ning hate,
On which hung once a sceptred fate,
When helm, and plume, and reeking brand,
O'erwhelm'd in grief a bleeding land,
And drown'd in blood a nation's cries,
Mocking its dismal agonies!
Thou, too, their youthful sovereign, saw
Oppression scorn both church and law,—
The spoiler wave his murd'rous steel,
With eye of fire and stirrupp'd heel,
Above his victims—trampling o'er
With ruthless rage the fertile shore,
Profaning with ungodly hand
The sacred temples of the land;
The riches seizing of each shrine,
The sacramental cup and wine,
And slaying with a savage joy
The widow and the orphan boy!
Till nature groan'd beneath the weight
That left a kingdom desolate!
Whilst pond'ring over such a scene,
Well mayst thou weep, Iberian Queen!
Well may the cypress darkly shade
Thy circled temples, royal maid!
Well may the sunshine of thine eyes
Fade at these sadd'ning memories!

THE CONTRAST.

SUGGESTED BY THE TWO HEADS ON THE COVER OF "AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE."

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Cradled 'mid scenes of violence and blood,
So grew thy spirit masculine and brave,
Elizabeth! And stern misfortune gave
To thee the serpent's wisdom—strong and shrewd,—
With virtues fitted for thy time endued;
Thine is the praise which ablest rulers have,
Nor yet hath time effaced it from thy grave!
Yet history is just, and truth is rude,—
And these lay bare to our reluctant gaze
Thy meanest failings—thy most wayward mood,—
Poor vanity, with no redeeming grace,
And cold, false cruelty—all are review'd,
Until at last we blush for her we praise,
The glory and reproach of womanhood!

QUEEN VICTORIA.

The day-star of our hopes, how didst thou rise,
Lovely and pure, above the troubled scene
Of clamorous faction! Still thou wert serene,
Or only moved by suffering's feeble cries.—
Not always are the sternest the most wise,
The firmest heart dwells with the gentlest mien;
And hence wrought into thy young life have been
Those royal virtues we most fondly prize.
Thus hast thou well deserved that happy crown,
Which hath life's fairest flowers wreathed in between
Its sparkling gems! Long may they bloom thy own,
And no harsh blast of sorrow, unforeseen,
Wither *her* joys, whom, first on England's throne,
We praise both as the woman and the quee

MATRIMONY.

BY MRS. STONE,

AUTHORESS OF THE "ART OF NEEDLEWORK."

"MARRIAGES are made in heaven." This is an admitted fact. There have been, and indeed will probably continue to be, short-sighted mortals who internally dissent from the axiom, but who seldom venture openly to question its truth. It is intact, intangible. The unimaginable felicities of that blissful state have also been the theme of all half-starved poets from time immemorial. Milton repeated his nuptials thrice; and, in fact, he must (despite his biographers) have thought marriage a heaven on earth, for he took infinite pains to have two wives at a time. There are people who speak of marriage as a clog to the foot, a noose round the neck, a drag-chain, a straight waistcoat, &c.; but these persons are generally supposed to have been unsuccessful in their attempts to enter its holy porch.

Another apothegm is, that, "All women are angels before they are married;" this truth is too self-evident to require demonstration; the corollary deduced from it is, that *therefore* "their husbands wish them in heaven so soon afterwards." The fact is certain: whether it indeed be fairly deducible from the foregoing apothegm is another matter, and one into which we shall not at present enter. This wish on the part of husbands, for the early apotheosis of their wives, arises, doubtless, from certain self-condemning twinges excited by the feeling that they have transplanted their "angels" from "visions and dreams of heaven" to a very so-so paradise—indeed quite "of the earth, earthy."

It was in consequence of the celestial attributes of women, that the ancient church forbade priests to marry; it being considered, rightly enough, that they, whose vocation it was to preach forbearance and privation to others, should not be seen to embrace on earth that life which is said to be a foretaste of heaven. It is also whispered—but this is a tradition without authority—that the licence afterwards extended towards the clergy, originated in one who, having by some most unaccountable accident been tied to a shrew himself, imagined that, by engaging the holy community in matrimony *here*, he should absolve them from purgatory hereafter. This, however, as I before hinted, may be mere scandal.

Marriage is a pretty general custom; we hear of it in all ages, at all times, and among all people:—

> "For in what stupid age or nation
> Was marriage ever out of fashion?"

and to make its celebration a sort of festival, seems to have been almost as general a custom. Some say this originated in the joyousness of the circumstance itself; some say it was to do honour to the bride; and some affirm that it took its rise in a feeling of pity and justice to her—that, as sacrifices were decked for the altar—as nuns on their first solemn renunciation of the vanities of the world were bedizened in its most brilliant ornaments—so the bride, on taking up her abode in the rough-tiled domicile of matrimony, should at any rate have light and song over the threshold.

This month has ever been considered as peculiarly propitious to matrimony; perhaps originally from the circumstance that Juno, who presided over marriage, had sacrifices offered to her now, under the title of Februa. But the marvellous repute which formerly appertained to the whole month is now centred in one particular day. Why this is, it is difficult to say. Wheatly tells us that St. Valentine was so famous for his love and charity, that the custom of choosing valentines on his festival took its rise from thence. But we are taught that all the saints were famous for "love and charity." Why, then, select St. Valentine as the peculiar patron of *billets-doux*? St. Francis of Sales, an anti-matrimonial saint, an antitype of the modern Malthus, strenuously endeavoured to bring about a radical reform in the system of valentines. But in vain. These cabalistic tokens are yet eagerly coveted by the matrimonial aspirant, all over Christendom.

Whether they do bear within their mystic folds any spell to win the reluctant swain or coy damsel to Hymen's altar, must remain matter of conjecture. My own opinion on this mysterious subject is precisely that of the lawyer in Hudibras, who says that—

> "Matrimony and hanging here,
> Both go by destiny."

St. Valentine's Day.

THE Lady had her "page" last month—the Gentleman has here his "tiger." In a male tiger there is no milk, says the Shaksperian in the play; we shall expose this fallacy; the pages thus introduced, if they fulfil their design, will overflow with milk and honey—to say nothing of whisky-punch, humble port, and imperial tokay. All things proper for gentlemen to discuss, the gentleman's tiger will monthly bring to them; no manly topic can come amiss, if we except the price of corn, the march of Puseyism, and the Gurney affair with the Jockey-club. Of these, *jam satis.* "Fresh fields and pastures new" will open before us as we advance.

A SHORT CHAPTER ON BEARDS.

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN.

GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS, in his witty lectures, the type of Charles Mathews's—there is nothing new under the sun—found matter for curious discussion in Heads and Noses; it is our own fault, and the subject is not to blame, if neither instruction nor entertainment are to be derived from that distinguishing attribute of man—the Beard. It is in the human countenance one of its most conspicuous, expressive, and characteristic ornaments; and if allowed to develop itself naturally, and without being made or marred by "one of Nature's journeymen," sets off to advantage the plainest features—gives effect to the most unmeaning countenance.

It is a habit of mine, on any given subject, to trace back my ideas, *ab ovo.* My first familiarity with beards dates from childhood. In my father's library was a portrait of that cold-blooded old lawyer, Lord Coke. I have it before me now. It was a ferret-like phiz, hard as iron, with long eye-lashes, and a beard of formal cut, thin and sharp—every hair almost separate from its fellows; one of those shrewd, cold, inanimate, saffron-hued faces—in short, such as might have belonged to the man: and, *en passant,* let me observe that it is singular enough that the title of Earl of Leicester should now be borne by a descendant of that very Lord Coke who sentenced Algernon Sidney to the block. In this beard, at least, we have found a moral to point a tale.

Having now stated my first acquaintance with beards, and what particularly led me to cultivate the study, I shall next point out the many advantages I possessed in prosecuting this particular branch of science. India was an inexhaustible field. On my very first landing in Calcutta, I was present at one of Lord Minto's balls, and was struck on entering the assembly room at the Government House, with a *hookah-bedar,* whose silver beard descended to his girdle. He was a venerable-looking sage, and the dignity with which he held the hookah bottom, with its magnificent diamond cut appendages, whilst a young judge of twenty years old puffed the perfumed weed into the face of his fair partner after the dance, elicited many a smile. In these degenerate days smoking in high places is, I hear, prohibited; but no high-priest ever served at the altar with a more grave and solemn aspect. I was determined to take into my service no pipe-bearer who was inferiorly distinguished to my type of perfection, and it was not long before I found his counterpart; but my philosopher turned out an arrant rogue—for on the march from Cawnpore to Meerut, at a town called Mynpoorie, near his native village, he decamped in the night with my silver *suppouses,* and I afterwards heard that he had obliged a friend, and admirer of my *chillums,* with half a maund, twenty pounds, of my Persian tobacco. This occurrence for a time lessened my veneration for gray beards, or, at least, shook my faith in them. The East is indeed the land of beards, *par excellence.* There, to swear by one's beard is the most solemn and sacred of oaths. To touch a hair of a man's beard is a most unpardonable insult; and a Brahman would infinitely prefer drowning in the Ganges, to being dragged out by his beard. The bare mention of it is an offence almost equal to that of asking a native after the health of his wife or daughters. And yet, to shew how great rank makes

exceptions in all general rules, Mr. Elphinstone, at the Peeschwah's court, where he was resident, as he walked through two lines of insolent Arabs, that formed that prince's body-guard, and who spat on the ground after he had passed, was in the habit of stroking some of their beards. This *en passant*.

All my readers have seen portraits, fancy ones, certainly, of the Great Mogul. It is an expensive honour (I forget how many gold mohurs it cost me) to be admitted to a sight of his beard; but I did not regret the cost. No despicable appendage to his face had he to boast of; and he might well be proud, of almost all that that potentate without power—that shadow of royalty, has to boast of. It is a curious question, and may seem a digression from the subject—if the blood-royal of the kings of India goes on increasing and multiplying as at present, what is to be done with the progeny? In a short time no city of Hindoostan will be large enough to contain them; for the palace at Delhi swarms already with some thousands of princes and princesses, who must find confinement there quite as irksome as that of the Happy Valley was to Rasselas; and continual breeding *in* and *in* can be no improvement to the race. Quere!

The last Shah of Persia ("Blessings on his beard!" was a common form of benediction among his subjects) was, of all men who have come under my observation, the most to be envied. He was acknowledged universally to possess the largest, blackest, and most affluent beard of any man in his dominions—"*C'est beaucoup dire.*" It has become an historical fact, that he owed the long and uninterrupted tranquillity of his reign—that freedom from revolt which has constantly characterized that turbulent empire—solely to the respect and awe due to his beard. He lived long enough to share his wide realms among fifty of his sons, of whose names I have a list—of his daughters, no census has, I believe, been taken. Females in the East are looked upon as very inferior beings in the scale of creation, which I have heard attributed to their want of beards, and thus furnishing a justification of man at the expense of nature. Not to waste time, however, in discussing this argument, I shall proceed to say, that I returned from Asia with a rooted predilection in favour of beards, and with a pair of moustachios cultivated with the greatest care; which, by the aid of bear's-grease and that incomparable oil, Macassar, I may say nothing surpassed.

ODE TO SAINT VALENTINE.

"SAINT?" Sinner rather—
Indirect father
Of crippled couplets—halting annual rhyme—
Director of uncounted envelopes,
Enclosing unimaginable tropes,
From those who once a-year Parnassus climb
Per Rowland Hill;
Who, 'gainst his will
Forwarding heaps of pre-paid verses—
Stamp'd with pretty oaths and curses,
"Dearests," "despairs," and "dreads,"
Together with the requisite queen's heads—
Becomes a go-between to every Smith or Stubbs,
Whom any Julia Jones or Sally Simpkins snubs.
Bane! who of rest the postman docks!
Demon of double knocks!
Patron of paper gilt and glazed,
I am amazed
That thou wert calendar'd!—surprised—
O letter-off of amorous bolts at hearts,
Artillery-man of Cupid's ammunition (darts),
That thou wert canonized!

Of trysts anonymous, tutelary saint;
Of matches, Lucifer! hear my complaint:—
Upon my table, at this moment, lies,
A host of sonnets to my Fanny's eyes—
Two China vases (genuine delf),
A gold Geneva watch, which seldom ticks,
A diamond ring, a portrait of myself,
(Done "in this style," in Regent-street, "at ten and six,")
A bracelet, with a Sévigné well-match'd,
A locket, with some hair (my own) attach'd,
A partner-tablet, of the skin of asses,
A smelling-bottle, cut in colour'd glasses,
Byron and Boz, in calf, with edges burnish'd—
And all return'd to shew I'm cut in earnest!
Whilst Lady Meddler kills the horses (job ones) in her carriage,
To bruit the breaking off of mine and Fanny's marriage.
"Lucky for her," she cries; "he's poor, and *such* a fright—
The wretch! to send a Valentine to Ellen Wright!"
"Did, then, your ladyship, the writing trace?"
"Of course. Is not his hand e'en plainer than his face?"

Under-hand concoctor of fun, done
Under cover, I am undone!
Fanny, the loved, the lovely, is the belle
Of a by no means stupid circle. Well,
For years I was her shadow—won indeed,
The "yes" enrapturing from her charmed lips;
And all in Fashion's firmament agreed,
I soon would cause an *annular* eclipse.
But now 'tis o'er; despair my soul torments,
(She has twelve thousand in the Three per Cents.)
This work is thine,
O Valentine!
To pay my debts there is not now left one way,
Thanks to thy cursed red letter—but to me black Mon—day.
Of hope bereft,
One course is left—
To spring the mine of my revenge;—I mean
To blow
(And shew)
Thee up in AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.

W. H. W.

Our library table has already found out the "Price of Fame." We do not mean merely the winning and gracefully-written novel of Miss Youatt, although that should not be missing. But friends and correspondents, with zealous haste and liberal offerings, have crowded about us; so that a close conference with our illustrator has become a rarity—"and therefore as a stranger give it welcome." We labour now under the embarrassment of riches, and can furnish in a page or two but a small taste of our abundant supplies.

TONY JOHANNOT.

BY CHARLES MOUTRAY.

The great characteristics of the age in which we have the good fortune to live, are the improvement, increase, and extension, not alone of the commodities of human life, but likewise of those luxuries and elegances which tend so much more strongly and rapidly to civilization than the wisest efforts of the legislator. Comfort, erstwhile pent up in the mansions of the great, has burst forth from her fountains, and is spread abroad in streams throughout the land, which are swelling constantly as they hold their course into rivers fraught with beneficence and power. The sun of Science has melted the snow upon the mountain-tops, unlocked the frozen bars of the solitary streamlets, and poured them down upon the plain. All those genuine conveniences and commodities which, in former days, were subservient only to riches and authority, are now accessible to humble industry; and others of a higher order have been bestowed upon the world by its worthiest children, in that spirit of liberality which renders them of free and perfectly equal approach to all. They are as good for the peasant as for the prince, and they cannot be made more costly without spoiling. Closely, too, upon the arts that serve us in our material wants, have followed those which tend to soothe and elevate. Beauty and Utility now walk hand in hand. Our various manufactories not alone send forth, at marvellously little cost, things for use, but these bear with them the grace of form and ornament which inculcates taste. The poor man, *according to his capacity of enjoyment*, can now share not a few of the intellectual pleasures of the rich. Good, true, music, is no longer a stranger to his ears; he may hear it often in the streets. Just notions of the wonders of the chisel, ancient and modern, may be derived by him from the plaster casts at every second corner, where the Italian boy rests his burthen. The delicate majesty of Apollo—the grace of Venus—the terrors

from the awful brow of Phidian Jove, are all there, delineated with sufficient accuracy to surprise and charm one who has not seen the nobler representations, which transfer all the glories which *can* be transferred from the spiritualized marble,—and to give him a loftier notion, not alone of the works of man, but of man himself. The treasures of painting, ancient and modern, disclose themselves in countless windows to the universal gaze. This is in the towns; but even in the country, no village is without its representations, however rude they be, of miracles of art. These advantages are, now-a-days, enjoyed by all who have the enjoyment of their senses, and of the common air. Go a step higher, and the Penny Magazine, and similar publications, open out to millions their stores of literature and art. For the great majority of these, moreover, there be other works of greater extent and more elaborate execution, in likewise accessible; and so you proceed upon a *sliding scale*, closely graduated from class to class as to wealth and taste, until (to adopt the dinning language of the hour) you arrive at a *fixed duty* which admits Tony Johannot, and allows thousands upon thousands of our countrymen, to greet and admire the productions of this most *popular* and distinguished foreign artist. They now lie upon my table. And to justify my introduction to the mention of his name and works, I wish specially to explain that he is *popular* in every sense of the word—not merely as enjoying the popular applause, but as being eminently an artist for the people—for the many—not exclusively for the few. And this not alone because his works are very numerous, and can be multiplied and spread abroad at a cheap rate originally, and in their best form, and can afterwards be re-produced on wood or stone, and sent forth in a shape that brings them within the reach of the humblest classes; and this, of course, when copyright ceases, or as pirating proceeds, they will in France and every other country assume, but also because he has married the offspring of his intellect to those children of genius who can never die, and the public voice has ratified the alliance. In every country in which the works born of the brain of Cervantes, and Molière, and Beranger, are read, to speak not of others less famous, the illustrations of Tony Johannot will be admired, "How long might a picture be preserved?" exclaimed Napoleon. "Perhaps, sire, five hundred years." "Bah! a pretty immortality!" Tony Johannot's "immortality," then, from the ever vivifying connexion—each new edition being like a new embrace of the giant Antæus, with his mighty mother—will be better than that of the greatest painter—and the embodiments of Don Quixotte's adventures will be things of household enjoyment, when, for the multitude of mankind, the memory of "Michael Angelo's Last Day" shall have faded to a dream.

That I have not over-estimated the value of bringing, at an easy cost, such works as Tony Johannot's before the enlightened public, while there are others of less worth and refinement for the multitude, admits, in my mind, of no doubt. We all, from the nursery to the grand marts of intellectual strife, love picture-books. They are matters of utility to us at one period of our intellectual labours, of gratification at all. In some cases, as where any animal, plant, costume—indeed, one might say, any purely material object—has to be described, they are well-nigh essential to enable us to come to a right understanding of it. Words are said "to have hues," but what very accurate notion could they give us of a flamingo? To put the matter shortly, though metaphysically, we never can have more than conceptions from words, we have perceptions from diagrams and drawings. And as Sir Graves Haughton properly observes in his "Prodromus," "perceptions are things;" and I apprehend it cannot be doubted that in all cases, excepting one in which posterity alone is concerned, perceptions are preferable to conceptions. But this brings me back to the nursery again, and to volumes illustrated for pleasure; and such volumes have always been held delightful objects of possession. Bear witness the thousands lavished on the Bedford missal and others, and the cost of illuminated MSS., and the rude, though, no doubt, also very costly, attempts to illustrate all choice volumes that issued from the early press. There is a Dante now lying on the table printed in 1493, in which there are a multitude of illustrations: and oh, Paradise, Purgatory, and Hell! such illustrations of the Italian Æschylus, and the gloomy grandeur and vastness of the scenes and creatures he imagines! Pass from this, however,—a work prized and purchased in its day, and bought even by me for no small penny, though for other reasons than its choice engravings,—and let us contemplate Don Quichotte de la Manche, par Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, traduit et annoté par Louis Viardot, Vignettes de Tony Johannot; the best translation and notes, adorned by the highest art, printed on good paper, with excellent type and engavings, for, gentle reader, the price of thirty francs. This contemplation is a work of supererogation, however; all our readers either have the work or may have it, or at least have seen it or may see it. Let us, therefore, when we do come properly to it, confine ourselves to the mode and spirit in which it has been illustrated. But it is only one of Johannot's many works. A word, therefore, in the first place, about the characteristics and chief excellences of the artist. He has two of the choicest attributes of genius—variety and fulfilment; the power of embodying every subject with his creative pencil as he listeth, and of satisfying you of the completeness of that which he intended to do, and that being done, it is good. He seems by

art-magical to have entered into the secret soul of his author, and to have caught his thoughts as they might have sprung from the brain, and before they were put in words. The idea has become the common property of both. The author had to consider how to body it forth in words, the artist has to devise the means of expressing it by the graphic powers of his pencil. There is a difference between them of past and present; there is a difference as to the means by which each must work in giving utterance to his conceptions. That is all—at least so it seems! so faithful is the illustrator! Still, however, let not this "seems" be mistaken: it is but "seems" in the strongest sense of the word; nor let me belie my feelings as to the immeasurable distance between the man who, like Cervantes, works by intellect and paints for minds, and the man who works by art and expresses himself to the outward eye. The best possible illustration by the pencil of a passage in Homer, or Shakspere, or Cervantes must be faint, and weak, and cold, and spiritless. The soul is not there—the creative power is not there—suggesting from each idea whole trains of precedent and subsequent conditions. You have but the pale reflection, as in a dim and distant mirror, of a single fixed image; you are neither made to comprehend the mystery of its gradual growth into the fulness of creation, nor to watch the process by which, in its evanishment, it suffers change until it melts away into the quietude of nonexistence. My appreciation of the high merits of Tony Johannot led me into an exaggerated tone of expression and comparison in respect of him. In justice, however, I would add, that though his relative position, in reference to the poet, be no more nor no better than I have stated; though he can give no more than the faint, weak, dull, uninspired, or rather uninformed image, yet it has much of that fidelity which it might fancifully be imagined to have derived from a mental Daguerreotype; the mass and outline of the subject which was to be depicted lying visibly without, but the light that was to guide the operator's fingers coming solely from within.

It is, then, this great variety of power, with capability of fulfilment to the limits of his art, which, in my opinion, distinguishes Tony Johannot from all other illustrators of the works of mighty masters. Tragedy, comedy, whether broad or genteel, farce and melodrama, all come alike to him. He is like the poet who sang to Juan and Haidée in their far off island home—

"The isles of Greece."

For he has the sense of feeling and the mastery of pathos; and his pencil even as the muse of the other can make—

—— 'increment of anything
From the high lyric to the low rational.

And setting the low and lowest rational aside for a moment, I wish—and without offence to La Jeune France and M. Johannot's patriotism, I think he, too, ought to wish—he were an Englishman, that he might illustrate Shakspere. The great bard would then, at last, find one who could follow him into each scene of many-coloured life, and understand his meaning, and, as far as it might be by a meagre art, express it to the outward eye, from the impersonation of Macbeth to that of Justice Shallow—the zenith and the nadir of the magistrate's dread authority. Evidences I have said of the artist's various and vivid power are in the volumes before me—Manon Lescaut, L'Ane Mort, Œuvres de Béranger, Œuvres de Molière, and Don Quichotte. What infinite grace, beauty, freedom, and vigour are there not in all the engravings for Manon Lescaut; how perfectly they tell the story, and, if one might be allowed the conceit, throw a perfume over it! But here the artist is a man of vastly superior taste and intellect to the author he illustrates. Without the illustrations, the tale would be only a prettily wrought-out one, upon an idea at which everybody who can respect man, or love woman, must spit: the most grovelling fidelity upon the part of the hero—the most self-seeking and mercenary inconstancy upon the part of the heroine. No *pauper Ibycus* was ever so mean in seeking to preserve his supply of daily bread, as this hero in his devotion to his filthy idol; no street-walker was ever so sordid and so base in her infidelity—at least, in this country—and we will not believe M. Jules Janin that "the natural touch" of dignity in man, and devotedness in woman, is no longer felt in France. If I had not conceived too good an opinion of Tony Johannot's manliness of heart, I should have been led to suppose the story had been written to explain the engravings, and not those to illustrate the story. As it is, they form part and parcel of it, as they stand in the volume, and that which supplies you with the only pleasurable emotions and the chief materials for thinking. As an example of this, I might remark that one of the most charming and poetic bits in the book, relates to the very prosaic statement, that Manon and her female friends used occasionally to take the air in the Bois de Boulogne. You have in reference to this, a gorgeous little picture in the style of Watteau, and worthy of his finest fancy—a picture on which you can dwell for half an hour. Manon throughout is represented with exquisite freshness of mien and bearing, and is certainly a very piquante and seductive personage—the very fair-ideal of the fairest of Frenchwomen; or, rather, as y

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1493, in
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Michael de
Johannot:
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pays,) in illustrating it as
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...as been drawn—the elegant
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...s, are all set forth. There
...volume, and there are gray
...s whom Landseer would not
...gs, and all Moliere's plays,
... To attempt to enter upon
...ich it would require the space
...is upon his great and genial
cold land of chivalry.

romance.

Cervantes. To
...st a spirit of romance and
...quaintance with the Peninsula
...me nothing gives a stronger
...archy than the reflection that
...for his towering genius, was in
...still recognised as a scholar and
...vadant: and yet with all this,
...e, he could neither get reward
...ble to estimate good and brave
...ously. But I have thrown
...e requisite to understanding
... Sometimes wittingly,
...me [illegible] to Don Quixotte. It
...y, we should never have had one
...ed of the perusal of books of
...elorce which he felt necessary
employed his time in ridiculing
...hey had the Persiles, but the
...otte ... is a perfectly truthful,
...ance. The mighty powers of
...of judicious adventures to heap
...his enterprise, the motives with
...st of glory, the hatred of oppres-
...ression, the disinterestedness,
...lence, the invincible ardour in
...the pursuit of honour, the
...t's own, and whatever Don
...chivalry, you hear Cervantes.
...tter than Don Quixotte.
...ever, even before he laid down
...e [illegible] would apply alike to

By his last translator, Viardot, it has been feelingly and eloquently summed up. (Notice sur la Vie, p. 46.)

His life ended with an illusion quite as strange as his hero's mistake of the inn for a castle. He looked upon his romance Persiles as the greatest effort of his genius. Of that work by which he lives, he thought comparatively nothing. Even in this, as in all other passages of his mortal career, he was unfortunate. I know not whether Tony Johannot was inspired by the conviction of how much of Don Quixote was real Cervantes, but certainly he has given one strong indication of being as though he were. He has borrowed all the leading traits for the countenance of Don Quixote, from the face of Cervantes. The two are placed side by side in the front of the volume. The Don's is much older, and longer, and thinner—the peculiar pallor belonging to the blue blood of Spain, as shewn in the fairer-faced Cervantes, is deepened in the Don to the deepest, sallowest hue—the moustache is more formidable—the hair is shorter and grizzled—the nose is larger and more raised—the Don's throat and limbs he has elongated and emaciated to the necessary extent for the purposes of the story—and for the fire of proud and invincible determination which gleams in the eye of the poet and the soldier, the lurid light of insanity has been substituted. But this is well nigh all (if I be correct in my supposition) which he has done in altering his model. The fancy at least has, for me, given an inexpressible charm to the illustrations; and it has seemed to me all along that Johannot has treated the poor Don with that degree of reverence and affection with which he was regarded by his creator. He never puts him forth in mere caricature; let the circumstances in which he is placed be never so farcical, he is still never brought lower than a demented *gentleman*. Laugh as you may, there is always pity mingled with it. This is to understand and feel the author, whose great peculiarity is to produce for the moment the heartiest laughter, but to leave behind it a feeling of sadness and sinking of the heart. Johannot's conception of Sancho—the most original character ever drawn, except Falstaff—is equally and marvellously good. You recognise him as true Sancho. The merit of the other impersonations and illustrations is worthy of the artist's fame, and of the mode in which he has given to the general eye likenesses of the Knight and Squire, which will henceforth be always recognised as indisputably theirs.

A NOTE OF MUSIC.

Fashion, which reconciles us to absurdities, and makes us monsters or dwarfs—which swells out a belle to the size of a balloon, or pinches her exquisite form into the compass of a walking cane—which makes "London in the west" a paradise from March to July, and condemns it during the rest of the year to become a refuge for the destitute of marine villas and country houses—Fashion, whose autocratic sway sometimes deprives her subjects of taste and always of opinion, is also the grand critic-in-chief of the fine arts. In literature she will have what kind of poetry she pleases; but sometimes (as now) interdicts it altogether. Throughout one season she will hear of none but novels of the *haut ton*; during another, tales of low life are only to be tolerated. Painters are peculiarly under her rule; they must paint in oil or in water-colours, produce landscapes, social scenes, or portraits to illustrate books of beauty, just as she wills. Having voted historical subjects out of date, she now sets artists to decorate houses; the new one in progress for the Lords and Commons being selected to commence the fashion.

But music has been, above all the other arts and sciences, subject to her caprices; which are so unceasingly indulged upon every possible style and school, that she is at last fairly driven to the ancients for the sake of novelty; exactly as it happens with by gone costumes and Gothic furniture; for we find that Handel and point-lace are at present all the rage.

For this reason it is that tickets for the oratorios at Exeter Hall are always at a premium; and "*Acis and Galatea*" is not to be seen at Drury Lane unless one takes places a week beforehand.

The manner in which all the accessories of this opera have been produced—in which the music of Handel has been improved (Handel improved! Forgive us, ye strait-laced musical antiquarians, who even faint at Mozart's additional accompaniments; but we use the words advisedly)—in which almost perfect scenic illusion has been added to music unequalled of its class, claims the gratitude of every dilettanti in Europe; except of those who, possessing the fossil remains only of taste, profess to worship Handel in all his integrity. These fanatical virtuosi in musical taste would as soon think of adding a note to the scores of their divine master, as Sir Joseph Banks would have ordered a new nose for a dilapidated Venus. But they forget what Handel himself would have done if he had possessed, in his day, the same means at his command as are now concentrated in a Drury Lane orchestra. Let his exquisite hautboy *obligati* attest how he *would* have scored if he

could have treated his rude imperfect flutes, clarionets, &c., with *any* passage he may have chosen to write for them. Shall then T. Cooke—yea, a greater than he, Mozart—be censured for supplying excellences which Handel had not the means of originating? in the face, too, of the fact that he was the great innovator in this very matter—that he was the first who dared to overcome prejudice, and to introduce wind with stringed instruments to accompany the voice?*

Mr. T. Cooke has performed the difficult task of re-scoring "Acis and Galatea" with much skill and judgment; although he has been, perhaps, a little too bold with the brass instruments. In other respects, the accompaniments to the stream of melody which flows uninterruptedly through this charming serenata, are managed admirably. All the effects allotted in the original to the stringed instruments remain untouched; whilst whatever has been added not only enhances those effects, but here and there adds new charms to them: always excepting the over-loses of trombone before alluded to.

Let us now step from the orchestra upon the stage, and observe what is effected by the singers, by Mr. Stanfield, and by the chorus-master. What do their united efforts produce? A delicious dream—a realization of classic visions concerning Arcadia—of Titian's warmest, most glowing pictures: the beings of ancient fancy (saving the Polyphemus, who is a little too naturally unnatural) made to seem like reality. We allude more particularly to the scene in which the chorus of "Oh! the pleasures of the plains" is sung and *acted* (which it is by every individual, down to the meanest supernumerary) so as to produce a delightful illusion. The grouping indeed, is altogether excellent; conspicuously so at the time when the voice of Polyphemus is heard without. The whole body raise their hands in attitudes of well-depicted dread, and thus present to their advancing enemy a most effective *stand of arms*.

The solos by Miss Horton, as *Acis*, and Miss Romer, as *Galatea*, by Messrs. Allen and Phillips, as *Damon* and *Polyphemus*, are also executed in a style which leaves little to be desired. The scenery combines splendour with naturalness, in a higher degree than has, we venture to say, ever yet been approached.

At Covent Garden we find them behind the fashion; they still cling to Italian music; but what a splendid excuse they put forward for non-allegiance to the fickle goddess!—namely, Miss Adelaide Kemble! for whose sake the public are, at this present writing, enduring a very, very jejune opera by a *maestro* who must certainly compose with milk-and-water instead of ink. "*Elena Uberti*," though gorgeously put upon the stage, is manifestly only endured on account of a high and just admiration of its heroine, who, atlas-like, bears the whole weight of this heavy—because intensely flimsy—opera upon her own shoulders. Anything which will serve to display the unrivalled proficiency, the musicianship, and musical feeling, of this great artist—be it ever so devoid of merit—is hailed with welcome. "*Norma*," gaining materially by being contrasted with its rival, still continues to be attractive.

If it be true that the old masters are so rapidly gaining ground with us moderns, what is to become of the Italian Opera-house, which is to be opened on March 17? To satisfy the prevailing taste, its managers will have to remove the dust from the operas of Gluck, Sarti, Zingarelli, Paesiello, Pergolesi, &c. In that case it would be wise to transfer the ordering of affairs to the Directors of the Ancient Concerts. As yet, we hear of no operatic preparations whatever; a new ballet is all that is in rehearsal.

The concert season promises to set in with unusual severity. The music shops are covered with announcements; but the quartette *soirées* of Messrs. Blagrove, Gattie, Dando, and Lucas, are first on the list. To the amateur who loves music, not only with his ears, but with his intellect and soul, these chamber concerts ought to be considered as so many epochs in his existence. At them he hears the best, because the *con amore* effusions of the greatest masters, if not grandly, carefully and feelingly performed. It struck us, while last hearing the above gentlemen, that they seemed to labour under too great, or rather, too nervous an appreciation of their authors. If, with their perfect *ensemble* of time and tone, they could add a little more fire and energy, the already great pleasure that their performances affords would be much increased. They appear to be too modest; they want a little more impudence, or musical *sauce piquante*, which might be abundantly supplied to them by—

Monsieur Jullien, who is astonishing the frequenters of the English Opera-house with a motley succession of quadrilles, overtures, solos, &c., and a magnificently variegated waistcoat, the flaring effect of which is subdued by a net-work of gold chains, in which he exhibits himself nightly. This must be the principal attraction; it surely cannot be the music, which is even bad of the kind, as we are assured by an eminent dancing-master, who is, of course, an excellent judge. None but a Musard can possibly render these concerts conducive to the improvement of public taste; at present they do it much injury.

* Horns and other wind instruments were never used in Italy, in accompaniment, till Handel brought out his opera of *Agrippina*, at Venice.

COMEDY AND TRAGEDY.

As misfortunes do not come single, according to the proverb, so, according to the poet, is happiness a twin. Comedy and tragedy have returned to the stage together; springing suddenly from quarters whence we were least prepared to expect them. Thus of the new five-act comedy of "Marriage," its very authorship is quite a dramatic surprise,—a delightful comic incident in literature. To Mr. Robert Bell the public have long been accustomed to look for masterly expositions of the genius of the poet and the dramatist; he now teaches us to expect from him no less admirable examples of the qualities he has so excellently criticised upon a hundred occasions. To him we should have turned for an unerring view of what is intellectual and unexaggerated in the higher order of Comic-writing; for a nicely distinguishing examination of the points that separate Congreve from Vanbrugh, and Wycherley from Farquhar; but the realization of a "vision splendid," in the production of scenes not unworthy of association even with theirs, and of characters drawn from natural life, yet speaking the true language of glorious Comedy, was a novelty not to be anticipated. We are the more thankful for it; and the more fervently do we welcome the first dramatic effort of a writer to whom the stage is destined to become a lasting debtor.

The success of "Marriage" was never for a moment questionable; its excellence, as that rarest of rare works of art, *a Comedy*, is equally impressed upon the mind, whether we see it or read it. While its defects are of comparatively small importance, as the result of inexperience in the construction of plot, and the distribution of the characters, its excellences are solid and unquestionable. They have a great practical virtue, they *tell*, and always by legitimate means. We have character admirably discriminated and various—in Vivid, in Pause, in Doubtful—then in Drouk and Baldwin; but we have no false contrasts, no mere artificial distinctions to force an effect. We have an easy natural flow of language harmonizing with the moral tone of the speakers, but it never sinks below the level of Comedy, affecting the ludicrous at the expense of the natural. There is a gay, cordial, buoyant spirit pervading the whole, and stamping every scene of it as a close transcript of life, wrought into brilliant effect with great address, and irresistible humour and enthusiasm. So prospers it nightly, and so may it long!

The tragedy—or rather the play, for tragedy demands many funerals—is also from an unexpected source. Mr. Gerald Griffin was favourably known by his able tales of the Munster Festivals and the Collegians; but he had given no evidence of a genius for the drama, such as is manifested conspicuously in this posthumous work—Gisippus. It belongs to a noble class of composition; it has its weaknesses, but it can afford them. Its grand purpose is as grandly sustained. We can only mention here its triumphant success as produced by Mr. Macready; lamenting at the same time that the sensitive and fine-minded writer of the play is not now living to reap the late and lasting harvest of fame.

A SECOND EPISTLE FROM MR. BULLER OF BRAZENNOSE.

O. B. Den, alias Rookery Grange, Feb. 4.

DEAR AINSWORTH,—You know my taste for oddities of the genus mammalia. Know then, further, that on a recent visit to an old book-shop at Bristol, where I generally beguile half-an-hour after our Kennet and Avon Canal meetings, I found a wild unkempt urchin of some seventeen or eighteen, left in charge of its dusty treasures, absorbed in a copy of Tennyson's Poems, from which he was spouting in an emphatic whisper—

> "Isaiah, and fierce Ezekiel,
> Swart Moses by the Coptic sea,
> Plato, Petrarca, Livy, and Raphael,
> And Eastern Con—fu—tzee."

Adding, "Sure them names is mate and drink to a poor Kerry scholar like me, that would make the small taste of the larning he's got into a bellyful, by the blessing of the saints." On inquiry, I found his head a complete medley of fermenting and undigested materials, having devoured half the contents of the shop, from Paradise Lost down to—what you like; Peter Pindar, by whom poor faithful old Billy Ramus is immortalized, not forgotten. The lad has a great ambition to come to town, and become a learned printer, like Aldus and Faust; in fact, he has all the ambition and shatter-headedness of that singular class of wajfs and strays, the Irish hedge-scholars. Could you procure him any nook in Savill's office? I send you the inclosed as a specimen of his abilities, which cost me a sovereign as smart money for a hearty laugh at what he means in sober sadness.

Yours ever, T. R. BULLER.

DAN MALONE'S DITTY.

Och, Mr. Tennyson! Saint Patrick's benison
Send you fat venison and gould galore;
'Tis you that's discerning in the real fine learning
That would bang the Pope till his ears were sore.

I dreamt you were walking with me, and talking
Of them grand acquaintances you fetch'd from far;
And I waked in Limbo, with my arms a-kimbo
O'er a jug of punch and a prime cigar.

No Isle of Sky man, with his plaid and kilt on,
Had e'er such a beautiful second sight.
Bad manners to the big old Turk, John Milton,
Who ne'er saw the place, and belies it quite.
There were real grand folks from every nation,
At tables, with plenty to drink and eat,
And mighty pleasant in their conversation;
So I brought my punch, and I took a seat.

Says the court interpreter, one Psalmanazar,
"You're kindly welcome, Mr. Dan Malone.
Dan, this is my friend, great Albumazar,
The Eastern conjurer, whose name's well known.
And this is the famous Mr. Billy Ramus,
Who shifted and shaved King George the Third.
This, Nostradamus, who can serve mandamus
On the divil's own body with half a word."

'Twas myself was glorified to join a table
Where all were so decent and civil bred,
And I listen'd to try would I be able
To catch a taste or two of what was said.
There was King Salmoneus, and Hillioneus,
'Christen'd Ilioneus when he was young.
Hesiod and Homer, and the patriarch Gomer,
Discoursing them both in the unknown tongue.

Polybius was arguing with Marshal Vauban,
Old Louis Quatorze's great bombardier.
And they cried, "Casaubon, what says the Sorbonne
Is the proper Greek for a grenadier?"
"By the powers," says Priam, "I'll back Hoplites,
And sure my right is—worse luck!—to know.
Just ask Thersites, my boy Polites,
If his brigade didn't call it so."

Plutarch, and Petrarch, and Herod the Tetrarch,
Were settling history and points of state;
Lysander, Iskander, and Alexander,
Talk'd German tic-tacs in a tough debate.
There was Baptist Lulli was tickling Tully
And the Duke of Sully with Italian jigs,
While Sardanapalus and Heliogabalus
Sat guttling together like bacon-pigs.

There was cross Pelides, who had floor'd Atrides
That blessed morning, and spoil'd his face;
So the judge of amicus, one Aristides,
Was binding them over to keep the peace;
Then he read them a lecture, which good Prince Hector
Call'd mighty sensible and real sublime;
And Flato and Cato beng'd the muse Erato
To set it to tune in her prettiest rhyme.

Says Albumazar, "Yung Julius Cæsar
Hinting to Pompey how 'tis very queer
To see Jew rabbis, like Eleazar,
And bishops and parsons, made so much of here.
And there's Timoleon instructs Napoleon
Who takes it sulky, like a man dead-beat.
Why Andrew Hofer, some old Tyrolean,
Who kept a beer-house, has so high a seat."

"By the holy poker!" says I, "my joker,
Are these your manners to commanders bold?
Our Duke, Heaven bless him, would they dispossess him
From the big high table with the best of old?"
"Sure," says he, "whenever he arrives from London,
King Alfred reserves him a seat up there.
'Twixt General Washington, whom he's so fond on,
And himself, who's president, and fills the chair.

Says Nostradamus,—and he look'd half-mocking,—
"Now, Daniel Malone, 'tis a treat you'll get;
I see Miss D'Este, our great blue-stocking,
Whispering to Tasso and her private set.
They're always tuning their pipes, and crooning
Some philandering thingumbob in rhyme or prose,
Or else diverting their time with flirting;
And to-night they'll give us some grand tableaux.

Then, thinking to please him in the self-same fashion,
"Old Nosey," says I, "push round the grog;"
But Nostradamus jump'd up in a passion,
And says he, "Are you mad, now, or drunk, you dog?
Turn him out there, Ramus, or the beast will shame us."
Then he tuck up his wand to break my head;
I fell a quaking, in a mortal taking,
Screech'd out an ullaloo,—and woke in bed.

THE FIGHT OF THE FIDDLERS.

IN THREE PARTS.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

PART I.

It was a merry time in the town of Chester, a merry time as eye could see or ear could hear; the whole place was ringing with harps, and fiddles, and songs, bagpipes, rotes, and rebecks; it seemed as if Nebuchadnezzar himself was about to worship his golden image, for certainly there was the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music; besides a good deal of bellowing and shouting, roaring of laughter, and every other kind of noise that the human voice can be called upon to produce. In short, it was the fair time in Chester, a little before the end of the loose reign of King John. In one place might be seen the juggler performing all manner of tricks; in another place the saltimbank leaping through a ring, dancing upon a rope, or casting somersets to the delight of the people; in another place the fool or merry andrew throwing his witticisms abroad right and left. But these were only accessories and adjuncts of the fair, which was, in truth, a great commercial mart where goods and chattels of almost every kind were sold, from complete hauberks to gimnel rings, pieces of cloth, velvet, and silk, furs of all kinds, hoods made up and ready to be tried on by any one who

might covet them, with clasps in a neighbouring stall to fasten them under the chin of the buyer. Then there were clothiers of all kinds; men who sold boxes of curious wood for containing the rare manuscript books, one or two of which formed a library, and close by were the books to be so contained, the missal, according to the rule of Salisbury, or Hereford, or Lincoln, in its magnificent velvet cover, lying cheek by jowl with a book of ribald songs, such as might issue from the Parisian press even in the present days of prurient literature. Near, was the vender of rich shoes and boots, with toes that varied from each other in every respect but that of being all enormously long; some were twisted into the shape of serpents, some were curled up so as to resemble a ram's horn, some imitated the peaked cap of a professed fool, and one pair had double points, with a hook at the end of each. Here, too, were booths displaying drinking cups of all sorts, sizes, and descriptions, and even glass, then rare and valuable; in another place were gums and spices, and all the stores of the apothecary; in another were delicate perfumes and cosmetics, palm oil and ambergris, frankincense and attar of roses, brought by the wandering merchant from the far East. Everything, almost, that the four quarters of the world could produce, with the exception of the one quarter which was waiting to be found out, was displayed in one corner or the other in the fair, while the Pied-poudré Court held its sittings hard by, for the purpose of protecting all these various wares by its stern sentences, executed without respite or delay.

In several parts of the great space devoted to the purposes of the fair, were booths for entertainment, where revelry, ribaldry, mirth, drunkenness, feasting, and debauchery was indulged with a degree of licence unknown at other times and seasons; whilst in other booths, again, the more sober merchants, and the large households that they sometimes brought with them, could provide themselves with food of all sorts at a reasonable price, and in a decent manner. Through all the manifold streets, turnings, and alleys of the fair, floated a mixed multitude of all kinds; buyers, sellers, minstrels, musicians, old women, beautiful girls, young children, knights, sailors, soldiers, friars, priests, nuns, franklins, yeomen, clowns; all jostling, hustling, talking, laughing, singing, and playing, in the most varied dresses that it is possible to conceive. Bright and brilliant was the scene; a sort of maddening merriment was in every sound; it was intoxicating, it was infectious, nobody could help imbibing the miasma of hilarity that spread around, and you would see grave merchants with long beards joking and jesting with the aged prioress of some very respectable order, or with the severe confessor who suffered not a little sin of all man's multitude to escape without penance and repentance.

It was about the hour of four in the evening, when down the principal alley of the fair, with rich dresses, but hoods so far drawn over their faces that they served the purposes of masks, came down a gay party of both sexes, walking at a rapid pace, jesting with those around them, and indeed with every one that they passed, full of the frolic of the hour, and enjoying the merry scene to the utmost. The front rank was occupied by three persons, a lady being in the middle, with a gentleman on either side. The one on the right hand was a stout, broad-shouldered, somewhat heavy man, who, to guess from the general contour of his figure, might be fifty, or nearly fifty years of age. The one on the other side was somewhat taller, but more slightly formed—at least more youthfully, for never was there a stronger or better proportioned leg than appeared from under the loose gown of blue cendal, trimmed with fur, in which he was clothed. His walk was free and careless, but graceful and dignified at the same time, and many a one from the neigh-

bouring country instantly recognised him by his gait and carriage, and laughing, said, "Ay, there goes gay Roger, the best hearted young lord in the land."

"Hallo, fool, what art thou doing?" cried he of the blue cassock; "why art thou peering into the woman's empty hand?"

"Telling fortunes, noble sir," replied a man dressed in a merryandrew's coat, who with a sage look was enacting a fortune-teller for the amusement of the people, and dealing with the destinies of an old lady of about sixty.

"Ay!" cried the gentleman, stopping with his party, "and what good luck is in store for her?"

"Three husbands and a large family of children," said the fool, amidst a shout of laughter from the people.

"By St. Cyprian, she must make haste, then," said the young gentleman. "Come, tell me my fortune, too, wise man," he continued, drawing off his glove, and holding up his bare palm to the stage on which the mountebank was placed.

The man turned his eye curiously down towards it, taking it by the tip of the finger, and shutting one eye with a knowing look, while he examined it with the other. "Thou shalt fight a duel for a dancing girl," said the man of motley, somewhat to the consternation of the young cavalier, while the lady who walked between him and his companion laughed low but merrily.

"Stay, stay!" cried the diviner, seeing the colour come into his cheek; "there is more toward. Thou shalt defeat an army, with rags and tatters, and wed the lady that you love, though she may be somewhat jealous."

The young gentleman turned a gay look towards his fair companion, and then asked, in a mocking tone, "Is there anything more, Sir Fortune-teller?"

"Yes, sir," replied the man; "'tis but that

> "You soon shall reign here,
> Over fiddles and beer;
> And every Dutton
> Shall have his mutton."

Another loud shout of laughter burst from the whole crowd, who understood the allusion well, notwithstanding the semi-disguise which the young gentleman wore. The whole of his companions joined in the merriment; and he, to say sooth, was not behind the rest.

"There is a sterling for thee," he said, giving the man a piece of silver. "By my halidame, I will jest with thee no longer!" and he and his friends pursued their path laughing with each other; till suddenly a scene of struggling and confusion, as if either some accident had taken place, or some misdemeanor had been committed, presented itself a little lower down the same alley. Loud and angry voices then rose, imprecations were heard, and it seemed that the gaiety of the fair was about to end in blows."

"Let us go, Roger, let us go!" cried the elder of the gentlemen; "here is going to be a riot, and we must not have Mary in the midst of it."

"I will just see what is the matter, and follow you in a minute," said Roger Dutton.

"Do not fight a duel for a dancing girl, Roger," whispered the lady; and replying, laughingly, "No, no!" he advanced towards the crowd, while the rest of the party retrod their steps, and were soon seen taking their way towards the castle.

The place to which Roger Dutton of Dutton now bent his steps presented a wider opening than any other part of the fair for the exercise of that pushing and pressing which is the peculiar characteristic of an English

mob, especially where anything which excites public curiosity is to be seen in the midst of it. The two great alleys of the fair there crossed each other, and the whole space in the middle was now filled up with a motley assembly, who made but little way for the young lord, though no man was better calculated to clear a path for himself, by dint of broad shoulders and strong arms. But there were all manner of things in the way,—rotes, and trumpets, and bagpipes, viols, swords, staves, bucklers, packages of goods, hoods, caps, trays, and boxes upon men's shoulders. The commanding height of the young gentleman, however, enabled him in some degree to see what was passing in the midst; and he could evidently perceive that some offence, either real or imaginary, had taken place against the dignity of the Pied-poudré Court, for two of its officers were to be seen very busily engaged in the middle of the crowd, endeavouring to force along an extremely pretty girl of about seventeen years of age, in spite of the remonstrances, tending almost to resistance, of a number of the minstrels of the fair, comprising all ranks and all classes of that honourable profession. One of these officers was tall and strong, the other fat and heavy, but both seemed determined to keep possession of the girl, and drag her on to the place where their court was sitting. The poor girl herself was in tears; and her gay dress bespoke her to be one of the wandering class which seemed now so universally eager in her defence. Amongst the most strenuous and vehement of these was a young man of very good mien, with a small harp on his shoulder, and Dutton heard him more than once exclaim, "She is not a dancing girl, I tell thee! Thou liest in thy teeth, ribald! she did but sing one song along with me, and that not for hire, as thou sayest!"

"Seize him, too, Rouse! seize him, too!" cried the fattest of the two officers, who seemed choleric in proportion to his size. "He called thee ribald; he insulted the reverend Pied-poudré Court; he ought to be decapitated."

"What's that?" cried a voice from the crowd; but the young harper continued to repeat vehemently, without noticing the wrath of either officer, "She is not a dancing girl, I tell thee."

Dutton could not help smiling, as he heard the words, at being so soon placed in a situation to exercise his chivalry in favour of one bearing the name of a "dancing girl;" but he muttered very confidently to himself, as he forced his way on, "No, no! I wont make the fool's words good by fighting a duel in her behalf, though I must see how the matter passes. By my fay, she is a pretty creature, and looks modest withal."

He was just within two or three persons of the constables, when the tall man, beginning to share in the wrath of his companion, and finding that the poor girl held somewhat back as they were endeavouring to drag her on, suddenly seized her with his other hand also, and gave her a most tremendous shake, crying, "Come along, minion!"

This violence drew a short cry of pain from the girl, and at the same time caused her high cap to fall off, and an immense quantity of beautiful shining brown hair to fall far down over her neck and shoulders.

An involuntary exclamation of indignation burst from Roger Dutton's lips; and seeing that he was interested, an old fiddler, who stood beside him, plucked him by the sleeve, saying, "'Tis a shame, sir—'tis a shame! The old judge saw her at the inn three days ago, and wants her for his paramour. But she's a good girl, and going to marry blithe Allan, the gentle harper; though they say his father, who is of good blood, will not consent to the wedding the miller's daughter."

"Methinks I have seen Allan before, if that be him," said Roger what has the girl done, that they treat her so?"

"They say she is a dancing girl, and has not a licence for the fair from the Earl of Chester."

"That's the constable of the castle's business," said Dutton, "and not that of old Glanville, the judge."

"Ay," replied the fiddler, "but the judge wants her for his leman, I tell you. He's a sad old mountain goat."

"I know him," said Dutton, significantly; but the fiddler at that moment cried, "If Allan draws his sword upon them, he will lose his hand;" and looking round again, he perceived that the harper was grasping his sheathed weapon in rather a menacing manner.

Dutton could not resist his inclination to interfere, though promising himself all the while to fight no duel for a dancing girl.

"Lend me thy cloak," he said to the fiddler; thou shalt have it again in a minute."

"Take it, noble sir, take it," replied the man of music;" and throwing it over his shoulders so as to conceal in part his richer apparel, Dutton strode forward till he nearly reached the spot where the officers and their prisoner were slowly advancing, determined to follow them into the court, and see that justice was done. But at that moment, burly Master Rouse gave the poor girl another violent pull of the arm, and Dutton's hot spirit could bear no more in silence.

"Hallo, my men!" he cried, the hood still covering his face, "you seem somewhat rough with the lady. Draw not your sword—draw not your sword, young man; no one has a right to draw a sword here but the Lord Constable or the Steward of Chester. Treat the poor girl gently, officers."

"And who art thou, that takest upon thee?" cried the fat man.

"Who, indeed?" said Rouse, in a furious tone. "Stand back, or I will knock thy head!" and he raised his hand, as if to suit the action to the word.

The blood of Roger Dutton was up in a moment; and, with one blow of his clenched fist, he struck his tall antagonist headlong backwards amongst the crowd.

The people were all rushing upon him, and he would have been torn to pieces in a moment; but Roger Dutton strode across him, waving them back, and exclaiming, "Stand off, my masters, stand off! I will serve the first man the same that touches a hair of his head. Get up," he continued, stirring the fallen officer with his foot, "get up, and march on,—but touch not the girl again with your finger. She shall go with you quietly. Unhand her, thou tub of butter! Go quietly, fair lady, between them; justice shall be done you. Allan, come hither;" and he whispered a word in the young harper's ear.

That word seemed to allay the youth's fears; for he, too, instantly cried, "Go, Marian; go,—you will be safe."

In the meanwhile Master Rouse had raised himself, grumbling and muttering from the ground, and looked round with a face contorted by passion, and bearing very significant marks of the blow he had received.

"Ha, ha! look at his eye!" cried one of the crowd.

"He always was a beauty!" shouted another.

"His nose will never get straight again!" said a third.

"Unless he gets such a blow on t'other side," replied a fourth.

"Those are not every day whacks!" vociferated a new voice; and under a torrent of such jests, Master Rouse and his companion were fain to take their way on, promising themselves ample vengeance when they got within the walls of the court, upon him who had ventured to interrupt them in pursuit of their gentle avocations.

The poor girl Marian, still trembling and agitated, walked on between them, while an elderly woman, dressed like an inferior servant, followed close, whispering words of comfort in her ear. Near the two constables, and watching well their proceedings, came Dutton and the young harper, while the fiddler, whom the young gentleman had stripped of his cloak, seeing that the group assumed somewhat of the form of a procession, jumped into the front, with a droll antic, and began playing a rude but merry march upon his instrument. The boys laughed, the crowd shouted, and in this guise the whole party, proceeding through one of the long arcades of Chester, reached the door of the Pied-poudré Court, and began to enter more calmly and orderly than might have been expected. It was a large hall, in one of the houses of the city, situated within the limits of the fair, and at the further end sat, before a huge table, Glanville, the judge, with a number of clerks and people round him, amongst whom were five or six tipstaves of his court. On the right and left hand of the judge were doorways, through which he himself and his officers came in and went out, without passing through the ordinary entrance appropriated to the people. Glanville himself was a stout elderly man, with features which had been handsome in the days of his youth, but with a twinkling eye somewhat wrinkled at the corner, and a large-lipped sensual mouth, which spoke not well for the propensities of the worthy judge.

"What is all this—what is all this?" he cried. "Stop that fiddler instantly! How dare you disturb the court?"

"I was trying my powers," replied the fiddler, in whom the spirit of mirth was wakened irrepressibly—"I was trying my powers, like him of old, to see whether I could not melt the stones and make the beasts dance."

It is possible that his reply would have subjected him to some severe treatment, but that the judge's eye fell upon poor Marian, the miller's daughter, and his face lighted up with a look of unholy satisfaction.

"Ho, ho, maiden," he cried, "come at last, are you? How is it that you venture to dance and sing, and play the *Tomblestere* in Chester fair without a licence? Do you not know that you may be publicly whipped for that? or set upon a ram, with your face to the tail, and exposed three days through the fair to all the people."

"It must first be proved," said the young harper, standing forward—"it must first be proved that she has done anything of the kind, which we all here deny."

"Ho, ho, Sir Malapert!" cried the judge. "Is that you again? We shall catch you tripping some of these days. Where is the man that saw the woman dancing?"

"I heard her sing," said a small sallow man, with bluish tips to his countenance, who stood at the judge's left hand, a somewhat exaggerated representation of Master Slender. "I heard her sing as she and the harper went through the fair."

"And what then, thou risen corpse of a dead cobbler?" cried Allan. "She sung not for money. Thou canst not prove that she or I took a sol of the people; and who shall stop us from singing any pleasant geste we please, as well as any other persons in the realm?"

"Not in Chester fair—not in Chester fair," cried the judge, "without licence of the Earl, or Constable of the castle. But we will be merciful; she is too pretty to be whipped, so let her be committed to our prison for three days, or till she make humble suit and shew penitence."

"Nay, but this is unjust," said Dutton, advancing.

"Who is that man?" cried the judge. "Pull off his hood, and shew his face."

"He struck me, your worship—he struck me!" cried Rouse. me to the ground while bringing her hither."

"Ha?" cried the judge. "Seize him, officers! we will ha struck off."

"Mighty good!" cried Dutton. "But most worshipful sir, I you hear me first. These good officers were misusing the po then, when I remonstrated sweetly with them, would have laid Now, I am no clerk ecclesiastic to bear the imposition of han I am one that would always rather knock than be knocked; a especially those good gentlemen coming round towards me with —had better be somewhat reverent in the touching me. I pray y listen for a moment. This good youth has, as I take it, bedecke a harper, for the purpose of courting and stealing away this pa with the sad and sober purpose of matrimony—a great offence t one within the cognizance of this court."

Loud laughter and a shout of applause broke in upon the liberations for a moment, and the judge turned round and whis thing to one of those who stood near, which caused him instantl court by the side door.

"As to the singing within the fair," continued Dutton, "it ma that the girl sang for hire or wages."

"Nay, master lawyer," cried Glanville, with a look of sneer "you are very learned, but we have power to commit all lewd persons, and as such, we commit her. Take her away, co will deal with the lawyer anon. We have power to commit, and disorderly persons."

"And we have power to appeal," replied Dutton, "to th Earl of Chester, and, failing justice therein, to the King's minster."

"But bail!—we must have bail!" cried the judge. "A offence," he continued, "he who draws a sword in strife wi Chester fair, or strikes an officer of the Pied-poudré Court without appeal. Now officers, seize him too!"

The latter words were addressed, not only to the pers rounded him at first, but to a number of stout men al sent for in haste, had just entered the court from the side.

"Stay, stay!" cried Dutton, in a tone of some affected hear that again. Is there no appeal?"

"None, none!" thundered the judge.

"Is there no exemption?" demanded Dutton. "Are t exception to the law?"

"None but clerks ecclesiastic!" cried Glanville, "yourself not to be. None but clerks ecclesiastic, I say."

"And the High Steward of Chester!" cried Dutt fiddler's cloak, and casting back his hood at the same tim that made the whole hall ring, as if the roof would people.

"A Dutton! A Dutton! Long live gay Roger Dut on the noble Steward! Foul fall the judge, and Dutton a hundred lips, while the clerks and constables of t looked extremely blank and chop-fallen. Not so, how trembling with rage and anger, fixed his eyes fiercely a roll of paper which he held in his hands in two, in passion.

"John Glanville, thou art a luxurious knave!" cri

ccustomed
, needed no
n the second
breakfast with
n repose, Trus-
tête-à-tête with
tter humour than
rks, however well
ies, Randulph could
an he had previously
to his tastes and pur-
. In fact, things went
a fine Westphalia ham
ations to rub his hands
guessing the cause, could
had never seen so pleasant
dent, was warming towards
k the kindly feeling. He
dangers to which a young
the world, but exhibited far
n expected. He advised his
me a part of it; to use, but not
m; and to push his fortune to
hole discourse, a shrewdness of
r, and a knowledge of the world,
m credit, and which raised him
t only, the young man thought him
itter and disparaging view he took
he ventured to differ with him, and
terest Abel. When he had done, the
contented himself with saying, "You'll

t a plate of ham from Mr. Jukes, accom-
he discreet butler, warned him not to pur-
ngly, he was silent, and Abel returned to
ciety with the same earnestness as before.
ll made his appearance. He was dressed
l of the finest lace at his wrists and on his
et coat, richly embroidered,
with gold, and diamond buc
which appeared to be neglecte

all was scramble and disarray. Blows were given by the constable very little ceremony; objurgations and remonstrances were shouted the mob, and the voice of the judge was heard above all, roari orders, directions, and reproaches, part of which could not be h none of which were attended to. In the meanwhile, Roger Dutt step back, whirled his blade round his head, as if about to cleave court-keeper to the waist, and then, with one blow, severed the st raised partisan in two, the heavy iron axe that formed the hea the ground with a loud ringing sound, amidst the merriment of the The man, however, who was determined as well as bold, still kept h seeing no other resource, Dutton knocked him down with the sword, caught up the light form of Marian as if she had been a people making a lane, he bore her at once out of the court into

"Away! away!" he cried to Allan the harper, who had he to make his way back to the side of his love. "Away to the no time for delay." And, still carrying Marian in his arms, he a hasty step through the narrow streets, followed by a numb had crowded the court-house, and were all anxious to cover h

Speed and precaution, indeed, were not a little needed, forth the crowd, the Pied-poudré Court poured out all its fo too. They were furious with anger and disappointment; an in the pursuit, gaining something on Roger Dutton and though interrupted at every step by the manœuvres of the a pleasure in impeding and annoying them. At length they to observe no mean, but indiscriminately knocked dow came in their way, and by this proceeding had cleared th or twelve yards of the young Steward, while he was yet from the gates of the castle.

Under the archway of the gate, itself, however, wer moment the whole party whom we have shewn taking through the fair. The crowd, the confusion, the young constables pursuing, were all clearly perceivable by t twelve or fourteen armed men ran down at full speed Dutton saw that he would be obliged to turn and fa friends came up, giving him the assistance of a force dared not attack.

Setting down his fair burden, whose hand was instan the harper, Dutton exclaimed, "Up with her to the c and then turning towards the obnoxious officers of the cried, "Back, hounds—back to your kennel, and tell he shall be punished for his insolence;—ay, punished right to punish him; and moreover, that if I catch hi Chester, I will cut his ears like a bob-tailed cur, that it is when they meet with the liquorish and unjust-

"Long live Roger Dutton, gay Roger Dutton! friend! A Dutton for ever! a Dutton for ever!" while the object of their gratulations bent his step little knowing the unpleasant reception that was constables retreated, grumbling and abusive, a the news of Roger Dutton's exploit through th his name that night with songs and merriment.

* By some persons the hero of this tale is called I was steward to Roger, or John de Lacy, constable of other records, that Dutton was nearly allied to the steward, but High Steward of Chester.

"Tut—tut," exclaimed Trussell, "he'll never hear of it. They have no sort of communication. Abel hates him like the devil—as well he may. But I must not say more. And here we are at Pokerich's."

With this, he entered Peter's shop. The little barber was engaged at the moment in shaving a customer, and called to his apprentice to set chairs for the new comers. He did not at first notice Randulph, who was behind his uncle; but when the young man came full into view, his hand trembled so much that the razor slipped, inflicting a slight wound on the chin of the gentleman he was shaving.

"Have a care, fellow," cried this person, angrily; "you have cut me."

"Ten thousand pardons, sir," apologized Peter, "it is not much, sir,—a mere trifle,—a little sticking plaster will set all to rights."

So saying, he very dexterously wiped off the lather, and bathing the gentleman's cheek with warm water, speedily succeeded in stanching the blood. He then finished shaving him, and taking a light flaxen wig from a block hard by, fitted it on his head. This done, the gentleman arose, walked towards a glass to ascertain the extent of the injury he had received, and finding it very trifling, laughed goodhumouredly. He was a middle-sized man, remarkably squarely and powerfully built; and as the barber assisted him to put on his coat, and fasten on his sword, Randulph could not help noticing his great apparent strength of frame.

"You have not a very steady hand, friend," remarked the stranger, as he took out his purse to pay the barber.

"I never made such a mistake before, sir," replied Peter; "never, on my honour."

"Then I suppose it was this young gentleman who startled you," replied the other, laughing, "for the accident occurred just as he entered your shop."

"Why, really, I was rather surprised to see him, I must own," returned Peter; "Mr. Randulph Crew, your most obedient."

"What!" cried the stranger, with a look of astonishment. "Is this Mr. Randulph Crew?"

It was now Randulph's turn to appear surprised.

"You will wonder at my exclamation, sir," pursued the stranger, advancing towards him, "but I knew a gentleman of your name, which is not a very common one, in Cheshire, years ago,—knew him intimately."

"Probably my father," said Randulph.

"He is well, I hope?" asked the other.

"Alas! sir, I lost him a year ago," replied Randulph.

Here the conversation dropped, for the stranger seemed a little embarrassed, as if he had something to say, and yet did not know how to set about it. He glanced at Trussell, who had taken his seat, and was submitting his bald pate to Peter, while the latter was adjusting upon it, with the utmost care, a very well-powdered peruke.

"Is that a relative of your's?" asked the stranger of Randulph.

"My uncle, sir," replied the young man.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the stranger. And he again hesitated.

"A very singular person," thought Randulph.

"There," cried Trussell, rising and looking at himself in the glass; "that'll do—capital—capital!"

"Mr. Scarve lives over the way, barber, I believe?" said the stranger to Peter.

"He does, sir," replied the latter. "That's the house. A very strange affair occurred there yester-evening."

"What might that be?" inquired the stranger.

"Why," replied the barber, "about five o'clock the whole street was alarmed by the arrival of a troop of fourteen horsemen, each with a thousand pounds in a couple of bags at his saddle-bow. Well, sir, these horsemen stopped at the miser's door, and threw down their bags before it; and it turned out to be the payment of the sum of fourteen thousand pounds borrowed from old Starve—beg pardon, Scarve,—on mortgage, by Sir Bulkeley Price, and which the latter was obliged to pay at a certain time, or his estate would have been foreclosed. It was a near run for Sir Bulkeley. He only just saved his distance. Ah! you should have seen how the old miser raved and swore when he found himself robbed of his prey. But for his daughter's interference, he would certainly have laid violent hands on the knight. Ha! ha!"

Randulph, whose breast was agitated with conflicting feelings, was about to question the barber further as to Hilda's conduct on the occasion, when he was checked by the stranger, who, turning hastily to Peter, said, "This is an unheard-of mode of paying mortgage money,—and so large a sum too. Are you sure it was as much as fourteen thousand pounds?"

"As that I have a comb in my hand," replied the barber. "And it was paid in gold too. I heard the chink of the metal myself. Besides, Sir Bulkeley called upon me, together with the other spectators, to witness the payment."

"You surprise me!" exclaimed the stranger—"I must have a word with Mr. Scarve on the subject. Good morning, gentlemen. Mr. Randulph Crew, we may possibly meet again." And raising his hat, he walked across the street, and knocked at the miser's door.

"Who is that strange person?" asked Trussell of Peter.

"Haven't the least idea, sir," replied the barber. "He came in here to be shaved; that's all I know of him. Never ask customers' names."

Randulph, meanwhile, ran to the door to see how the stranger would be received, and was somewhat chagrined to find that Jacob, after reconnoitring him according to custom, and detaining him while he consulted his master, admitted him.

"He will see Hilda," sighed the young man.

"Come, nephew, come," cried Trussell, impatiently. "We shall be late."

Sorely against his will, Randulph suffered himself to be dragged away, and they proceeded along King-street, in the direction of Spring Gardens.

Beau Villiers's residence looked upon Saint James's Park, and had a small garden attached to it. It was by no means a large house, but exquisitely furnished; the whole of the internal decorations being French, and in the gorgeous taste of Louis the Fourteenth. The visitors were admitted by a couple of powdered footmen, in sumptuous liveries, and, passing a large, snow-white French poodle of a peculiar breed, lying on a rug near the door, traversed a hall crowded with busts, statues, bronzes, and large porcelain jars. A page, in a fanciful costume, who might have played a part in one of Watteau's pictures, met them at the foot of the stairs, and mounting before them, ushered them along a corridor to the entrance of a chamber, before which two stood two grinning Africans, arrayed in Oriental habiliments, and wearing great brass ear-rings, and large muslin turbans with brazen crescents upon them. One of them threw open the door, and the two visitors entered a waiting-room, in which a number of persons were assembled. Most of these were known to Trussell, and he very courteously returned their salutations.

"Ah, *mon ami*, Desmartins," he said, to a little bowing and cringing personage, very ill dressed, (as tailors are apt to be,) from whose pocket depended a measuring-tape, while he carried a pattern-book under his arm,

"how are you? This is my nephew, Desmartins. I have told him he must put himself under your skilful hands."

"Proud to undertake him, Mr. Trussell,—*enchanté*,—" replied the Frenchman. "Your nephew has a very fine figure, *ma foi!* But his dress is not at all à-la-mode. Very clownish—what you call it?—countrified—ha! ha!"

"So I told him, Desmartins," replied Trussell. "We shall look in upon you to-day or to-morrow, and put that to rights."

"Enchanted to see you, Mr. Trussell, and you, sare," replied the tailor, bowing to Randulph.

"Ah, Mr. Penrose, is that you?" pursued Trussell, turning to a slight, effeminate-looking young man with a paper box, and a casket under his arm; "I suppose you have got a new importation of gloves and perfumes—tuberose, orange, jasmine, essence d'Espagne—eh?"

"I have just invented a new scent, sir," replied the perfumer, "and am come to solicit Mr. Villiers's permission to give it his name."

"And if he grants it your fortune is made," replied Trussell. "The bouquet à-la-Villiers will carry all before it. Ah, Chipchase," turning to a little fellow, whose stunted figure, velvet cap, boots, and other equipments, left no doubt as to his being a jockey, "what news from Newmarket? Has Lord Haversham won the cup, or Sir John Fagg?"

"Neither, sir," replied the jockey. "Mr. Villiers is the winner."

"Bravo! bravissimo!" cried Trussell, clapping his hands. "That's famous! Why, your news is worth twenty pounds to me, Chipchase. I took Mr. Villiers against the field, though,—I may now say it,—without a notion he would win, but merely out of compliment to him."

"The knowin' 'uns has been taken in this time, that's certain, sir," replied the jockey, with a sly wink. "Sir John thought himself safe, but he now finds he's on the wrong side of the hedge. I hope your honour will allow me the pleasure of drinking your health."

"That I will," returned Trussell, taking out his purse, and giving him a piece of money; "and in a crown bowl of punch too. Ah, Ned Oglethorpe," he added, passing on to another person in a white flannel jacket, and with an open collar; "how are the rackets? My nephew Randulph, Ned. We will come and play a match at tennis with you one of these days. Let me know when the next main is to be fought at the cockpit. Captain Culpepper, your most obedient. Nay, don't walk away, Captain, I'm not going to dun you for the few crowns you lost to me at trick-track, at the British. Randulph, this is Captain Culpepper, as brave a man as ever drew a sword, or brought off his friend from a street row, or," he added, in a lower tone, "ever revenged a secret quarrel. Egad, at Mr. Villiers' levées one is sure to meet all one's friends. Here, nephew," he added, addressing a lithe, active-looking man, in a close-fitting linen dress, with a couple of foils under his arm, "here is the first master of fence in the world—Mr. Hewitt. You must have a few lessons in carte and tierce from him."

While Randulph was returning the fencing-master's bow, the door of the inner room was opened by Mr. Cripps. On discerning Trussell and his companion, the valet immediately hastened towards them, and entreated them to step in to his master, who, he affirmed, had been expecting them for some time.

The apartment into which they were ushered was the beau's dressing-chamber,—that part of it, however, devoted to the toilette-table and its appliances being separated from the rest by a magnificent Indian japanned

screen. It was furnished with the most refined and luxurious taste. Rose-coloured curtains drawn across the windows subdued the light, and threw a warm tint on all around, while the air was loaded with delicious perfumes. A very diminutive monkey, clothed in a scarlet coat, and wearing a bag-wig and a little sword, played its diverting tricks in one corner, while a gaudily-plumaged macaw screamed in the opposite angle. Choice flowers in pots added their fragrance to the artificial odours; and a couple of exquisite little spaniels of Charles the Second's breed, with the longest and silkiest ears imaginable, and large, gazelle-like eyes, occupied a cushion on the hearth. At a table, covered with the whitest and finest linen, and glittering with silver of the rarest workmanship, together with a superb service of china, sat, or rather reclined, in the easiest of easy chairs, Beau Villiers. He did not rise on the appearance of his guests; but moving slightly, and graciously, to them, though with somewhat, Randulph fancied, of a patronizing air, motioned Mr. Cripps to set them chairs. He was quite in dishabille; his graceful figure being enveloped in a loose dressing-robe of the richest brocade, while the place of a peruke was supplied by a green silk cap, very becomingly put on. His shirt was open at the throat, and decorated with a profusion of lace at the bosom and wrists. Pink silk hose and velvet slippers completed his costume. There were two other persons present; Sir Singleton Spinke, and a very portly gentleman with puffed-out, inflamed cheeks, who was introduced as Sir Bulkeley Price, and whom Randulph concluded must be the hero of the story he had just heard related by the barber—a circumstance which gave him a peculiar interest in his eyes. Meanwhile, Mr. Cripps, who, together with the page, officiated at breakfast, proceeded to do the honours, and twirling the mill of a richly-chased silver chocolate-pot, poured out two well-frothed cups of the unctuous beverage, and handed them to the new comers.

A small modicum of a Strasbourg pâté, washed down by a cup of green tea and a glass of claret, constituted the beau's breakfast. Sir Singleton Spinke took chocolate, picked the wing of a chicken, and wound himself up with a glass of usquebaugh. Ample justice was done to the cutlets, the broils, and various other dishes with which the covers were filled, by Sir Bulkeley Price; nor did Trussell or Randulph come far behind him, notwithstanding the preliminary breakfast of the latter. Just before the introduction of the usquebaugh, Sir Bulkeley, after looking round and coughing significantly, said, in a low tone, to the chief valet, "I suppose, Mr. Cripps, there is no ale in the house?"

"No what! Sir Bulkeley?" rejoined Mr. Cripps, staring as if he could not possibly imagine he had heard aright.

"Ale, rascal—ale!" replied the knight, emphatically, and rather angrily.

"No, Sir Bulkeley," replied Mr. Cripps, bowing; "there is no ale, but there is toasted cheese, if that will serve your turn."

Angry as he was, the knight could not help laughing at the valet's impertinence; and a glass of usquebaugh, in which he pledged the old beau, entirely appeased him. The conversation during the meal was lively enough, and was chiefly maintained by the beau and Trussell, their discourse running on all sorts of fashionable topics, scandal, women, play, and public amusements; in which, as he knew so little about the matters discussed, Randulph took no great interest. His attention, however, was instantly aroused, when Trussell, turning laughingly to Sir Bulkeley, told him he had heard of his "new way of paying old debts."

"I mentioned the matter to Villiers before your arrival," returned Sir Bulkeley; "and it diverted him as much as it appears to do you. Egad!

we had to ride hard though. Several of my tradesmen met me at High gate, and offered to escort me through the town, but I declined the attention being of opinion that we were a sufficiently large party without them. You should have seen how the folks stared as we rode along the streets."

"I don't wonder at it," replied Trussell, laughing; "I am almost surprised the train-bands were not sent after you."

"The cream of the adventure was its close," pursued the knight. "Never was fury equal to that displayed by the miser at his disappointment. I declare I almost pitied him. His daughter is a charming girl—beautiful as an angel, and rich—nay, i'faith, it is impossible to say how rich she must be. Villiers, you ought to take her off her father's hands."

"I'll think of it," replied the beau, carelessly; "for I am desperately in want of money. Like yourself, I have had some dealings with old Scarve, and know him to be as great an extortioner as Shylock or Sir Giles Overreach. I don't think, however, I could marry his daughter, if she had the wealth of the Indies."

"You have never seen her, or you would alter your opinion," replied Sir Bulkeley. "She is the most beautiful creature I have beheld for this many a day."

"You pique my curiosity," rejoined the beau. "I must see this paragon of perfection. Apropos of beauty," he added to Randulph, who could scarcely hide his uneasiness; "don't you think Clementina Brabazon a fine girl, Mr. Crew?"

"Remarkably so," replied the young man, distractedly.

"She is nothing to what her mother was," observed Sir Singleton. "Twenty years ago, Lady Brabazon, then Miss Norbroke, was, with one exception, the most loveliest creature in existence."

"And who might be the exception?" inquired Trussell.

"I am glad you have asked me," replied Sir Singleton; "because it is a gratification to me to tell you it was your sister Sophia,—the mother of this young gentleman. Delicious creature that she was! She quite won my heart, Mr. Crew; and if she had not been insensible to my suit, I might have had the honour of being your father."

"The supposition is highly flattering," replied Randulph, smiling.

"It makes one melancholy to think of the beauties of by-gone days," continued the old beau, sentimentally, consoling himself at the same time with a pinch of snuff. Not having seen the miser's daughter, I cannot speak to her attractions; but Sir Bulkeley is a good judge, and his opinion may be relied on. To my taste, the prettiest woman of the day is Kitty Conway, the actress at the little theatre in the Haymarket."

"What, the fair Orinda, as she is called, from the part she played in the opera?" remarked Trussell. "She is certainly a vastly pretty creature. But you need scarcely sigh in vain there, Sir Singleton."

And thus they rattled on, till the beau, rising, said, "Mr. Cripps, tell Antoine I shall now make my toilette. How shall we spend the morning, gentlemen? At the cock-pit, the Groom Porter's, the Cocoa-tree, or White's?"

"If you desire something new, sir," observed Mr. Cripps, who lingered for a moment, "there is a grand musical entertainment this morning at the Folly on the Thames. I think you would be much diverted by going thither, 'pon rep!"

"A good suggestion!" cried the Beau. "I have often rowed past Folly, but have never been inside it."

"Then don't neglect the present opportunity of seeing it,"

...ere young fellows, Trussell.

... the other; "and made love
... gain."
... and some folks would say it
... a few moments, gentlemen. I
...g, he retired behind the screen,
...om. Not feeling much interest
... beau's withdrawal, Randolph
... other articles of *virtu* scattered
... a m... snuff-box, when
... his master came up to him, and
...tter for you, sir. Here it is."
... y remark by the significant looks
... by sundry winks and slight ges-
...ng of the matter, glided away.
...ing man perceived that Trussell's
... moreover, occupied in recounting
...ved nearer the window, broke the

... to your charge by your mother,
...gh you appear to have attached
... stination. Otherwise, the conse-
...cessary I should have an inter-
... I shall be in the south ambulatory
... six o'clock to-morrow, and shall
... as you regard your own safety
...his to your uncles, or to any one.
...jeopardy.

"CORDWELL FIREBRAS."

...lph, to himself. "Ay, now I re-
... to whom the missing letter was
...rious; and the language of this
...uestion Mr. Cripps about it. But
...matter to my uncles, or to any one.
... yet prudence tells me I had better
... few hours, therefore, will solve

...nsciously, aloud, and with some
... laugh behind him, and, turning
... peeping over his shoulder. He
...rs.
...aughed Trussell; "I overheard
..."en in love with you, eh? Not
...s almost the only woman you
...uestions, or make impertinent
...ght to keep the secret, as well

... hastily: "my appointment is

...apted Trussell. "Keep your
...yself when I was as young.

Ha! ha! But," he added, with a look of some perplexity, "what Mercury brought you the billet?"

"I did, sir," interposed Mr. Cripps, who, having observed what was going forward, flew to the rescue. "I was entrusted with it—by a lady, ahem! Your nephew makes his way rapidly, Mr. Trussell, 'pon rep!"

"So it appears," rejoined Trussell, laughing louder than ever. "Myself over again—ha! ha!"

Randulph was about to contradict the valet's assertion, and set his uncle right as far as he was able, but at this moment the screen was drawn aside, and discovered the beau fully dressed. He was habited in a coat of the finest scarlet cloth, richly embroidered with gold lace, a white waistcoat of the richest silk, flowered with gold in a large pattern, and a full-flowing flaxen perriwig. On seeing his master, Mr. Cripps hastened to fetch his feathered hat and clouded cane, while the page brought him his gloves. Antoine, the French servant who had assisted him to dress, then advanced with his handkerchief, which was of the finest cambrick, edged with lace, and on which he poured a perfume from a scent bottle; while a fourth attendant handed him his snuff-box.

"And now, gentlemen, I am at your service," said the beau, carefully adjusting his hat. "Mr. Cripps, you will attend us. We may need you at the Folly."

The favourite valet bowed, and opened the door of the anti-chamber. Mr. Villiers paused for a moment to exchange a few words with the assemblage,—applauding the jockey for his success,—announcing to the perfumer that he had just tried his scent, and would accord him permission to put his name to it,—commanding a court suit from the tailor,—and nodding to Ned Oglethorpe, Captain Culpepper, and the fencing-master. He then passed forth with his friends.

The party first took a turn on the Mall. The morning being extremely fine, the walks were filled with a gay throng, as on the preceding day. Wherever they went, Beau Villiers drew all eyes upon him, and to Randulph's amusement, and Trussell's delight, they were followed by a crowd of curious gazers. Among these Randulph noticed the stranger whom he had met in the barber's shop; but the latter did not seem to court his observation, and he soon afterwards lost sight of him.

Having sauntered as far as Buckingham House, the party retraced their steps, and quitting the park, repaired to the Cockpit at Whitehall. Here Sir Bulkeley Price quitted them, having first engaged Randulph and his uncle to dine with him at his house in Saint James's Square on the following day. A quarter of an hour was next whiled away at the Cockpit, after which they proceeded to the Groom-porter's, whose rooms closely adjoined it, where even at that hour they found high play going forward. Beau Villiers, who was a desperate gamester, and seldom liked to miss an opportunity, approached the table where they were playing hazard, and in a short space of time came off the winner of a hundred pounds. Elated with his success, and in high good humour, he left the rooms, and repaired with his companions to Whitehall Stairs, where Mr. Cripps called a boat, in which they all embarked for the Folly.

Randulph had detected the stranger among the crowd of lor
the Groom-porter's, and their boat had not got many yards f
when he observed him descend the stairs, and get into another w
the intention, as it appeared from his gestures, of following them.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

THE MISER'S CONSULTATION WITH HIS ATTORNEY.—JACOB ALARMED BY HIS MASTER'S APPEARANCE AT NIGHT.—THE VISIT OF CORDWELL FIREBRAS.—ANOTHER LETTER.—HILDA'S INTERVIEW WITH ABEL BEECHCROFT.

By the combined attentions of his daughter and sister-in-law, the miser, after a little while, was restored to sensibility and placed in his chair, where the very glass of wine he had destined for Jacob being administered to him, mixed with hot water, completed his recovery. Still, he was very weak; his gaze wandered from the heap of treasure on the floor to the mortgage deed on the table, and unable to bear the sight of the latter, he ordered Jacob to place the little strong box in which he usually kept his papers, on the table, and unlocking it with a trembling hand, deposited the deed within it. This seemed to be a great relief to him, for he presently became more composed, and rising, with his daughter's assistance, stepped towards the pile of money-bags, and tried, but ineffectually, to lift one of them.

"Do not attempt it, father," said Hilda. "You had better let Jacob carry this money into your own room; and let me also recommend you to retire to rest."

"No, no," replied the miser; "I shall not sleep till I have counted the gold in each of those sacks; and if I find any deficiency, let Sir Bulkeley look to it. Take them up stairs, Jacob."

The injunction was promptly obeyed, and Jacob had just completed his task, when a knock was heard at the door.

"Who can it be?" cried the miser. "Ah! now I recollect, it must be my attorney, Mr. Diggs. He was to call about the foreclosure. Curses on it! instead of being present at my triumph, he will witness my mortification. Jacob, if it should be Mr. Diggs, you may admit him, but no one else. Hilda, and sister Clinton, you had better retire to your own room. I have business to transact. You may as well say good night, for I shall go to bed as soon as Mr. Diggs leaves."

Hilda looked anxiously at her father, and kissed his brow.

"Have you anything to say, child?" he asked, touched by her affection.

"Only that I wish you would not count the money to night," she replied. "You need rest."

"I shall sleep all the sounder for having counted it," he replied "especially," he added, with great asperity, "if I find there is any mistake."

"Well, I hope you will be better to-morrow," sighed Hilda. And she withdrew with her aunt.

The next moment, Jacob ushered into the room a respectable-looking, middle-aged man, with smooth, rosy features, somewhat marred in their expression by what is termed a cocked eye. Indeed, no power of vision seemed to reside in the orb thus unnaturally fixed. This blemish excepted, Mr. Diggs—for he it was,—might be said to have a prepossessing countenance, except that there were some lines of treachery about the mouth, and that the chin was very cunningly formed. He was plainly but handsomely attired in a dark suit, and had neither the air nor the manner of a pettifogging attorney, which indeed he was not. His voice was so agreeably modulated, that it fell almost like notes of music on the ear; and he had a very pleasing and very plausible address.

"Well, sir, am I to congratulate you?" he said, as he took the chair offered him by Jacob. "Do I pay my respects to a Welsh squire? Ha! ha!" But perceiving from the other's countenance that something was wrong, he

changed his tone, and added, "I hope you are well, sir. From what I heard from your nephew, who has just left me, I expected to find you in high spirits."

The miser made no reply, but signed to Jacob to leave the room, which the latter did very reluctantly.

"The mortgage money has been paid, Mr. Diggs," said Mr. Scarve, coldly, as soon as they were alone.

"I am sorry to hear it," replied the other, "but I feared as much from your countenance."

"Well, never mind it," replied the miser, forcing a smile. "It is a disappointment, but I can bear it."

"I am glad you take the matter so philosophically, sir," rejoined Diggs, "but I confess I cannot view the loss with equal indifference."

"Why, what interest, except professionally, can you feel in the matter?" said the miser, coldly.

"I take as much interest in the affairs of my clients as in my own," rejoined Diggs; "and it so happens you are not the only party who may suffer by this untoward and vexatious occurrence."

"Not the only party!" repeated the miser. "You perplex me."

"I will explain myself, sir," returned Diggs. "Your nephew, as I told you, has just been with me. He spoke of his hopes of an union with your daughter, and of the settlement he proposed, in such an event, to make upon her: and concluded by hoping you would assign this very estate in Flintshire to her as a marriage portion."

"But I have it not, Diggs,—I have not!" cried the miser, pathetically.

"So I am sorry to learn," replied Diggs, "but —" and he slightly paused, as if calculating how far he could safely go,—"you have the mortgage money."

"Mr. Diggs," replied the miser, fixing his keen grey eyes upon the attorney—"I told my nephew to-day that I would not give my daughter a farthing, and I am not one, as you know, to waver in my resolution. What settlement does Philip propose to make upon her?"

"Nothing, sir," replied Diggs, affecting to be a little hurt—"nothing, without a corresponding settlement on your part. Nor could I honestly advise him to do otherwise."

"Then the match is at an end," rejoined Scarve, "and you may tell him so."

"I hope not, sir," replied the attorney; "you are both good clients, and having the interests of both sincerely at heart, I should like to see you more closely united. Your nephew would be a son to you, Mr. Scarve. He has a great regard as well as profound respect for you; and having precisely the same careful habits as yourself, your property will undergo no diminution, if it should ever come into his hands. I need not remind you of the large fortune he inherited from his father, whose will you have seen, but I may tell you, because I have no interdiction from him against so doing, that by the fortunate disposition of that money, by loans and otherwise, he has already added twenty thousand pounds to the amount; and, in a few years, if he is equally fortunate, there is no doubt he will double it."

"Philip is a very clever young man, unquestionably," said the miser, his eyes sparkling with pleasure, "there are few such."

"You may truly say so, sir," replied Diggs; "and I should hesitate, if I were you, before I threw away the opportunity now offered of so good a match—one in all respects so accordant with your taste. You will at once perceive my meaning, sir, when I say that you would scarcely respect your

nephew—certainly not give him credit for the prudence he possesses,—if he were to accept your daughter without some marriage portion. It is not that he wants the money, nor that he doubts your ultimate intentions respecting her; but he deems it right, as a matter of propriety and fairness, that a sum equal to his own should be given."

"And what amount does he propose to settle?" inquired the miser.

"Twenty thousand pounds," replied Diggs.

"Hum!" exclaimed Scarve. And he continued for some time wrapped in thought, during which Diggs kept his single eye fixed upon him. "Well," he said, at length, "all things considered, I am disposed to stretch a point, and to do more than I intended. I will behave handsomely to my nephew, who deserves to be so dealt with. He shall settle thirty thousand pounds—mind, thirty thousand, Diggs—on my daughter; and I will give them fourteen thousand,—the very sum I have just received from that accursed Welsh baronet,—on the day of the espousals."

"I cannot, of course, take upon me to answer for Mr. Frewin, sir," replied Diggs, who could scarcely conceal his satisfaction, "but I hope and trust he will agree to the arrangement;—indeed, I am pretty sure he will do so. He is devotedly attached to your daughter, and I am convinced he would make a sacrifice for her."

"He makes no sacrifice, sir," cried Scarve, sharply; "none whatever."

"I mean merely in feeling, sir," interrupted Diggs, in a deprecatory tone; "but since we have in a measure agreed upon the matter,—for I will presume Mr. Frewin's assent—I may add, it is his earnest wish that the marriage should take place as soon as possible."

"I myself am wishful it should do so," replied the miser.

"In that case, there can be nothing to hinder it," rejoined Diggs; "always provided Mr. Frewin agrees to the arrangement, unless——but I presume you have consulted your daughter on the subject."

"My daughter has been accustomed to act in accordance with my wishes," returned the miser, coldly.

"I am glad to hear it, sir," said Diggs. "I merely threw out the suggestion, fearing an obstacle might occur in that quarter. My apprehension was lest the young lady should not share in our good opinion of Mr. Frewin, inasmuch as she might possibly attach a little more importance than we do to external appearances, forgetting the more essential qualities. I am quite of opinion that a father has a right to dispose of his daughter as he thinks fit. All laws, divine and human, give you that power, and you are perfectly justified in exercising it."

"I act as I believe for the best," replied the miser. "And now," he added, as if anxious to change the subject, "let us talk on other matters. There is the bond from Mr. Villiers; the annuity from Sir Thomas Lightfoot; and the four thousand pounds Lady Brabazon wants to borrow." And he forthwith plunged into details into which it is unnecessary to follow him.

At the end of half an hour, Diggs rose to depart, and Jacob was summoned to attend him to the door. There was a significance in the porter's manner that satisfied the astute attorney he had been playing the eaves-dropper. He thought it therefore expedient to make friends with him, and he accordingly slipped a crown into his hand, as he went forth. Jacob did not refuse the gift, but growled out, as he fastened the door, "This and a thousand such shan't bribe me to betray my young missis. I overheard all their scheming, and she shall know it as well."

On returning to the parlour, he found the miser preparing to retire, and assisted him, for he was still very feeble, to get up stairs. The miser's

bed-room was not a whit better furnished than the lower apartment. An old bedstead, without hangings, stood at one side, while opposite it was a wash-stand of the commonest description. A number of old trunks, and one or two pictures in a very dusty condition, were reared against the walls. The window was partly boarded up, partly grated. There was a small closet at the further end of the room, and a side door, though now fastened up, communicated with the chamber occupied by the two ladies. A small table, a stool, two large and stout oaken chests, clamped with iron, and a bureau of the same material, constituted the furniture of the closet. On the floor were laid the bags of gold. Having glanced at the heap, and counted it with his eye, the miser dismissed Jacob for the night, with the strictest injunctions to keep on the watch, for fear of any attempt to break into the house. And the better to enable him to protect the premises, he gave him a pistol,—one of a brace, which he always kept loaded at his bed-side. As soon as Jacob was gone, and he had locked the door, he set down the candle on the floor, and with trembling eagerness unfastened one of the sacks, and counted its glittering contents. The sum was right. He undid another, and found it correct; another, and another, and the same result, until all were emptied, and the floor was covered with gold. The miser gazed at the shining treasure, vainly trying to satiate his greedy soul with the sight; and then at last, as if unable to contain himself, he threw himself upon the heap in a species of delirium, clutching handfuls of the coin, and throwing them over him. His transports having subsided, he arose, again filled the sacks, tied them up, and, in a state of high nervous excitement that forbade any hope of sleep, sought his couch.

Jacob, meanwhile, on quitting his master, crept stealthily to the ladies' chamber, and tapped against the door. The summons was immediately answered by Hilda, who anxiously inquired what was the matter? Jacob replied, in a low tone, that he wished to say a word to her before she retired to rest. Having delivered himself thus, he stole down stairs, and Hilda, who was a good deal alarmed, almost instantly followed him. He then told her what had passed between Mr. Scarve and his attorney, concluding thus: "I ought to be ashamed of myself, I know, Miss, for listening, and it's not my habit, I assure you. But being aware that Mr. Diggs is Mr. Philip's attorney, as well as master's, and coupling his visit with what occurred this morning, I had some misgivings as to his errand, and therefore I did as I've told you."

Greatly disturbed by the intelligence, Hilda thanked the porter for his zeal, and returned noiselessly to her room, where she found relief in a plentiful flood of tears. Mrs. Clinton tried to soothe her, but it was long before she could succeed in doing so.

"What is to be done, dear aunt?" cried Hilda; "I know my father too well to doubt that, having resolved upon this hateful match, he will leave nothing undone to accomplish it. But I will die sooner than give my consent."

"I scarcely know how to advise you, my dear niece," replied Mrs. Clinton. "I do not like to counsel you to disobey your father, and yet I feel he ought not to force your inclinations."

"Alas!" exclaimed Hilda, again bursting into tears, "I have no friend to turn to."

"Yes, you have one," replied Mrs. Clinton, "who will, I am sure, assist you, and protect you, if necessary. But do not question me further on the subject to-night. Rest satisfied with my assurance. And now, sweet niece, dry your tears, lay your head on the pillow, and try to compose your-

self to slumber. Perhaps, all will be right, and there may be no occasion to apply to any one. God bless you! good night!" Hilda complied with her aunt's suggestions,—but sleep shunned her eyelids.

Jacob, who was really apprehensive that an attempt would be made to break into the house that night, determined to remain on the watch, and with that view ensconced himself in the miser's arm-chair, where, however, he found it impossible to resist the approaches of the drowsy god. His slumbers were long and sound, but were at length broken by the creaking of a door. Instantly starting to his feet, he snatched up the pistol which lay on the table beside him, and presented it at the head of the intruder, who proved to be his master. Mr. Scarve was in his night-dress, over which he had hastily slipped the robe he ordinarily wore, and thus seen in the bright moonlight, for he had no candle, looked almost like an apparition.

"Lord bless us!" exclaimed Jacob, lowering the pistol; "how you do frighten one! I took you for a housebreaker, and I am not quite sure now that you aren't a perturbed sperrit."

"I almost wish I was dead, Jacob," replied the miser, dolefully. "I cannot sleep."

"Don't wonder at it," replied the other, gruffly. "You've a bad conscience. *I* can sleep soundly enough, even in that *cheer*."

"I envy you, Jacob," groaned the miser.

"Ay, riches don't always bring peace," continued Jacob, "especially when they've been unjustly obtained. But I'll tell you what'll make you sleep as sound as a rock. Give up all idea of marrying your daughter to your miserly nephew, Philip Frewin. It's that as disturbs you. You know you're doing wrong in harbouring such a thought."

"They're all leagued against me,—all!" shrieked the miser. "Scoundrel, you have been listening to what passed between me and Mr. Diggs."

"I wont deny it," replied Jacob, stoutly; "I have. And I tell you you're sacrificing your daughter. Your nephew isn't what he seems, and Mr. Diggs is helpin' him to deceive you. You'll find 'em out when it's too late."

"You are mad, or drunk, or both," cried Scarve, fiercely.

"If I am mad, it's a very composed and collected kind of madness," rejoined Jacob; "but I should like to know which of us seems most like a madman; you, who can't rest in your bed, or me, who can sleep like a top in that *cheer?*"

"Well, well, I shan't bandy words with you," rejoined the miser, whose teeth were chattering with cold. "Is all safe?"

"I suppose so," answered Jacob. "I've heard nothing. Have you?"

"I thought I did?" replied the miser, "but it might be your snoring."

"Well, go to bed," returned Jacob; "it's the best place for you. You'll catch your death of cold standing there. If it'll be any comfort to you, I won't go to sleep again. I suppose it can't be far off midnight."

"It has just gone two," rejoined the miser; "I've heard the Abbey clock strike all the hours." And, refusing Jacob's offer of assistance, he groped his way to bed.

"I wouldn't be him for all his wealth," thought the porter, as he listened to his retreating footsteps.

Jacob was as good as his word. He kept watch till it was broad daylight, and then, thinking all secure, betook himself to bed for a couple of hours.

The family assembled at breakfast as usual. The miser looked unusually haggard, and Hilda's countenance betrayed the mental suffering she had undergone. Little was said during the scanty meal; and as soon as it was over, Mr. Scarve signified to his sister-in-law that he wished to have some private

conversation with his daughter, upon which they were left alone together. He then, without any circumlocution, and in a much more peremptory manner than he had adopted before, told her that he intended to give her to her cousin, and that he would listen to no further objections on her part.

"I cannot believe you will persist in this cruel resolution, sir," cried Hilda. "What have I done to deserve such treatment? But do not think you will succeed in your design. I repeat what I said yesterday. Neither entreaties, nor threats, shall induce me to marry my cousin."

"I will discard you, then," rejoined the miser, furiously.

But finding her wholly unmoved by the menace, he commenced pouring forth a torrent of invectives against the sex in general; complaining of the anxiety and torment they occasioned all those with whom they were connected, whether in the relation of wife, sister, or daughter; charging them with wilfulness, perversity, and blindness to their own interests; and ending by ordering her off to her own chamber, whither she was very glad to retreat. By no means satisfied with himself, he next tried to occupy his mind by referring to his account-book; but it would not do, and, unable to sit still, he paced the room to and fro. He hoped that Jacob would shew himself, that he might have an object to vent his anger upon; but the porter, having some notion of the storm that was brewing for him, kept sedulously out of the way. He then resolutely returned to the account-book, and had at last fully succeeded in fixing his attention to it, when a knock was heard at the door, and Jacob presently afterwards appeared, and informed him that Mr. Cordwell Firebras was without. The miser slightly started at the name, but hastily ordered Jacob to admit him. A friendly greeting took place between the miser and Firebras, at which Jacob was rather surprised, for he did not remember to have seen the latter before; but he thought, in spite of all his affected cordiality, that his master would have willingly dispensed with his visitor's company. Warned by what had occurred on the previous night, Mr. Scarve ordered Jacob to go below, and took the precaution to see that his injunctions were obeyed. Though the porter's curiosity was considerably excited by what was going forward, he did not dare to listen for fear of a discovery, and he accordingly whiled the time by applying to his secret store of provisions. In about an hour and a half, he was summoned by his master, who told him he was going out on business, and desired him to attend him to his room, whither he proceeded.

"I suppose you want your coat, sir," said Jacob. And opening a drawer in the chest, he took an old sad-coloured garment from a faded handkerchief in which it was wrapped, and assisted his master to put it on. This done, he brought an old three-cornered hat, edged with tarnished lace, and dusting it, gave it to the miser, together with a crutch-handled stick.

Having locked the door of the closet, removed the key, and put it in his pocket, Mr. Scarve next went through the same operation at the door communicating with the gallery.

"I shall not return till evening, Jacob," he said. "Take care of the house during my absence."

"It must be important business to keep you out so long," replied Jacob, staring at the information.

"The business *is* important," rejoined the miser; "but I wish you would check your tendency to familiarity. It is growing upon you, and I am weary of it."

With this, he descended to the lower room, and taking some papers from Cordwell Firebras, which the latter had been reading, put them in his pocket, and they quitted the house together.

[illegible] communicating his master's departure to his [illegible] immediately came down stairs

[illegible] Mrs. Clinton, "since such a favourable [illegible] you to apply for counsel as to how [illegible] would befriend you. This letter, [illegible] sister, and your mother, was written to [illegible] like the present,—which she, but too [illegible] cannot fail of accomplishing its object." [illegible] Beechcroft," said Hilda, glancing at the in- [illegible] from her aunt. "Why that is the uncle [illegible] the night before last. I cannot take it to

[illegible] Clinton.

[illegible] like—but why need I care what construction is [illegible] my heart acquits me of any improper motive," [illegible] will go,—that is, if you think it will answer any

[illegible] urged Mrs. Clinton.

[illegible] should accidentally return during our absence," re-

[illegible] likely he will do so," returned the aunt; "but if he [illegible] brunt of his displeasure. Go, my love. Something [illegible] productive of great advantage to you. Jacob will

[illegible] 'I'll follow you to the world's end, if you wish it." [illegible] to her aunt's entreaties, and having put on her [illegible] house with Jacob. Instead of going over West- [illegible] to Parliament Stairs, where Jacob said he [illegible] would lend him a boat, in which they could [illegible] assert more than the truth. On reaching the [illegible] was the friendly waterman in ques- [illegible] immediately ran down and got his wherry [illegible] within it, Jacob took off his coat, and plying the [illegible] best rower on the Thames could have done. [illegible], and secured the boat, where he inquired [illegible] house. A walk of a few seconds brought them [illegible] she knocked at the door; but she was re- [illegible] of Mr. Jukes, who answered the summons. [illegible] who appeared not a little surprised, and, [illegible] of her name. After a short debate [illegible] master was at home, and she should see him; [illegible] way to the library, and entered it, fol- [illegible] beside an old fashioned bookcase, the [illegible] collection of goodly tomes, and had [illegible] volume he was reading, in such a posi- [illegible] window. So much was he engaged [illegible] their approach. In the hasty glance [illegible] wall, the most noticeable of which [illegible] Samaritan," and a fine painting on the [illegible] she could read somewhat of the [illegible] Little time, however, was allowed [illegible] towards his master's chair, [illegible] in his ear.

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The Miser discovering the loss of the mortgage-money.

"What!—who—who did you say?" exclaimed Abel, half-closing the book he was reading, and looking sharply and anxiously round. "Who did you say, Jukes?"

"Miss Scarve, sir," replied the butler; "she has brought you a letter."

"Tell her I wont receive it—wont open it," cried Abel. "Why did you not send her away? What brings her here?"

"You had better put that question to her yourself, sir," replied Mr. Jukes, "for she is in this room."

"Here!" exclaimed Abel, starting to his feet. "Ah! I see—I see. O God! she is very like her mother."

"Calm yourself, I entreat, sir," said Mr. Jukes; "I would not have admitted her," he added, in a low tone, "but that she told me the letter was written by her mother, and left to be delivered to you under peculiar circumstances, which have now arisen. I couldn't resist a plea like that,—nor could you, sir, I'm sure."

"A letter written to me by her mother!" cried Abel, shivering, as if smitten by an ague. "Leave us, Jukes, and take that man with you."

"Come, friend," said Mr. Jukes to Jacob, who, with his crab-stick under his arm, stood gazing curiously on, "you had better adjourn with me to the butler's pantry."

"Thank'ee kindly, sir," replied Jacob, in tones a little less gruff than usual, for he was somewhat awe-stricken; "I would rather stay with my young missis."

"But don't you see you're in the way, man," rejoined Mr. Jukes, impatiently; "they can't talk before us. Come along." And despite his resistance, he pushed Jacob out of the room, and closed the door after him.

"You have a letter for me, Miss Scarve, I believe;" faltered Abel in a voice hollow and broken by emotion.

"I have, sir," she replied, giving it to him.

Abel looked at the address, and another sharp convulsion passed over his frame. He, however, controlled himself by a powerful effort, and broke the seal. The perusal of the letter seemed to affect him deeply, for, staggering to his chair, he sank into it, and covering his face with his hands, wept aloud. It was some minutes before he arose. Hilda, who had watched him with much concern, was surprised to see how calm he looked. He had indeed regained the mastery he usually held over his feelings.

"Pray be seated, Miss Scarve," he said, handing her a chair. "I would have shunned this interview if it had been in my power, but as it has been brought about, I will not shrink from it. How can I serve you?"

Hilda then proceeded to explain the object of her visit. Abel listened to her recital with a quivering lip and flashing eye, and at its close got up, and took a quick turn round the room.

"This is only what might be expected from him—scoundrel!" he ejaculated. "Sell his daughter!—but that is nothing, he would sell his soul for gold! I beg your pardon, Miss Scarve," he added, checking himself, as he saw the pain his exclamations occasioned her, "but if you knew the deep and irremediable injury inflicted on me by your father, you would pardon this outbreak of passion. He has sacrificed others without scruple, but he shall not sacrifice you. You may count on my assistance, my protection, if you choose to confide in me."

"I have my mother's injunction to confide in you, sir," she replied.

"Your mother!" exclaimed Abel, in a voice of agony. "Oh, Hilda! what a fearful spell is there in that word! what a host of feelings does it not summon up! I see your mother again as I remember her in her youth

...autiful, if possible—certainly more blooming. I ... listen to your's. I feel again the charm ... shall learn my history one of these days, ... your mother addressed this letter to me—why

... cause,' returned Hilda, mournfully; "but be it ... that she had a strong hold on your affections,— ... could rely on you, when she could rely on no

... thought rightly," replied Abel. "I consider her ... injunction, and will strive to comply with it. And ... changing his tone, "I must tell you that your name ... before me of late. My nephew, Randulph Crew, who ... the other night, has spoken of you to me."

... colored.

... much not being at home this morning," pursued Abel, ... had an opportunity of further cultivating his acquaint- ... but he is gone out with my brother."

... not offend you to say I am glad of it," replied Hilda; "I ... might have met him."

... asked Abel, who, however, looked somewhat relieved.

... I will be frank with you," she replied, "and own that my ... my increased dislike of my cousin to a predilection for your

... expect equal frankness in the reply, if I ask whether there ... your father's supposition?" rejoined Abel.

... she answered. "Your nephew appears a very amiable and ... but having seen him only for a few minutes, I cannot ... in him, beyond such as might be inspired by any ... possessing appearance and manners. My aversion to ... various causes. I half suspect him of acting a very base ... who resolutely shuts his eyes to the deception."

... to deny that I am pleased with what you say of your ... nephew, Hilda," returned Abel, "because I have other ... him. As to your cousin, Philip Frewin, I will make ... him, and if your suspicions prove correct, I will myself ... father, which may perhaps put an end to the matter. ... Church-street, you say. It so happens that an old friend ... Mrs. Verral,—a friend of your mother's, by the by,— ... She is an excellent woman, but a little of a busy-body ... makes it her business to know her neighbours' concerns ... I'll venture to say she is acquainted with your cousin's ... the old lady of late, because, as you may perhaps have ... intercourse with your sex—my habits, and indeed feelings, ... society,—but I happen to know from my brother. ... You had better go to her yourself. I will give ... though, indeed, it is not needed, for, as I ... friend of your mother's. In addition to gaining ... require respecting your cousin, you will ... you may take refuge, if matters—which we ... reply render such a step necessary."

... ," replied Hilda; "but suppose I should

... ing," replied Abel, "and depend upon it, if

he is not what he represents himself, he will be the first to take alarm. I will myself institute inquiries about him in another quarter."

With this, he proceeded to a table on which writing materials were placed, and hastily penned a note, and gave it to Hilda.

"And now, God bless you! my dear child," he said, affectionately,—"if called upon by circumstances, you shall never want a father or protector in me!"

He then rang the bell, and Mr. Jukes presently appeared, who informed him that Jacob had just sat down to dinner with the other servants.

"I think, sir," he added, in a low tone, "it is the first good meal he has made for many a day, and it would be a pity to call him from it, if Miss Scarve is not in a very great hurry."

Abel appealed to Hilda, and as she raised no objection, he proposed to her to take a turn in the garden till Jacob had finished his meal, and accordingly opened the window and led her forth.

By this time, Hilda had become more composed, and being quite easy with the old man, for whom indeed she felt a growing regard, she entered readily into conversation with him; and thus more than half an hour flew by, almost without their being aware of its flight. At the end of that time, Mr. Jukes made his appearance, and informed them Jacob was ready.

Abel attended his fair visitor to the door.

"If you do not find Mrs. Verral at home," he said, "or if anything should occur to make you wish to see me again, do not hesitate to come back. But, in any event, you shall hear from me—perhaps see me, to-morrow. God bless you, my child!" And taking her hand, he pressed it to his lips, and when Hilda withdrew it, she found it wet with his tears.

While this was passing, Jacob shook the hospitable butler, for whom he had conceived a great liking, warmly by the hand, and then strode on before his young mistress, towards the stairs where he had left the boat. Having placed her within it, and divested himself of his coat, cravat, and hat, as before, he inquired where she meant to go, and being told to London Bridge, pulled off with vigorous strokes in that direction.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

THE FOLLY ON THE THAMES.—KITTY CONWAY.—RANDULPH PLACED IN AN AWKWARD SITUATION BY PHILIP FREWIN. — HIS INTERVIEW WITH CORDWELL FIREBRAS IN THE CLOISTERS OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The Folly on the Thames, whither Beau Villiers and his party were steering their course, was a large floating house of entertainment moored in the centre of the stream, immediately opposite Old Somerset House. It was constructed in the latter part of the reign of Charles the Second; and thither the merry monarch, who was excessively fond of aquatic amusements of all kinds, would frequently repair with his courtiers and frolic dames. Thither, also, Queen Mary, the consort of William the Third, repaired on the occasion of a grand musical entertainment; and the place continued in vogue for many years, until at length, degenerating in its character, it became the haunt of a very disreputable part of the community. The Folly resembled a large one-storied house, very long in proportion to its width, built upon an immense barge. There was a platform at the top, defended by a strong wooden balustrade, and flanked at each corner by a wooden turret with a pointed top, surmounted by a small streamer. These turrets constituted small drinking and smoking rooms, and w

beautiful as you are, more beautiful, if possible—certai... ...en belvi-
hear the music of her voice as I listen to your's. ... ...ge flag wa-
inspired by her presence. You shall learn my ... ...n three sides.
and you will then know why your mother addres... ...nd entered by
it affects me thus." ... it contained a
"I can partly guess the cause," returned Hil... ...d walls, an ...
what it may, it is plain she felt she had a strong ... ...nd small ...
and that she thought she could rely on you. ... ...ors, materials for
one else." ... The rest of the
"If she thought so, she thought rightly," ... ...s for private parties,
request as a sacred injunction, and will st... ...afforded by a similar
now," he added, changing his tone, "I ... ...s delightful.—the view
has been brought before me of late. M... ...coolness and freshness,
visited your father the other night, has spo... ...ine, and music must
Hilda slightly coloured. ... ...ace of recreation: and
"He will regret much not being at h... ...his merrier court, found
"as he might have had an opportunity ...
ance with you. But he is gone out wi...
"I hope it will not offend you to sa...
would not willingly have met him."
"Why so?" asked Abel, who, ho...
"Because, sir, I will be frank with
father attributes my increased disli...
nephew."
"And may I expect equal fra...
is any truth in your father's suppo...
"You may," she answered, ...
pleasing young man, but havin...
possibly feel any interest in hi...
stranger of equally prepossessi...
my cousin arises from various ...
part towards my father, who ...
"I will not affect to deny ...
indifference to my nephew. H...
views in reference to him
strict inquiries about him ... ...el, they perceived a number of
unmask him to your fat... ...nd in the little turret parlours,
He lives in Fenchurch- ... ...emselves; while lively strains
of mine, a widow lady. M... ...small craft were landing their
resides in that street. Sh... ...ed a very pretty young woman,
and a gossip, and make... ...took the hand of a young man
better than her own. ... ...kably neat foot and ancle.
affairs. I haven't seen ... ...ment to survey the scene, and
heard. I have little inte... ...ks appeared to rivet her re-
unfitting me for th... ...be about twenty; had very
Trussell, that she is ... ...plexion—whether wholly un-
you a note of intro... ...could be no question as to
have told you, she i... ...a pink silk hooped gown,
all the information ... ...tifully formed and radiantly
acquire a friend w... ...short, probably so contrived
will not anticipate. ... ...dged with lace. A white
"I will do as ... ...and a necklace of precious
encounter my cou... ...completed her attire. The
"Tell him wh... ...thin figure, and sharp,

with rather an apish expression. He was dressed
... but had by no means the air of a gentleman, and
... with indifference, almost amounting to contempt,
... companion.

... young lady?" asked Randulph of Sir Singleton, who hap-
... him.

... exclaimed the old beau, placing his glass to his eye. "Ah!
... the delicious creature I mentioned to you,—the little Hay-
... Kitty Conway!"

"Kitty Conway! where is she?" cried Trussell, who heard the remark, but
... was towards the object of their admiration.

Sir Singleton pointed her out, and upon the instant every eye was directed
... her. Whether unable to stand so fierce a fire, or whether, as is
... bable, dragged away by her companion, who did not appear to relish
the notice she attracted, it is needless to inquire, but pretty Kitty suddenly
vanished from their sight.

"Well, isn't she delicious?" cried the old beau to Randulph. "Egad! you have made a conquest of pretty Kitty, my boy. I saw the parting glance she gave you over her shoulder as she whisked through the door. Don't lose sight of her. You can soon put the city beau by whom she is attended *hors-de-combat*."

Further remarks were interrupted by the arrival of the boat at the steps. A strange, black-muzzled fellow, in a Guernsey shirt, with bare arms and bare legs, and who was a regular attendant at the Folly, helped them to disembark; and his request to "be remembered" by the Beau being met with a very munificent rejoinder, he well-nigh lost his balance in his glee, and got a tumble into the water.

The party then entered the music-hall, and just as they passed through the door, Randulph chancing to look behind him, perceived that the stranger had likewise landed, and was mounting the steps. The novel scene, however, before him so completely engrossed his attention, that he could think of little else. Upwards of a hundred persons of both sexes thronged the room; many of the ladies were masked, and a good deal of freedom marked their conduct. They talked and laughed loudly and recklessly. At one end of the hall the benches were taken aside to allow Kitty Conway and her companion, with some other couples, to perform the cushion dance. At the upper end of the room stood the musicians. The party made their way towards the dancers, and the Beau and Sir Singleton praised Kitty's beauty in tones so loud, and in terms of admiration so strong, as would have occasioned confusion to any young lady troubled with a more oppressive sense of bashfulness than she was. Her partner did not know whether to look pleased or annoyed. He was evidently overpowered by the presence of Beau Villiers, whom he regarded with a species of awe; and as these applauses of Kitty gave a fancied consequence to himself, he was weak enough to be gratified by them. Towards the close of the figure, a particular step, executed by the pretty actress, elicited more than usual rapture from Sir Singleton, and he called to Randulph —"Look at her, Mr. Randulph Crew. Is it not delicious?"

At the sound of this name, Kitty's partner started, and stared so hard at Randulph, that he could scarcely finish the dance.

"Upon my word, Philip Frewin, you are a very stupid partner," said the actress to him. "If you do not exert yourself more, I shall ask that pretty young fellow, who is ogling me there, to take my hand in the next set."

"I am quite fatigued, Kitty," replied Philip, confusedly; "I refreshment—a little rack punch, or a glass of champagne."

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to one of the side tables,
them, and opened a bottle
ning as we are to admit it.—
the undisguised admiration
not seem returning the tender

ward: an Irish jig followed,
ment; this was succeeded by some
not altogether relish the enter-
after followed by the others. As
of the bark, laughing at what had
the scene, a wherry, impelled by a
progress it made, and containing a
scarf, and with raven tresses, scarcely
the breeze, rapidly neared them.
whether this young female would
she looked at a distance; but in
truth, his thoughts were running
seeming to cast his eyes towards the
balustrade and gazing at him.

north to see whether his boat was
one of whom was philandering
over the side of the deck, that he
however, issued the order than
young female before mentioned,
started as if an apparition had met
made his escape into the music-hall,
his way. Retreat was now im-
heightened by the fair actress, who
"Do you leave me here, sir? Why

The boat containing Hilda and
recognised, though he could not
were a trick of the fiend to convict
with Kitty's request, discovery would
curred to him, by which he hoped to
midulph, whom he had reason to regard
Without apprising her of his inten-
and bending down as low as he
midulph—"Will you have the kind-
You will do me an infinite
in the music-hall, and must go

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proposal, but he unhesitatingly
he very graciously accorded,
her down the steps. All this
who stood a little back near
the no slight chagrin of Sir
Erewin, had pushed forward
supplanted. But these were
time, the boat, containing
feeling, neither to be ac-
handing the pretty actress,

whose character she could scarcely mistake, down the steps. Jacob saw what was passing as well as herself, but, having no jealousy to divert his attention from other matters, he detected Philip Frewin even in his disguise, and, resting on his oars, exclaimed, "Look! miss, look!—there is your cousin Philip. Is that the dress he wore yesterday? I told master he wasn't what he seemed. Look at him, I say."

But Hilda was too much agitated to heed these exclamations. She could see nothing but Randulph and the pretty actress. Nor was she without embarrasment on her own account; for Mr. Cripps, having recognised her, pointed her out to his master, and the Beau, being much struck with her beauty, favoured her with a very insolent stare. But if Randulph had been guilty of disloyalty towards the object of his affections, his punishment was not long delayed; for, as he handed Kitty into the boat, which was steadied by the black-muzzled Jack, before mentioned, his gaze encountered that of Hilda, and he was instantly filled with confusion. He tried to disengage himself from the actress, who, however, sportively detained him, and, unable to retreat, he cut a most ridiculous figure. Indeed, he was not a little relieved, though he felt how much he should sink in her esteem, when he saw Hilda bend forward, and order Jacob, who continued resting on his oars, to pass on. He continued gazing after the boat till it was out of sight; but Hilda did not look back.

Meanwhile, as Philip Frewin did not make his appearance, Kitty Conway became very impatient, and turning a deaf ear to all the high-flown compliments showered upon her by Sir Singleton Spinke, entreated Randulph to go and see what her friend was doing. The young man could not very well refuse compliance with the request, and he accordingly entered the music-hall, and returned in a few minutes with Philip, who finding the coast clear, recovered his composure, and tendering his thanks, in a very abject manner, to Randulph, got into the boat with Kitty, and ordered the men to row to Savoy Stairs. Randulph was too angry with himself, and now too indifferent to the fascinations of the pretty actress, to return the tender glance with which she favoured him on her departure.

The incident, however, afforded abundant merriment to his companions, who were greatly diverted by his looks, which they attributed to jealousy; and they endeavoured to remove the feeling by assuring him that Kitty had exhibited a decided preference for him. His uneasiness was not relieved by the admiration expressed of the miser's daughter by Beau Villiers; nor was Trussell altogether pleased to find the beau so much captivated. That Hilda should have passed at the precise juncture seemed to surprise everybody.

Shortly after this, the party entered their boat, and returned to Whitehall Stairs. Randulph had been so much engrossed by his own feelings that he forgot the stranger, and only called him to mind a few minutes after he had landed, and when it was too late to look for him. He did not, however, forget his appointment with the writer of the mysterious letter, and regardless of the construction that might be put upon it, told his uncle he had a particular engagement, which he must keep, at six o'clock. Trussell smiled significantly at the announcement, but made no remark, and proposed that they all should dine at one of the French ordinaries in Suffolk Street. Beau Villiers pleaded an engagement, but Sir Singleton acquiesced, and the trio repaired to the ordinary, where an excellent dinner was set before them.

Randulph, mindful of his appointment, in spite of the jokes of his companions who strove to detain him, got up from table at five o'clock, and took past Charing-cross and Whitehall, towards the Abbey. He could

the impulse that prompted him to pass through the Little Sanctuary, and felt half disposed to call at the miser's, and offer some explanation of his conduct to Hilda. Though the absurdity of the notion caused him to abandon it almost as soon as formed, he lingered before the house for a few minutes, in the hope of discerning some of its inmates, but was disappointed. He then entered Peter Pokerich's shop, to inquire the way to the Abbey cloisters. It chanced that the little barber was about to take a walk with the fair Thomasine, who was standing with him, and he offered to conduct Randulph to the cloisters; but this the young man, who had his own reasons for not desiring the attendance of the inquisitive barber, declined, but in such a way as to excite Peter's curiosity, who secretly determined to follow him. As soon as Randulph was gone, he mentioned his design to the fair Thomasine, who was nothing loath to accompany him, and they set out together, taking special care to keep out of Randulph's view. The young man shaped his course towards the Abbey, and skirting its western extremity, passed under the archway leading to the play-ground of Westminster school. Here he paused, and, addressing a porter, was directed towards another archway, through which he passed, and entered the cloisters. On seeing this, Peter, still accompanied by his fair companion, ran forward, and finding that Randulph was walking in the south ambulatory, they struck into the west, being still able to watch him through the open columns.

Randulph, meanwhile, unconscious that he was the object of such scrutiny, slowly traversed the ambulatory, and charmed with the exquisite groined arches of its roof, hoary with age, and the view afforded through the shafted windows looking into the quadrangle, of the reverend buttresses and of the Abbey, almost forgot the object that brought him thither. He was arrested at the eastern extremity by the ancient inscriptions and brasses, pointing out the resting places of the old abbots Laurentius, Gislesbertus, and Vitalis, when a heavy footstep sounded on his ear, and looking up, he beheld the stranger. Before he could recover his surprise at this unexpected apparition, the new comer advanced towards him, and with a slight inclination of the head, and a singularly significant smile, said—"So, you have kept your appointment with me, Mr. Randulph Crew."

"Are you, then, Mr. Cordwell Firebras?" exclaimed Randulph, in surprise.

"I am so called," replied the other.

"I was little aware, sir, when I saw you this morning at the barber's, how soon, and how strangely we should be brought together again," rejoined Randulph; "but this in some measure accounts for the manner in which you have haunted me throughout the day. Perhaps, you will now explain your motive for so doing, as well as for summoning me hither."

"All in good time, young man," replied Cordwell Firebras, gravely. "Before I advert to my own concerns, let me say a word on yours. Answer me truly; have you not conceived an affection for Hilda Scarve? Nay, you need not answer; your hesitation convinces me you have so. Circumstances led you into acting very injudiciously this morning at the Folly, and, I fear, your conduct may have produced an unfavourable impression on Hilda's mind,—for I watched her closely. But heed not this. I will set all to rights. I have much influence with her father. He designs her for another,—the apish gallant of the pretty actress who fascinated you this morning. But you shall have her, nevertheless,—on one condition."

"Despite the singularity of your address, there is an earnestness in your manner that inspires me with confidence in you, sir," rejoined Randulph; "the rather, that you told me this morning you were an old friend of my father's. I will freely confess to you that I am captivated by the miser's daughter,

George Cruikshank

Sir Bulkeley Price bringing the mortgage money to Mr Scarve

London Published by Hugh Cunningham 1832

and that I would hazard much to obtain her. Now, in what condition do you propose to make her mine?"

"You shall learn presently," replied Fitzhenry, carelessly. "Let us take a turn along the cloisters," he added, moving slowly forward.

They marched on together in silence, until they reached the eastern angle of the ambulatory, when Fitzhenry suddenly halting, laid his heavy hand upon Randulph's arm, and fixing a searching look upon him, said, "Young man, I will tell you what you must do to gain the miner's daughter?"

"What? what?" demanded Randulph.

"You must join the Jacobite party," replied Fitzhenry, "to which her father belongs,—to which your father belonged,—and to which your mother also belongs."

Surprise kept Randulph silent. But neither he nor his companion were aware that this treasonable speech had been overheard by Peter Pakenham and the fair Thomasine, who having stolen upon them unperceived, were ensconced behind the shafts of the adjoining arches.

WRITTEN IN THE FLY-LEAF OF AN OLD EDITION OF ISAAC WALTON'S "COMPLETE ANGLER."

As fondly these discolour'd leaves I turn,
  Outsteal, methinks, sweet breathings of the May,
  And flower-embroidered fields, and new-mown hay,
And sound of oaten pipe, and "trotting burn,"
And lark and milkmaid's song. Among the fern
  And blue-bells, once again I seem to lie,
  A happy child:—my father angling nigh,
Intent, as 'twere our daily bread to earn,
On his mute pastime. In that quiet nook
  Nestling, o'ershadowed by a pollard beech,
And poring, dear old Isaac! on thy book,
  Lessons I learnt, the schools can never teach—
Lessons that time can ne'er efface—nor age—
Nor worldly schooling, from the heart's warm page.

C. S.

THE PLAY BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY UNCLE SAM.

THE twenty-second of February, being the anniversary of Washington's birthday, the American "Military" (volunteers) turn out, both horse and foot, and drag after them, in each town, two or three pieces of ordnance, left as legacies by the British troops and their auxiliaries, the Germans, Canadians, and Indians, after some of their memorable defeats. The manager of the American theatre, Walnut-street, Philadelphia, on the occasion to which I am about to refer, raised a glorious harvest of dollars and cents, by placing an American eagle of immense size over the proscenium, and several transparencies on the exterior. The eagle was well carved and gilded, and was brought to the theatre in a wagon, accompanied by a band of music. The transparencies were pictures from the life of Washington: the first representing him as a baby in long clothes, nursed by his mother, the Cheshire farmer's wife: second he was drawn as a youth, "creeping like snail unwillingly to sch the third, as a soldier; and the fourth represented him as president.

The habit of chewing tobacco and expectorating is nowhere to be seen in so ludicrous a light as on the American stage. I never saw an actor guilty of such an indelicacy before an audience; but the supernumeraries seem to be all-powerful tobacco consumers, and expectorate right and left over the stage, generally in a sly way, but sometimes with very little ceremony. I noticed this particularly one night during the performance of *Richard the Third*. While Booth was addressing his grand army, ten or twelve strong—

"Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head;
Spur your proud coursers hard, and ride in blood"—

the supernumeraries appeared to be preparing for the terrific combat by a general clearing of their mouths; and Richmond's army manifested their defiance of the enemy by the same preliminary clearing for action.

It is very amusing to hear in an American pit the observations of natives on the character and performance of the dramatic Richard the Third; to be gravely asked if the king of England walked the streets dressed in the same costume as that worn by Booth, when playing the usurper;* to see a native in ecstacies at the soliloquies of Richard, and continually exclaiming "Capital! first-rate—no mistake! Ah!—it's a fact—no two ways about that! he goes the whole figure—that's like Jackson!—what tyrants these kings must be!" One of the caricatures of President Jackson represented him as the "crook-back'd tyrant," in regal costume, with the motto, "I'll be in men's despite a monarch! Let those who fear the *Monster Bank*, forgive;—blows and revenge for me!"

It was on the evening alluded to, that I determined to take advantage of the manager's permission to walk behind the scenes. I arrived early, before the curtain was *down*, or the audience admitted, and the stage lamps merely "paled an ineffectual fire." On the stage there were an Irishman, who had dubbed himself "Spagnoletti, the posture-master," and who commenced a terrific broad-sword combat "of eight and six,"† with Mr. Winnerbag, the Indian Yankee actor, and a Mr. Nottingham, who was studying the part of Buckingham with great gesticulation. Mr. Winnerbag, in a tone of regret, said he was sorry, for my sake, that he would be unable that evening to get up a scalping frolic; Spagnoletti inquired if I had ever been in the Theatre Royal, Hawkins-street, Dublin; and Mr. Nottingham observed that, as there would be a full house, to see Mr. Cobarn, in King Dick, he intended to demand three rounds of applause for the concluding lines of his part of Buckingham:—

"Just heaven! in smiles look down,
And see this tyrant tumbling from his throne;
His fall unmourn'd, and bloody as my own!"

"Nottingham," said Mr. Winnerbag, "here's a gentleman, now, that can have no lynching prej*udice*. I'll bet you a levy, down on the nail next Saturday, that he convenes to me on the howling tiger question."

"It's a clincher," replied Nottingham. "Let the gentleman sit in the prompter's chair. Now, sir—"

"Here let me exemplify," said Winnerbag. "This Mr. Nottingham has almost a beautiful speech in the afterpiece. He has to rush to the lights, and roar out—

"'He's like a tiger, howling for his prey!'

It's very hard upon me; *I* don't get such a line as that once a season, or it'd be the making of me, it would. I'd get all fired applause for it—that's a fact. Nottingham does it considerable smart, and gets *one round*, and no more; but if *I* had it, and they didn't tear up the benches with enthusiasm, then I'm a horse's godfather. Have you seen Nottingham play the part of Hogo, sir?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"Then you've seen him do it to the top of his bent, and no mistake; and he needn't repeat it. Now, sir, I'll just shew you, with my coat off, the effect *I* would produce; it's quite a caution."

The Indian comedian here suited the action to the word, took off his coat, and retired to the wings, but finding his boots too heavy, he stooped, and threw off those

* This question may not appear very outrageous, when it is known that the Drury Lane theatrical copies of the dresses worn at the coronation of *George the Fourth* were taken to America, and "*The Coronation*" performed in most of the principal cities.

† A theatrical combat is conducted by each party counting to music 4, 6, 8, &c., and timing the blows, in any particular direction, to these numbers.

incumbrances also; then stretching his arms, clenching his fists, opening his eyelids to their widest span, and bending himself for an effort, he rushed from P. S. to O. P.,* roaring, with a voice which appeared to issue forth from between sheets of brass,

"He-e's li-ike a ti-i-ger ho-owl-ing for-his-prey!"

His attitude at O. P. was immense: no man of woman born could look more like an American leopard or Bengal tiger howling for his prey; but the prodigious effort exhausted him, and his voice, when he inquired how I liked his style, "piped and whistled in the sound."

A nigger, loaded with stage dresses, here came on with "The manoga send a compliments, an' say a respecfully thank the genelmen not make such a d— noise."

The prompter then made his appearance, and ordered the men "in the flies to let down the rag," or curtain; and immediately after, the doors being opened, the independent citizens came rushing into the house, which they soon filled, as a Surrey manager would say, "to suffocation." Three cheers were immediately given for the large gilded eagle over the proscenium, and a call made for all the national airs—"Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," and "Washington's March." The prompter directed the carpenters to "set the first act," pulled a bell-handle with "lights up" engraved on it, and shortly after kicked the "call-boy," and told him to announce "second music" to the green-room. Winnerbag invited me into his dressing-room, where he was preparing to figure as the Lieutenant of the Tower and the Duke of Norfolk. Richmond, King Henry, and two others, were also closeted in this apartment.

"Tailor," said the Indian Duke of Norfolk, "what dress am I to go on in?"

"Why don't you say *act in*?" interposed the Earl of Richmond.

"He doesn't act, but he goes on," civilly explained King Henry.

"You wear the same dress as usual, sir."

"What, that eternal *chest of drawers!*—Isn't this too bad? I almost always have to wear this Spanish dress, because they estimate me too sizeable for the others. So as it serves me for as large a wardrobe as this tailor and two helps could pack into two pair of drawers, or four long ones, let them do their tightest; and as the whole darned suit is the colour of mahogany, with a sprinkling of satin-wood, I call it the *Spanish mahogany chest of drawers.*"

Hark! King Richard is dressing in the next apartment; and as he pulls his boots on he is abusing, with measureless discontent, his nigger, for not making the brandy sangaree strong enough, or warm or sweet enough. The partition between the rooms is thin, and we can hear the manager enter, and very respectfully inquire if the play may commence—for Mr. Cobarn is a great star, and, as Richard, he is determined to be every inch a monarch.

"I have hinted gently, before," said King Dick, and took an immortal oath to it too, "that I wont begin for twenty minutes."

"What am I to do, sir?—the audience will wait no longer."

"Pshaw! a figo or Spanish fig for them;—they can't help themselves. I've not got the steam up yet."

"The volunteer firemen have commenced kicking the panels, and four ornaments have already fallen into the pit; the portrait of Quincy Adams, under the nigger gallery, has one eye poked in."

"Don't tell me of poking a picture eye *in;* it isn't a genooin gouge. You put me in mind of a Kentuck I saw yesterday, with a little dog that had a whittled tale. 'Stranger,' said the Kentuck, 'I'll bet you five dollars you can't tell whether that dog had his tail cut off or driv in.' The Kentuck was trying hard for a dodge, as the tail was neither cut off *nor* drove in, but eat by another dog in a sham fight."

"What *am* I to do, Mr. Cobarn? the Franklin firemen on the P. S. side will chew up all their tobacco, and fire it at the eagle."

"Tell them to hold on with all their might, while I have another sangaree;—let them take their change out of that!"

"Very well, sir; I'll say you're not arrived."

Out rushed Richmond, Henry, Norfolk, and myself, to be witness to the enactment of this mimic excuse; the prompter's little bell went *tingle*, to stop the music, and the manager (an English citizen) strutted through the stage-door town

* Prompter's side, and opposite prompter.

The habit of chewing tobacco and expectorating is now ludicrous a light as on the American stage. I never saw an indelicacy before an audience; but the supernumeraries tobacco consumers, and expectorate right and left over the way, but sometimes with very little ceremony. I noticed th during the performance of *Richard the Third*. While grand army, ten or twelve strong—

> "Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the
> Spur your proud coursers hard, and ride

the supernumeraries appeared to be preparing for the clearing of their mouths; and Richmond's army man enemy by the same preliminary clearing for action.

It is very amusing to hear in an American pit the character and performance of the dramatic Richard th the king of England walked the streets dressed in th Booth, when playing the usurper;* to see a native i Richard, and continually exclaiming "Capital! fir fact—no two ways about that! he goes the whole fig tyrants these kings must be!" One of the cari sented him as the "crook-back'd tyrant," in regal in men's despite a monarch! Let those who fear th and revenge for me!"

It was on the evening alluded to, that I d manager's permission to walk behind the scenes was *down*, or the audience admitted, and the stage fire." On the stage there were an Irishman, wh the posture-master," and who commenced a terri six,† with Mr. Winnerbag, the Indian Yank was studying the part of Buckingham with great a tone of regret, said he was sorry, for my sake, to get up a scalping frolic; Spagnoletti inqui Royal, Hawkins-street, Dublin; and Mr. N be a full house, to see Mr. Cobarn, in Kin of applause for the concluding lines of his par

> "Just heaven
> And see this tyrant tumbl
> His fall unmourn'd, and bl

"Nottingham," said Mr. Winnerbag, lynching preju*dice*. I'll bet you a lev convenes to me on the howling tiger que

"It's a clincher," replied Nottingh chair. Now, sir—"

"Here let me exemplify," said a beautiful speech in the afterpiece

> "'He's lik

It's very hard upon me; *I* don't get making of me, it would. I'd get all does it considerable smart, and g they didn't tear up the benches w you seen Nottingham play the pa

I replied in the affirmative.

"Then you've seen him do it needn't repeat it. Now, sir, I'll produce; it's quite a caution."

The Indian comedian here sur tired to the wings, but findin

* This question may not appear copies of the dresses worn at the *Coronation*" performed in most of the

† A theatrical combat is conducted in any particular direction, to these

...d gentlemen ...ht accident ... theatre imme... Thirteenth Stre... the theatre, the ... this opportunity ... at this National ...ortal Washington's ...ncluded these ... again at the stage-door, ... on his heart and the ... with a mixed smile of ... a thunder of applause

...sion of their singing, in

...e wave,"

...mediately half a dozen legs ... Mrs. Trollope is the

...ed by his nigger, and chatting ... attended by one of the sable ... which was frequently ... emphatically repeating to the ... to take their change out of

... of Norfolk. When he bowed ... Surrey," his Indian-Jewish ... style, altogether were immensely ... good lines in his part:—

... heads,

... then the other, pointing to the ... described their circular hovering ... memory; and but for Mr. Cobarn's ... ited, and come lamely off. In a ... rfolk, Winnerbag had to announce

... taken"—

... Buckingham!"

... the Duke to be *dead*, thereby ... might enjoy, in the order for instant

... is—DEAD!"

... ble look, combining rage, disap... which the eye discloses when ... now? But Cobarn's genius ... is, strutting from one side to

... ngham!"

... to the green-room: on one occa... Mrs. Brown, present, with whose ... on the stage. But here they

... imperfect. Nothing but your ... I was quite in a fix, and

[illegible] how to get off; but you supported me wonderfully; I was amazed at [illegible] flow of animal spirits—really, I am under a great obligation to you."

"Don't mention it, my dear Mr. Brown; I saw you were not quite up in the part, and therefore helped you as well I could; and after all, it went off very well, and the audience laughed at that happy talent of yours, in making the most of everything, [illegible] perhaps as if you had spoken the author."

"How wonderfully polite a married couple may be sometimes," said I to the [illegible]ger.

"You are mistaken, my dear sir: Brown is an old bachelor, and Mrs. Brown a widow—no relations in the world. Did you ever see Major Gringin, the native dwarf, seventeen inches and a half high, who performs Tom Thumb all over the States? He will be here immediately. As he heads his bills of performance, 'Native Talent!' and is much applauded as a real American dwarf, the tall drummer in the orchestra, who takes his benefit next Monday, and the leader of the band, who has composed Jim Crow's 'Bone Squash' quadrilles, both head their benefit bills with 'Native Talent!'—Well, Mr. Winnerbag, you seem eager to say something—out with it! 'Leave your d—— faces, and begin,' as Hamlet says."

"Look at me, sir," said the Indian comedian; "am I a cream-faced loon?"

"Not that I know of, sir."

"When you insult me, is it as a Red Man?—perhaps the last of the Grey Bears—or merely as an actor?"

"I have nothing to say to you as an Indian, Mr. Winnerbag, except when we play Robinson Crusoe or Peter Wilkins."

"Then, sir, perhaps you will alter this ticket over the fireplace. You have doubled and *troubled* me (and *quartoed* me, for what I can estimate,) in Macbeth, and one of the parts I can't play; it's an impossible exaggeration, and out-herods Herod."

"Which is that, sir?"

"Why among the biling, you have put me up to go on to Macbeth, who says to me,

> "'The devil darn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
> Where gott'st thou that goose look?'

and

> "'Go paint thy face, and over-red thy fear,
> Thou lily-liver'd boy! Shame on thy linen-cheeks!'

Now, sir, as a Red Man, and with my dark complexion, I can't act that part. It wouldn't agree with my constitution, it wouldn't. My red *Indian* blood—the blood of a grandson of Grey Bear—revolts at it, and I should be calculating for an immortal smash in two twos; the floor would sink under my indignant foot, sir, and make a hole as large as a trap-door."

"Well, sir, if you refuse the part, you know the consequence."

"Why, you would'nt turn me out of my wigwam in the depth of winter, would you, hard-hearted European?—the fire-eating and gun-delusion wouldn't give me a living when the snow is on the ground. You needn't consider me the last of the Mohicans or Winnipegs, and kill me, as you would do, 'if you do take from me the means by which I live.' I'll fix anything for you to remain snug, that's a fact."

"Well, sir, you can do this:—dip your Jewish and Indian countenance in two cents' worth of flour, and when Macbeth has, by his potent conjuration, darned you black, you'll have nothing to do but make paste of your goose-look, and throw it to the dogs for a relish."

"I am but man—and fate! do thou dispose me," quoted the *Indian-Christian-Dutch-Jew-Yankee actor*, turning away with a half real and half assumed melancholy despondence.

I never saw him again. A few months after, during an unsuccessful fire-eating campaign, he found his popular amusements becoming unpopular, and turned the tables on himself: instead of mystifying his audience with the gun delusion, he converted the trick into a *real sleight-of-hand tragedy*. He loaded the gun, and rammed it down; but purposely, feloniously, and with malice against himself aforethought, neglected to ram the bullet up again, and a major in a Nantucket "Volunteer Reserve" regiment *shot the suicide, and killed him.*

leader of the band, or the centre of the proscenium.—"Lad
emphasised the manager, "I am happy to announce that, after
the road, Mr. Cobarn has arrived from Pittsburg, and will be
diately; he is dressed, and is now coming from his lodgings
between Chesnut and Market, in a sleigh. As soon as he r
tragedy can commence; and allow me, ladies and gentlemen,
of expressing my delight at this full attendance. The inaug
Theatre, of the American Eagle, makes this anniversary of ou
birth the proudest day of my life." The manager, as h
shifted his position, in the usual theatrical style, so as to arr
P.S., where he threw himself into an attitude, with one h
other pointing aloft to the great Columbian bird of Jove:
pride, humility, and second-hand patriotism, withdrew, a
from all the jovial gods!

I took another peep at the audience, when, at the co
chorus,

> "The star-spangled banner for ever shall wav
> O'er the land of the free, and the home of t

there was a cry of "Mrs. Trollope!" from the pit, and
were withdrawn from the cushion in front of the upp
American Chesterfield.

Mr. Cobarn was now ready at the "wing," accom
with a celebrated Jim Crow comedian, who was
sons of Africa. The play proceeded with great
acknowledged (behind the scenes) by Mr. Coba
prompter his favourite phrase of—"They know
that, eh?"

It was a great treat to see Winnerbag, as the
to King Dickon, and walked off to "saddle
countenance, swinging strides, and devil-may-ca
singular. Privately he informed me he had onl

> "The greedy crows fly hov'ri
> Impatient for their lean mi

To exemplify which, he held up first one h
imaginary greedy crows, and by sawing the
motion overhead. But Winnerbag had not
great presence of mind, one scene would
minor part, which was doubled or tripled w

> "The Duke of Buck

to which the Crook-back should reply,

> "Off with his head! S

but the Indian comedian varied the line,
depriving Mr. Cobarn of any little satisf
decapitation—

> "My lord, the Duk

"Is he?" said the tyrant, and gave
pointment, chagrin, and that peculiar s
the inner man is asking himself W
triumphed, and he exclaimed, taking
the other—

> "*Bury him the*

In the couse of the evening I fre
sion there were only an actor and
appearance I was familiar, having
surprised me very much by an extra
"Upon my word, my dear Mrs.
excessive kindness could have enab

and
ild,
bad
ited by
k it. The
all unwilling
it.
sons assigned is
eep their sabbath,

those whom long habit
old woman, called La
ar virtue or amiability,
attendant on lying-in
itled *good*, for she was
inspired fear in general
ore active or useful when
r. La Bonne Femme was

nts had occurred to her
er occasion offended her;
iarly retentive of injuries,
rations, for she was of great
ould relate anything of her

of trepidation that Cyprien, the
rsule, had just been taken ill,
ing inquired for the cottage of

loor neighbour that he might
She is gone up to La Malroche
should be required to-day, and

personage, whose assistance
her coming.
d round the dim apartment,
piled along the wall, pans

of the smouldering ashes,
he did not venture to guess.
ple, and almost transparent,
that a heavy shower was
peaks of strangely shaped
La Malroche, which became
in the summit altogether.
ing: it was some distance
ed at having to accom-
extreme anxiety. At

nding the steep path above, and with
ort.
when he had told his business.
nd live in the cottage by the Dry

about a year ago—the daughter of

your speedy help, good mother; for

bustled about, collecting various articles
ready to attend the young husband, who
rain by this time had begun—fine, and
expressed no annoyance at being obliged to
the arm of Cyprien, who led her over the
the hills to the village where he lived.
a wide space which extends beneath the mountain
around prove it to have been formerly a sheet of water,
of a sudden eruption of one of the volcanoes in its
found in the ravines which occur on its surface, and its
as its former nature. There is some pasture here for
of by the *vachers;* and here Cyprien had erected his
of himself and his wife—the beauty of the village, with
been in love, and whom his long affection had been fortunate
was as good as she was beautiful, and repaid his love
which he was deserving.
tolerable living; for Cyprien, during the long months of winter,
no longer be driven to the mountains, used to employ himself
Amongst other things, he was famous for making the musical
which the peasants of Auvergne dance their bourrées. This instru-
la trabretta, because it is made of goat-skin, and those fabricated by
prien were much sought after.
husband and his companion reached the door of the cottage quite late,
with wet, and chilled with cold. They, however, found a warm fire; and
Femme was welcomed with great cordiality by the aunt of Ursule, who
her.
a son was born to Cyprien, who hailed with delight a fine healthy
as to seem already several months old. His voice was so loud when
to be quite remarkable; his strength was astonishing, and his whole
denoted a robust constitution. After a few days, La Bonne Femme
leaving Ursule nursing her child, and quite well and happy. No sooner,
had she left the cottage, than the infant began to cry so violently that
one was alarmed: he clamoured and struggled so that he could hardly be held,
stretched out his arms towards the door, as if he asked for the old woman.
prien, finding there was no peace to be obtained, ran after her as fast as he could,
at length overtaking her, entreated her to return and pacify the child.

"What!" cried she, with a sinister smile, "does it work already?"

She followed the father, and on her entering the cottage, the child ceased crying, and was seized with trembling.

She took it, whispered something in its ear, and giving it back to Ursule, it became perfectly quiet, and fell asleep. She then departed, and took her way home. Nine days after this, about the same hour as before—just at dusk—the infant began to cry in the same manner, and stretch its arms towards the door, trying apparently to get out. The father, mother, and nurse knew not what to do to restrain it, for it was so strong that they had great difficulty in keeping it in bed. All on a sudden, there seemed to come a blast of air into the chamber, the cottage door banged violently, and the child fell into a profound sleep, from which no efforts could wake it for nine days longer, when it roused itself at the same hour, and the same scene took place.

The parents now became very uneasy and harassed with continued watching and care. The child grew in a surprising manner, notwithstanding its lethargic existence, broken only in this strange way; but there was something about it un-
large, strong, and cunning-looking. At the end of six months, it coul

[illegible] and a singularity of another kind [illegible] all, but its whole delight was in play- [illegible] that no one in the adjoining cottages

[illegible] very one was worn out; and at length it [illegible] had been bewitched, and some measures [illegible] visitation.

[illegible] to the neighbouring village of Saint [illegible] that parish—a man both learned and pious, [illegible] relieved families labouring under inflictions [illegible] doubted that La Bonne Femme had cast a [illegible] was well remembered by some of the old [illegible] the same old woman had attended her [illegible] had inadvertently remarked to her husband [illegible] ?" This La Bonne Femme had overheard, [illegible] for the mother of Ursule never afterwards rose [illegible] however, it appeared, complete, for she had

[illegible] shocked at the communication of Cyprien, and [illegible] of holy water, they set out together to the [illegible] moon had risen brightly over La Malroche, as [illegible] as they turned an angle of a rock, a peculiar [illegible] caused a moment to listen, and were soon aware of the [illegible] their dismay, they saw a troop of these animals [illegible] and apparently mounting the elevated part where [illegible] and held their breath as the grisly party came [illegible] to observe, as they approached, that each of the [illegible] foremost wore those of La Bonne Femme and

[illegible] recovered his presence of mind, and rushing [illegible] the child thus transformed, when a loud howl [illegible] cloud suddenly enveloped them, and when it [illegible] what seemed the lifeless form of the infant, in its

[illegible] on its breast, and carried it with care to the [illegible] Cyprien left it, and returned home to his [illegible] at the loss of the child; for it appears [illegible] on his mission, La Bonne Femme had looked [illegible] the infant, who was, as usual, playing on the [illegible] of the door, when both fled away with fearful [illegible] seen no more.

[illegible] and fasting to the preservation of the child, [illegible] a changed being. Precocious as before, it [illegible] intelligence, and shewed such evident signs of [illegible] was agreed to place it in the convent of St. [illegible] over, in order that the evil one might

[illegible] *tsabrettas*, as they led to ill, inasmuch as [illegible] usually the accompaniment to the dance [illegible] upon as so improper by the Bishop of [illegible] his diocese who ventured to perform the

[illegible] by the monks of the convent, and many [illegible] Femme was found dead in her cottage [illegible] beside a pile of flame-stained stones, of [illegible] her fire, for no wood was ever seen in [illegible] La Malroche, and her restless spirit [illegible] plateau in the form of a wolf, when [illegible] heard the inhabitants of the villages [illegible] to their patron saint to preserve

A VISIT TO PERSEPOLIS.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, ESQ.

I HAD been received at Shiraz, whither I had proceeded from Bushire, accompanied by an interpreter and muleteer, at the house of Colonel Shee, a British officer, at that moment in command of the troops in Farsistan. My intention being only to make this celebrated city a halt on my way to Persepolis, the gallant Colonel, whose unbounded hospitality will always secure a grateful reminiscence, expressed his intention of accompanying me on my proposed trip.

We accordingly started one fine evening (for it was the hot season, and day-travelling was out of the question) by the pass of Teng-i-Allah Akbár, so called because from thence the wanderer first gains a view of the city—a sight which is supposed always to call forth the pious exclamation of Allah Akbar!—"God is the greatest of beings!"

Our retinue was rather large. A spare horse, splendidly caparisoned, was led before the Colonel; this was followed by a horseman, from whose saddle a little bucket of fire was ingeniously suspended; and next a man charged with the important service of the kalliyun, or smoking apparatus. We followed afterwards, while behind was the interpreter and other servants. As we proceeded leisurely along in the cool of night, we halted every quarter of an hour, but without dismounting, when the kalliyun was charged, a live coal crowning the pile of tambac of Shiraz, the best in the East; and we communicatively indulged in a few amicable whiffs.

Our first visit on the mountain was to the Colonel's ice-house, where we laid in a store of that luxury; our next was a halt at the custom-house, where we indulged in a cup of tea *improvisé*, under a tree so full of singing locusts, that it was impossible to hear a person at the top of his voice. The customs on this side of Shiraz were farmed out for 700*l.* a-year.

We were glad to run away from this horrible din, and passing a plain occupied by an encampment of Eelhiauts, we reached the stream of Bund Emir.

> "There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
> And the nightingale sings round it all the day long."
>
> LALLA ROOKH.

> "Le Bendemir renommé par ses rivages verdoyans et ombragés."
>
> MALTEBRUN, GEOGRAPHIE, p. 220.

These roses that hung over Bund Emir's stream, these groves that shaded its fertile banks, have, alas! disappeared. All is now nakedness, save an occasional scanty bush of tamarisk, beneath which the hyæna crouches, and a little pink-flowered rest-harrow.

[illegible] as far as the ex-
[illegible] or the
[illegible] at the
[illegible] villages,
[illegible] There were also [illegible] at
[illegible] led their cattle [illegible]

[illegible] heavens, and we were glad [illegible]
[illegible] garden, which we [illegible]
[illegible] beneath which were bushes [illegible]
[illegible] beneath which gourds, [illegible]

[illegible] the day, [illegible] small [illegible]
[illegible] a sparrow with a single [illegible]
[illegible] rock that bore Istakhar castle [illegible]
[illegible] respective [illegible] beyond all of which [illegible]
[illegible] bearing the castle of Shahreek [illegible]
[illegible] in defending it against the Arabs [illegible]

[illegible] we started for Persepolis; and my heart [illegible]
[illegible] succeeded by surprise and wonder, when the
[illegible] side, with sculptured front and surface
[illegible] burst upon my view with so much
[illegible] as at once to perplex and overwhelm the

[illegible] our arrival; a broad flight of stairs, hewn
[illegible] above, up which the horses could canter
[illegible] flights, meeting at a first landing-place.
[illegible] of steps, often ten or fourteen steps cut
[illegible] terminate on the terrace. I sought for, and
[illegible] but could not satisfy myself that they had

[illegible] us, formed of two massive walls, with the
[illegible] resemblance of colossal animals, which have
[illegible] mammoths ornamented with collars of roses and

[illegible] columns remain out of four, the original
[illegible] portal, similar to the first, except in the
[illegible] diadem-bearing sphinxes, with beards and

[illegible] stands at right angles to the direction of
[illegible] form, the basement of which is ornamented
[illegible] the admiration of every traveller. This
[illegible] the farther portal was erected for the sake
[illegible] directly from the central group of pillars
[illegible] still exist, to the staircase leading to the
[illegible] to illustrate what is also presented to us in
[illegible] es, the love for mystic arrangements that
[illegible] quity, and which formed, indeed, no incon-
[illegible] archy.
[illegible] xes, and examples of a combination that
[illegible] Persian examples of the human and
[illegible] them the symbols of Noah—De Sacy,
[illegible] but they are now more generally ad-
[illegible] successes were prophesied by Ezekiel
[illegible] foretold the reign of the same prince,
[illegible] form, (vii. 4.)

[illegible] been found in Egypt, similar holes have
[illegible] of brass at Babylon.
[illegible] the same as the Egyptian propylæ, with
[illegible] statue, and these again have their
[illegible] would occupy more space than can be
[illegible] nature of these "Bucolic sentinels," as
[illegible] rhinoceros and the elephant; Sir W.
[illegible] them as unicorns. On these propylæ
[illegible] ruins

Whether this portal has been covered or not may remain a matter of doubt, but most likely the columnar supports were not there for merely ornamental purposes.

While the congregation of human habitations which constituted the great cities of Babylon, Nineveh, Sus, and Persepolis, have passed away from the surface of the earth, the last alone has preserved its most remarkable and ornamental structures, from their having been happily executed in marble or hewn out of the solid rock; and by this accident, while the houses of the rich and poor, cottages and mansions, have been swept from the now naked plain below, the domestic manners of the people have been preserved to us, and almost rendered familiar, by a series of beautiful and imperishable sculptures, which bring their arts, their dress, and even their food, before the eye; while their power and magnificence, their means and their skill, are attested by the beauty and perfection of these monuments, recording as they do, in so striking a manner, the resources of the people, the pride of their theocracy, and the greatness of their monarchs.

The style of these works of art is much above mediocrity, but still they cannot be considered so remarkable for beauty as they are for extreme accuracy. The figures of animals are, however, sometimes admirable; the chariots, with their wheel-spokes, start from the stone, but the figures want spirit and passion; and while much time and care has often been bestowed upon the elaborate carving of the wing of a sphinx, where every feather is traced with a mathematical pencil, an upright monarch is to be seen combating huge monsters with the stiffness of a wooden doll. In this respect the Persepolitan bas-reliefs cannot be compared with the delineations of the Elgin marbles and the eloquent expression of the Grecian friezes.

The figure of the unicorn, which is met with in other parts of the ruins, is observed here under circumstances which suggest a remark.

Our countrymen have been often not a little ridiculed, for their British partiality to this anormal creature, which supports the escutcheon of their monarchs; and this even by very high authority, (see Cuvier, in the notes to Pancouckes' edition of Pliny.) The theorists of the accidental production of this animal assert that it sprang, in a very early condition of the arts, from an attempt to represent the bull in profile, which circumstance brought the two horns into one; now it so happens that in the same bas-relief at Persepolis, we have the bull in profile with two horns, the form and features of the animal carefully executed, and near to it the unicorn, differing in physiognomy and general characters as much as in its one-horned front. It is impossible to suppose, that the intelligence which delineated the bull so accurately, would have wilfully, in another figure, have transformed the same animal into a unicorn: we must suppose an intent and object; while the great antiquity of the same figures forbid the supposition of the mere handing down of an error of early Egyptian artists, without some cogent reason. Laying aside the researches made after the original of the unicorn, in the blue antelope of Thibet and other animals, as has been done, with too creative a fancy and with too little judgment to carry the reluctant opinions of the sceptic, there is some probability that the unicorn is, in reality, a now extinct animal, like the ox, that still inhabited the mountains of Caledonia in the thirteenth century—the urus of the Romans, and the thur of Poland, where it still existed in the fifteenth century. The monstrosity of the licorne, as it is called by continental writers, has also been remarked upon, as inconsistent with the laws of symmetry, which are preserved throughout the animal kingdom; but have we not a one-horned rhinoceros, and equally remarkable, the narwhal, or monodon monoceros?

It is difficult to imagine that these great processional representations had reference to any given act of the people, either in perpetuation of the grand religious procession of Cyrus the Great, which happens to be transmitted to us by Xenophon, or that of Darius, at the festival of Ur Roz, or the Vernal Equinox, receiving presents from the numerous nations of the empire; but that they were representations of processions which were common at certain seasons, and at which the king presided, and in perpetuating which by sculpture, the anxiety to preserve both the memory of the custom and the custom itself is indicated. Of what advantage would be the presentation of fruit and milk on one occasion? It is evident that such offerings must have been frequent and constant, and were probably a part of the revenue of the priesthood.

An observation which suggests itself strongly on viewing these sculptures, is the remarkable simplicity of the manners of the people, compared with the refinement and the knowledge of the arts which is displayed in their execution. The food of the people appears, as in the present day, to have consisted of melons, bread, and milk, and the offerings which they bore, were of the same kind; removing the luxuries of their priests to a great distance from those of the monks of Albocaca. Such discrepancies have suggested the idea that Egyptian artists may have been brought by Cambyses or others into Persia, an argument favoured by the appearance of the lotus among the sculptures, by the portals or propylæ, &c., and which is contra-indicated by the appearance of a peculiar weapon of war—a two-sided wedge.

There are strong objections to the supposition of the Persepolitan ruins having been the

palace of its kings; and, consequently, these sculptures, the representations of processions made to monarchs, as supposed by Sir R. K. Porter, and others; or of political institutions, and ceremonies, as advocated by Herder. The comparison of the whole of the structure with everything that resembles it, in Egypt and in India, indicate their ecclesiastical purposes. The sculptures of the monarchs at the doors of the Sanctum, would indicate that kings alone were permitted entrance there; and indeed, the neighbourhood of the tombs of the monarchs would decide the question—for in what country or in what age has there been observed any wish to bring the last lesson of humility into immediate contact with the pride of life—to unite in the same enclosure the mansions of the living and the dead?

Ascending the stairs which led above these remarkable sculptures, we found ourselves in the Hall of Forty Columns, of which there are now only *thirteen** standing. According to the information we could obtain, the two that are wanting, since the last accounts, were overthrown for the purpose of getting at the lead by which the segments are joined. To the south of the hall of columns are a series of apartments, composed of a number of window-frames and doorways, constructed of dark marble which takes a very high polish. Round the frames of the window are numerous inscriptions, while the doorways and niches are ornamented by bas-reliefs of various figures, among which the predominant are those of a king, with an attendant bearing an umbrella and a fan. Is it not curious, that while the original purposes of this very ancient object should have been totally perverted, that its name should have preserved the memory of its original use? The next predominating figures represent a king, combating with and triumphing over a mammiferous combination, which possibly represents Ahrimanes.

These apartments, from the highly-finished condition of all their parts, the massive structure of the doors and windows, and the general air of retirement and sanctity that even still pervades them, would appear to have been the most secret and most sacred parts of the whole of the building—probably, the shrine of the unalimented and perpetual flame, (apparently an anticipation of gas, in the evaporation of naphtha,) to which kings alone were admitted—the home of the sacred fire always surpassing the rest of the building, as the singular structure of white marble near the Nakib e Rustum, also generally admitted to be a fire temple, does all that surrounds it.

All travellers have agreed in regarding these as the *sanctum sanctorum* of Persepolis, and have chosen the same apartment to leave the reminiscence of their visit, in their carved names. This is not the same common-place association that we fall in company with on the top of St. Peter's, or on the tower of Strasburg: there are but few names, and those any man would feel proud to be associated with; they are, as still legible—Pietro della Valle, Neibuhr, Kæmpfer, Le Brun, Herbert, Olearius, Thevenot, Chardin, Sir R. K. Porter, Morier, H. J. Bridges, Rich, Macdonald Kinneir, Colonel Taylor, Sir H. Bethune, Belanger (the naturalist), Mrs. M. in a little frame, and a few others. Those of the seventeenth century are almost all in one spot; part of those of the eighteenth are more ambitious; and lastly, the nineteenth century is represented by the mission of Sir John Malcolm and all its members, carefully engraved on a tablet. It is said they took with them a professed sculptor—a Mr. Shepheard, for the purpose. How many of the authors of these autographs never reached their own countries again! Poor Rich, among the last, died at Shiraz, on his return from these ruins where he last inscribed his name.

Many other masses of ruin adorn this vast terrace, some of gigantic proportions and exquisite workmanship, but the description of which would prove tedious. Beneath the platform are also ruins of aqueducts, by which the whole was supplied with water.

It only remains to notice the tombs: they are two, and are remarkable for their great size, being hewn out of the solid rock, and 130 feet in height; we entered one of these by a low aperture, which led us into a semicircular recess, where was a stone coffin filled with water. Above the tomb are great sculptured representations of a king before the fire altar, and the usual little winged angel above. These tombs are called the Tucht i Jemshid.

It is advocated, from the presence of these tombs of kings, by Heeren and Hoek, that the whole ruins are sepulchral monuments; but this is militated against, by the separation of the tomb from the terrace, from which they are at some distance, and the pre-eminence of the unattached ruins, the existence of aqueducts and tanks to supply water to the living, the representation of fire worship on the doors of many of the apartments, the general character of the processions before recorded, and the vast magnitude of the whole. Still there is no doubt that the two were combined, as we see in many cases in modern Mohammedanism; a chief place of worship, rivetted to the affections of the people by revealing the tombs of their kings; and these purposes hung together by so slender a thread, that it would be impossible to say where the one began and the other left off.

We slept among the ruins of Persepolis, and the next day crossed the Kúr Ab, or river of Cyrus, to visit the tombs of the Nakib i Rustum,† which are also excavated on the face of a

* As usual, all travellers differ upon the number. In this respect, the columns of Persepolis rival the cedars of Lebanon.

† The Harem i Jemshid of Morier's Second Journey, p. 79, and according to Colonel Shee, a good Persian scholar, the Tacht i Kour or Kúr, the throne of Cyrus. They are called by Frazer, Tacht i Taús, or the Peacock's Throne.

precipitous cliff, and accompanied by colossal sculptures, besides the pyrea previously alluded to, and which the natives designate as the Kaaba of Terdusht, and the Nokarah Khaneh of Jemshid. We made several vain attempts to get into these tombs. They are four in number, and above them are sculptured designs similar to what are observed in the Tucht i Jemshid. At the foot of the tombs are also several bas-reliefs, but these are all Sassanian. In one, Ormusd presents to Ardashir (Artaxerxes) a ring with streamers, the emblem of royalty: two inscriptions, the one in Pehlvic, the other in Greek, leave no doubt on the subject. The second represents a lady receiving the same present from a king. A third, is a king on horseback, holding a prisoner by the hand, while another supplicates before him. This is Sapor I. and the unfortunate Valerian.

Not far from this spot is another place, called Nakchi Rejib, where there are other sculptures, and indeed all the rocks of the neighbourhood teem with remnants of antiquity, in which we observe attempts to preserve in more recent times, as in the Sassanian epoch, the original predilection which belonged to the relics of a more remote antiquity, by engrafting upon them the successes and the triumphs of later ages, but none of the illustrations of which come up to the originals.

In the evening we crossed the plain of Merdusht, to visit the village of Bund Emir, and where the Khan's son came out to meet us on horseback, from which he dismounted at Colonel Shee's approach, and then mounted again. At the entrance of the village the peasants were assembled to greet our party; and at half-past one in the morning, a repast was served upon the roof of the Khan's house, after partaking of which we started, travelling till the sun became too hot, when we sheltered ourselves beneath an overhanging rock, and smoked, chatted, and dosed away the time till evening came on, when we mounted again. On approaching Shiraz, we were met by a regimental colonel, who had come out in search of Shee, and who communicated the unpleasant intelligence that the Mahmud Sunni —the followers of Walli Khan, whom the Colonel had been three years in subjecting, and whose chief he had taken prisoner the year before, in a castle, from which part of the inhabitants, rather than surrender, had thrown themselves down a perpendicular cliff— were again in arms, and that the road between Shiraz and Bushire was shut up.

We arrived at Shiraz before sunrise, and found the town in a state of great excitement; a number of khans had been arrested, the guards were doubled, and everything was bustle and spirit-stirring, while hosts of horsemen were hurrying from various directions towards the city —their gay accoutrements and burnished arms glittering in the first rays of a rising sun, as they issued from the cloud of dust that enveloped their galloping steeds.

SHAKSPEARE.

WRITTEN ON THE FIRST PAGE OF A VOLUME INTENDED FOR THE RECEPTION OF ESSAYS AND DRAWINGS ILLUSTRATIVE OF SHAKSPEARE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

Like one who stands
On the bright verge of some enchanted shore,
Where notes from airy harps, and hidden hands,
Are, from the green grass and the golden sands,
Far echoed, o'er and o'er—
As if the trancèd Listener to invite
Into that World of Light;—

Thus stood I here,
Musing awhile on these unblotted leaves—
Till the blank pages brighten'd, and mine ear
Found music in their rustling, sweet and clear;
And wreaths that fancy weaves
Entwined the volume—fill'd with grateful lays,
And songs of rapturous praise.

No sound I heard,
But echoed o'er and o'er our Shakspeare's name:
One lingering note of love link'd word to word,
Till every leaf was as a fairy bird,
Whose song is still the same;
Or each was as a flower, with folded cells
For Pucks and Ariels!

And visions grew—
Visions not brief, though bright, which frosted age
Hath fail'd to rob of one diviner hue,
Making them more familiar, yet more new—
These flash'd into the page;
A group of crownèd things—the radiant themes
Of Shakspeare's Avon dreams!

Of crownèd things—
(Rare crowns of living gems and lasting flowers)
Some in the human likeness, some with wings
Dyed in the beauty of ethereal springs—
Some shedding piteous showers
Of natural tears, and some in smiles that fell
Like sunshine on a dell.

Here Art had caught
The perfect mould of Hamlet's princely form;
The frantic Thane, fiend-cheated, lived, methought;
Here Timon howl'd; anon, sublimely wrought,
Stood Lear, amid the storm.
There Romeo droop'd or soar'd—while Jacques here
Still watch'd the weeping deer.

And then a throng
Of heavenly natures clad in earthly vest,
Like angel-apparitions, pass'd along;
The rich-lipp'd Rosalind, all light and song,
And Imogen's white breast;
Low-voiced Cordelia, with her stifled sighs,
And Juliet's shrouded eyes.

The page, turn'd o'er,
Shew'd Kate—or Viola—"my lady Tongue"—
The lost Venetian with her loving Moor;
The Maiden Wonder on the haunted shore,
Happy, and fair, and young;
Till on a poor love-martyr'd mind I look—
Ophelia—at the brook.

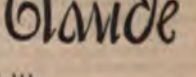
postea vero a Gazophylaceo Ricardi Meade, M.D. Emit Horatius Walpole, Roberti Comitis de Orford filius. Anno 1755. Depinx. Raffaele Urb. et Discipuli."

We made general mention of this beautiful Missal in our former article, but shall

here describe it more minutely. Above and below the large cornelians, which are cut in the finest intaglio, runs this inscription:—"ADORAMUS . TE . CHRISTE . ET . BENE . DICIMUS . TIBI . QUIA . PER . SANCTAM . CRUCEM . TUAM . REDE;" this is on the front; and on the back follows, "MARIA . MATER . GRATIE . MATER . MISERICORDIE . TU . NOS . AB . HOSTE . PROTEGE . ET . HORAM." There is also another brief inscription beneath the second intaglio, in a small tablet thus:—

O MATER
DEI MEME
NTO MEI

The back and covers of the volume are thickly set with turquoises and rubies alternately, amounting in all to fifty-two; in each angle, left by the sweep of the large cornelian, is a cherub's head, carved in bold relief, of the same material; borders of black and gold run round the edges, and wherever there is room for them; the clasp which shuts the Missal is formed of a large pink garnet. The illuminations, which are about twenty in number, are beautifully executed in a bolder, but no less masterly manner, than those in the Psalter by Julio Clovio; but the borders, and the ornamental work in general, though tasteful, are of a much inferior style of art. On one of the pages appears the date of the year 1532, and although this may seem to militate against the fact of the Missal having belonged to Claude of France (who died in 1524), and of its being the work of Raffaelle (who died in 1520,) yet, when we look at the condition of the MS., which is *cropped*, and appears to have been subsequently embellished, we may very fairly attribute the date 1532 to the period when it was retouched. This splendid volume is at any rate quite worthy of a queen, even of such a queen as Claude, of whom Brantôme says: "Elle estoit très bonne et très charitable, et fort douce à tout le monde, et ne fit jamais déplaisir ny mal à aucun de sa cour ny de son royaulme." A closer examination of the Missal than we have yet been able to give it may disclose the royal autograph and device. As a guide to the inquirer, we subjoin a fac-simile of her signature; her device was a full moon,* with the motto, "Candida candidis."



* From a MS. in the British Museum.—Cotton MSS. Vesp. F. 111.

While on the subject of works of rich external decoration, we must not lose sight of the dagger of Henry the Eighth, (noticed by Meyrick, in his "History of Ancient Armour," as being at Strawberry Hill.) The handle and sheath are superb, being of chalcedony, and set with nearly a hundred and forty stones, (chiefly rubies,) interlaced with gold in a pretty and fanciful pattern; the Damascus blade is wrought in open work, and is on one side inscribed with Arabic characters.

In the same case is a chasse, representing the murder of St. Thomas à Becket. It is curious, as a specimen of Byzantine work, and is evidently of the twelfth century; it is of ark-like form, and made of oak covered with plates of copper-gilt and blue enamel. One side and one extremity only are perfect,—the other two plates are lost. The principal subject, however, remains, and we see Becket cut down at the altar, though not exactly as the story is represented in old frescoes and MSS., nor as it is described in Robert of Gloucester's "Chronicle." The latter says:—

> "Sir Reinaud le fizours, mest srewe of ech on,
> Vor to smite this holi man is suerd drov anon.
> Ac Edward Grim, that was is clerc of Grantebrugge ibore,
> To helpe his louerd, zuf he mizte, putte his arm bivore.
> He wounde his arm suithe sore, that bloud orn adoun.
> Mid thulke dunt ek he smot Sein Thomas upe the crowne,
> That that blod orn bi is face, in the rizt half of the wounde.
> Londe gradde the luther knizts smiteth alle to grounde," &c. &c.

On this chasse, Edward Grim does not make his appearance. According to the most received accounts, William de Tracy (not Reginald Fitz Urse) struck the first blow. It would be singular if the present noble descendant of the Norman knight should become the possessor of this curious relic.

The beauty of Cellini's bell can never be adequately expressed by words; but it needs a more regular description than we have yet had space to give it. It stands about five inches high, and weighs 2lbs. 8oz. 6dwts. The handle, which is hollowed to receive the finger, is formed by a figure of Charity with Children beside her—the same on each side. In the first circle of ornaments, in high relief at the apex of the bell, are numerous frogs, and leaves and fruit of various kinds; beneath these are flies, snails, bunches of grapes, and escallop shells, grotesque masks, and the heads of different animals; lower than these again are grasshoppers, lions' heads, lizards of enormous size, and flowers, leaves, and fruit, scattered in the richest profusion, circling round and round to the base. There is a pink tinge over the silver which adds much to the delicacy of the ornaments, and the tinkle of the bell has indeed "a silver sound." We do not find any distinct account of this glorious performance, either in Benvenuto's Life, or in his other works; but it corresponds too closely with his general descriptions, and has, indeed, *his handwriting* carved upon it too legibly to leave one at a loss for a single moment as to its author. In describing the saltcellar which he made for Francis the First, he thus speaks of the attributes with which he surrounded the figures of Berecynthia:—"Nascevano poi sopra la terra (o lito dov' ella si posava), *diversi fiori e fronde*, e vi si vedevano *varij animaletti* che insieme andavano scherzando e combattendo." (V. "*Due Trattati, uno intorno alle otto principali arti dell' oreferia, l' altro in materia dell' arte della scoltura.*"—*Firenze*, 1731.)

In reading the autobiography of Cellini, it is impossible not to consider him a braggart, "and something more," of the very first water; but to re-establish him in our good opinion, and justify all his assertions, a single glance at his works is sufficient. The artist who executed this bell alone, might safely have said to his patron, Pope Clement the Seventh,—"Most holy father, I will make it my bargain with you, that if I do not execute the work itself in a manner ten times superior to this model, I am to have nothing for my trouble;" and equally might he vindicate his pretensions by narrating the prediction of a certain cardinal,—"From the admirable symmetry of shape and happy physiognomy of this young man, I venture to engage that he will perform all he promises." Whatever were the promises of Cellini—and it must be owned they were not slight ones—his admirable works fully attest their performance. Independently of his natural genius, his highly cultivated taste, and wondrous practical skill, he had the prospect of fame, that spur

> "Which the clear spirit doth raise,"

held out to him by the great Michael Angelo, who visited him in the year 1528, and whose words were these:—"*Se quest' opera piccola finita con quello studio e bellezza, che io veggo, fosse condotta in forma grande di marmora o di bronzo, egli si vedrebbe una maravigliosa opera; e per mio parere non credo, che quegli orefici antichi averebbono potuto con più eccelenza condurre i loro lavori che questo si sia condutto.*"* Which words, adds Benvenuto,

* "If this miniature work, finished with the care and beauty which I behold, were c
large scale in marble or bronze, a marvellous work would be seen; and, according to my
not believe that the ancient goldsmiths brought their labours to greater perfection than
compilshed here."

influenced him with so ardent a desire to work, that he spared no toil to justify the good opinion of one whose approbation was in itself fame. We have heard that a very large sum was offered for "The Bell" by one who was a collector fifty years ago, and whose chance it may yet be, after the lapse of half a century, to acquire it.

The rings of antique and modern workmanship are numerous and very beautiful; one of these, a fly cut on cornelian, is a splendid specimen of Greek art, and the stone itself is one of the finest ever seen, being equal to a ruby in intensity of colour. A massive gold ring, found in the Thames, (of which we give a sketch,) is highly curious. On the tablet is engraved a castle or fortalice; figures of the Virgin and Child are on one hoop, and St. Christopher and the infant Christ on the other. Inside the ring is the following inscription:—

"en . bon . an ."

A lucky year, perhaps, for him who found it.

We must not omit to notice a most exquisite specimen of Chinese art in bronze, a leaf of a water-plant, carelessly but gracefully tied up in the shape of a cup; it is equal to any antique. As an object of curiosity, a Roman Bulla of gold is deserving of notice; it is very rare, and was "bought at Rome, of Ficaroni, who wrote his book of *La Bolla d'Oro* from it;" and as a specimen of delicate carving, a cedar crucifix, in open work, as fine as the finest lace, the subjects represented being the Crucifixion, on one side, and the Baptism in the Jordan on the other, with figures of angels and of the evangelists; some fine architectural work fills up the background. A singular piece of ingenuity also is the point lace cravat, carved by Grinling Gibbins, which on one occasion was worn by Horace Walpole. Many of the seals are highly curious; one of them, in silver, the seal of Archbishop Dowdall, the last popish Primate of Ireland, is a very fine one; it is large and well cut. There is also a fine chalice of silver gilt, about twelve inches high, covered with animals of the chase, and surmounted by a crystal ball, on which stands a figure holding a flag; it is apparently of the era of the Cinque Cento.

Although the "curiosities" be not one-tenth part exhausted, we must now perforce speak of the miniatures, which are true constellations of art.

Here is one of the finest enamels in the world—finer we never remember to have seen: it is the portrait of Ethelreda, Viscountess Townshend, and is the work of Zincke, after Vanloo. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the painting, or the exquisite taste with which it is set in a frame of enamel flowers in relief. There are also by Zincke, two miniatures in enamel of Sir Robert Walpole and his first wife, both exquisitely finished and mounted. The names of Hilliard, of the Olivers, of Petitot, of Cooper, of Liotard, and other celebrated miniature painters affix a value to this cabinet, which must be sought in vain elsewhere. Of these we can mention only, Sir Kenelm Digby, by Peter Oliver; the Queen of Bohemia, by Isaac Oliver; Charles the First, and Charles the Second, by Petitot; the latter in a locket of blue enamel upon gold, with the crown and initials C.R., painted for a child to whom he stood godfather in Holland; James the First, by Isaac Oliver, bearing this inrsciption—"Año Dñi 1608; Ætatis suæ 42;"—he is dressed in white, with a high lace ruff, and wears the Order of the Garter, a hat and plume of feathers; James the Second, when Duke of York, by Petitot; Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, by Isaac Oliver; Queen Elizabeth, and Lady Arabella Stuart, by Hilliard; Cowley, the poet, an enamel by Zincke; Monk, Duke of Albemarle, a very fine miniature; Catherine of Arragon, the first wife of Henry the Eighth, by Holbein; Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, by Sir Antonio More; Waller, the poet, and Lord Digby, by Cooper; Isaac Oliver, by himself; and Liotard, by himself, also. But we must close this catalogue of names, which can convey no idea of the admirable originals.

The China watches and watchcases, and the lockets, which are of every description, claim a passing observation, and merit far more. Of the former, there is a beautiful specimen, on the face of which is painted the Annunciation of the Virgin; and of the latter, an enamel on fine gold, in high relief, set with rose diamonds,—the subject, "The Judgment of Paris." Snuff-boxes are here too of all kinds, with a history attached to each; in one or two of them the "scented pulvilio" still remains. The last *objet* that we shall name in "The Tribune," is the little circular box with the portrait of Madame de Sévigné on the lid, and her cypher in marcasites. This box contains the famous letter written by Madame du Deffand, in the name of Madame de Sévigné, dated from the Ely-

sian Fields, and addressed to Horace Walpole. The following is the letter which we read in the witty old lady's own hand :—

"Des champs Elisées :
" Point de succession de tems, point de datte.

" Je connais votre folle passion pour moi : votre enthousiasme pour mes lettres, votre veneration pour les lieux que j'ai habités ; J'ai appris le culte que vous m'y avez rendu :* j'en suis si penetrée, que j'ai solicité et obtenu la permission de mes souverains de vous venir trouver pour ne vous quitter jamais. J'abandonne sans regret ces lieux fortunés : Je vous prefere à tous ses habitans ; jouissez du plaisir de me voir ; ne vous plaignez point que ce ne soit qu'un peinture ; c'est la seule existence que puissent avoir les ombres. J'ai été maîtresse de choisir l'age où je voulois reparoitre ; j'ai pris celuy de vingt cinque ans pour m'assurer d'etre toujours pour vous un objet agreable. Ne craignez aucun changement : c'est un singulier avantage des ombres ; quoique legeres, elles sont immuables. J'ai pris la plus petite figure qu'il m'a été possible pour n'etre jamais separée de vous. Je veux vous accompagner par tout, sur terre, sur mer, à la ville, aux champs ; mais ce que j'exige de vous, c'est de me mener incessament en France, de me faire revoir ma patrie, la ville de Paris, et de choisir pour votre habitation le fauxbourg St. Germain ; c'etoit là qu'habitoient mes meilleures amies, c'est le sejour des votres ; vous me ferez faire connoissance avec elles ; je serai bien aise de juger si elles sont dignes de vous et d'etre les rivales de

RABUTIN DE SEVIGNE."†

From the letter of a phantom, the transition to one who was renowned for his intercourse with the world of spirits is easy and natural. In describing the Great North Bed-chamber, we have already observed upon the " Shew-stone " of Dr. Dee ; we now present a sketch of it, with an extract from the magician's own diary, while at Prague, on the 3rd of September, 1584 :—

" At length it pleased God to send me his light, whereby I am assured of his merciful hearing of my long and fervent, constant and continual prayer, in the cause before specified ; and that his holy angels, for these two years and a half, have used to inform me, and have finished such works in my hands, to be seen, as no man's heart could have wished for so much, yea, *they have brought me a stone of that value, that no earthly kingdom is of that worthinesse as to be compared* to the vertue and dignity thereof."

It is of this stone that old Elias Ashmole thus speaks, in the preface to his " *Theatrum Chemicum* :—" By the magicall or prospective stone, it is possible to discover any person in any part of the world soever, although never so secretly concealed or hid ; in chambers, closets, or caverns of the earth." Into this speculum the adept Kelley conjured whatever he desired to see,—his mode of operation being as follows :— (E. K. *loquitur*). " It shall not be amisse to bring forth the shew-stone, and assay what the good will of God will be herein. I fetcht the shew-stone, and after it had been set about a quarter of an hour E.K. espied in it a little naked boy with a white cloth, scarfwise, &c." " There is a light in the stone, as if there were the shining of the sunne in it." " Now is a red thing like a cloud come all over the stone." " Now the stone is full of white smoak." " All now is disappeared, and the stone seemeth cleer." It " seemeth cleer" to us, that if the speculum (which is of cannel coal) were converted to its right use, the modern practitioner would realize rather more " white smoak " than was seen by Edward Kelley, though not of quite so blinding a quality as was puffed into the eyes of the Emperor Rodolph by Dr. Dee and his more knavish confederate. We do not, however, recommend this ignominious application

* He had dined at Livry.

† TRANSLATION.—" I am aware of your passionate attachment to me, your enthusiasm for my letters, your veneration for the spots inhabited by me ; I have heard of the homage you paid me there ; I feel so much affected by your regard, that I have solicited and obtained permission of my sovereigns to visit you, never to quit you more. I leave this happy sojourn without regret—I prefer you to all its inhabitants. Enjoy the pleasure of beholding me, and do not complain, though it is only in a painting ; for this is the sole existence permitted to phantoms. I was allowed to choose the age at which I would re-appear, and fixed on twenty-five, in order that I might always be an agreeable object in your eyes. You need fear no change in me, for a singular advantage we shadows possess is, that, though light, we are immutable. I have assumed the smallest possible shape, in order that I may never be separated from you, for I desire to accompany you wherever you go, either by land or sea, in the town or in the country ; but that which I entreat of you is, that you will immediately carry me to France, that I may once more behold my country, the city of Paris ; and I beg of you to choose for your abode the Faubourg St. Germain—it was there my best friends lived, and so do yours also ; you will introduce me to them, and I shall be glad to judge whether they are worthy of you and of being the rivals of

" RABUTIN DE [illegible]

of the powers of the "magicall stone," of which we may say, in the mystical language of the initiated:

"'Tis a stone, and not
A stone; a spirit, a soule, and a body;
Which if you do dissolve, it is dissolv'd;
If you coagulate, it is coagulated;
If you make it to fly, it flyeth."

The closet which contains this wondrous tablet is filled with rare (and many precious) objects. Combining utility with art, we annex a sketch of a clever cast of Rubens' Child in *biscuit*, as it stands on the shelf between two silver owls, whose purposes were various; their heads are moveable, and their bodies served as castors to place on the dinner-table, while the bars on which they are perched served as whistles to call the domestics. The most valuable articles, however, whether we consider the material of which they are made, or the exquisite workmanship bestowed on them, are the "twelve silver dessert plates," engraved with the history of the Prodigal Son, that once belonged to the great Lord Clarendon. They are executed in the finest style of *niello* engraving. Besides the "apostle spoon" presented to Walpole by Dr. Cole, are the three others which he mentions in a letter, written in 1776. They are dedicated to St. Paul, St. Tadeus, and St. Simon. Of the purpose of these relics, Brand says, in his *Popular Antiquities*, "It was anciently the custom for the sponsors at christenings to offer gilt spoons as presents to the child. These spoons were called apostle spoons, because the figures of the twelve apostles were chased or carved on the tops of the handles. Opulent persons gave the whole twelve; those in middling circumstances gave four; and the poorer sort contented themselves with the gift of *one*; exhibiting the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name." The "carved wooden spoon" of German manufacture, bears the name of "Von Garten" as the artist, and is covered with inscriptions in Low German, one of them being this short prayer:—"*Das Blut Jesu Christ Got te Sohn nach get uns rein von allen Sunden von leiden Christi.—I. N. R. I.*"

There is here, too, a curious ivory busk, (intended, evidently, to be worn outside,) engraved with flowers and numerous devices. The first represents a rock in the sea, with the motto, "Ferme et constant;" the second, a heart, with arrows flying all about and missing it, and the motto "Pas un ne m'attrape;" and the third, a scorpion coiled up in a circle, with the words, "Jusques à la fin." It seems to belong to the beginning of the seventeenth century. The box of counters, mentioned in our former notice, evidently belonged to a round game, and very likely were dealt out like cards, with the faces downwards; the mottoes being read afterwards, and affording amusement according to their several applications. For instance, a bad singer might turn this counter:—

"No fish so dumb, no beaste so dull of hearte,
That heares mee sing, and will not beare a parte;"

or a fine lady of the class called "splendid women," this one:—

"If women were litle as they are good,
A peseod would make them a gowne and a hood."

A few more works of art, hitherto mentioned, call for a passing comment, the exquisite group of Spaniels, by Mrs. Damer, possessing prominent claims upon our [illegible]; they are admirably executed, and justify the reputation of the accomplished sculptor. The [illegible] the time of Rubens — also in [illegible] — [illegible] bird [illegible] Mr. [illegible]

momentary rage, which she remembered, and has executed exactly. She has written her own name in Greek on the base," (ΑΝΝΑ . ΔΑΜΕΡ . ΕΠΟΕΙ ;) and Mr. Walpole added this line—

"Non me Praxiteles pinxit, ast Anna Damer, 1787."

Of the pictures and miniatures, whose locality (in consequence of the approaching sale) is now indeterminate, are two which we must mention:—1st, "Sir Robert Walpole and his Wife," contained in a frame, the work of Grinling Gibbins, in which, with a skill and profusion that almost rival Cellini, are grouped flowers, fruit, birds, grain, &c., in the most graceful and natural manner; and, 2ndly, A large miniature of Sir Kenelm Digby, by Peter Oliver, after Vandyke. It is marked by this motto:—"Ponderibus librata suis." In speaking of the miniatures formerly in the Dressing-room, in our previous account, the difficulty which we then had in examining the case sufficiently close to the eye, led to an error in the description of a very remarkable one, which we have since been enabled to correct. Instead of "the interior of the House of Lords, with King James the First on the throne," it is an enamel (painted by P. Bordier) of the House of Commons, and with its pendant, representing Fairfax on horseback, was given by the House to the General on his victory at Naseby.

Amongst the many curious books in the glass closet in the Library, a few more must be specially adverted to; for instance, that singular work, intituled, "BIZ^{z}ARIE di varie Figure di Giovanbatista Bracelli, Pittore Fiorentino, All' ill^{o} S. Don Pietro Medici,"—of which Walpole says:—"This most rare and singular book contains prints of human figures formed by the strangest materials—as diamonds, hoops, bladders, pieces of carpentry, battledoors, kitchen-stuff, &c. &c. It seems to be the composition of a madman, but the drawings are masterly, and the attitudes most noble." Its rarity is not, indeed, its only recommendation. Another scarce book is one of patterns for old point lace; and, almost unique, are two "Books of Swan-marks," on vellum. "The Spanish English Rose, or the English Spanish Pomegranate," is another curiosity. It was written by one Michael du Val, in honour of the proposed marriage between Prince Charles and the Infanta, whose portraits appear in the frontispiece. It is doubly dedicated,—first, by the translator, to King James the First; and next, by the author, to "Count Gondomar, Lord Diego Sarmento de Acuña, &c. &c." On the cover is the device of a cockatrice, surrounded by the motto of the Garter, and surmounted by a marquess's coronet. Did it ever belong to the favourite, Buckingham, who was a marquess and a knight of the Garter, when he went to Spain to negotiate the marriage, and was only created a duke during his absence? The conjecture is more than probable. The closet also contains a complete set of the books printed at Strawberry Hill, and, perhaps not the least curious, a memorandum-book belonging to Colonel Walpole, which is thus described inside the cover, in the handwriting of Horace:—

"This was the account-book of my grandfather, Robert Walpole, father of Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford, when he came up to parliament without his wife and family.

Horace Walpole

It may not be amiss to offer some extracts from this record of the disbursements of a country gentleman in the seventeenth century:—

"ITEMS OF EXPENSE.

		£	s.	d.
Oct.	22, 1690. My passage to London and my expenses on ye roade	3	7	8
	23 My dinner and *morning's drop*..	0	2	6
	Nottingham ale	0	1	6
	24 My dinner	0	1	6
	Coach hire	0	2	6
	Spent (probably in charity)	0	0	9
	A writing booke	0	0	6
	25 Paid my boy, for a week's boarde, from this day.....	0	3	6
	Paid for votes, and ye king's speech and *addresses*, from ye beginning	0	2	3
	Paid for a black pencill	0	0	3
	Paid for a purse and booke	0	1	6
	Paid for *ye outside of my red waistd*	0	19	0
	26 Paid for a paire of shoes.....	0	4	0
	Lambeth ale	0	0	6
	Coffee-house, and paid ye boy ..	0	0	4
	27 Coach hire	0	1	0
	Dinner.....	0	1	6
	Joane's bill for oysters and 2 dinners	0	4	0
	29 Lent Mr. Fflatman	0	1	6
	Paid for 2 linkes	0	0	6
	Given Bob (afterwards prime minister)	0	5	0
	To Mrs. Hackwell's maid	0	2	6
Nov.	12 *Paid for my Br. Hoyle's wig*	0	1	5
	Paid for 3 other wigs	2	12	6
	15 *Paid for carriage of hares, &c.* from Bishopsgate, and ye porter	0	3	6
	18 Given at Mr. Folkes his chrng. (christening)	3	4	
Dec.	3 Paid for *Nottingham ale*.....	0	3	6
	4 *Lent Bob*.....	0	5	9
	10 Paid Jack, *besides the Nottingham ale*	0	1	11
	20 Paid for Mr. Pepys booke	0	3	6
	29 Paid Jacke *for ale*.....	0	9	6
Jan.	4, 1691. Given Mr. Negus his man	0	2	6
Nov.	19 Paid *T. (who was T.!!!)*.....			
	20 Coach hire			

	£.	s.	d.
Rosa Solis	0	2	6
Nov. 22 Paid for 3 hatts for my sons	1	1	6
Jan. 1, 1692. A glass of essence	0	1	0
26 Paid Mr. Stenton, for a *new hilt* and fixing my rapier	1	5	0
Feb. 24 Penny post letters	0	0	6
Mar. 12 Paid for a bottle of *vaybath* (usquebaugh)	0	2	0
13 Given *Bob and Horace*	0	5	0
27 A bottle of wine	0	1	6

&c. &c. &c."

These items shew not only how regular the old gentleman was in keeping his accounts, but afford an amusing contrast with the nature and extent of current expenses at that day and the present. Colonel Walpole's partiality for ale bears some resemblance to Falstaff's love of sack, and seems to have descended to his son, as, amongst the various cups and vases in the china closet on the ground floor, are a pair of beautifully enamelled Saxon tankards, one of which was given to Sir Robert by the Duchess of Kendal, the mistress of George the First; and the other, after an interval of many years, singularly enough, by the Countess of Suffolk, the mistress of George the Second,—the motive that prompted the gift being, on each occasion, a knowledge of the minister's favourite beverage. The whole of the books are not, however, contained in the Library, many rare ones being in the Round Tower, above the round Drawing-room. It is there that Walpole's exceedingly valuable prints are deposited, which want of space alone prevents us from enumerating. There are the most complete collection of the works of Hogarth, all proof impressions, and several perfectly unique; the collection of upwards of 8000 English portraits, arranged chronologically; Faithorne's magnificent engravings; all Vertue's drawings; Hollar's prints; the large edition of Thuanus, in fourteen volumes, "enriched with beautiful prints of the best impressions, contains portraits of the principal personages;" and—a curiosity at least—the travelling library of Sir Julius Cæsar, the Master of the Rolls &c. in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, consisting of forty-four small volumes in Latin, enclosed in a case the size of a folio.*

It is impossible to describe in detail the elegant curiosities in the China room, which is filled with porcelain of all kinds, of various ages and different countries:—Faenza, painted by Pietro da Cortona; plates of Venetian glass, of Japan, of Saxon, of Vienna, and of Sevre ware; Roman lacrymatories and glasses, and china cups and saucers and vases without end.

Before we terminate this notice, we must take our readers outside, and lead them to the little chapel which stands in the south-west corner of the wood, and was built after the tomb of Edward Audley, Bishop of Salisbury, in that cathedral. Besides some fine painted glass, brought from the church of Bexhill, in Sussex, whereon appear the portraits of Henry III. and his Queen, Eleanor of Provence, it contains a magnificent shrine of mosaic, three stories high, of Byzantine workmanship, which is described in a tablet over the door as having been "brought, in the year 1768, from the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, in Rome," having originally been "erected in the year 1256, over the bodies of the holy martyrs, Simplicius, Faustina, and Beatrix, by John James Capoccio and Vinia his wife, and was the work of Peter Cavalini, who made the tomb of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey."

At this shrine we offer up our prayers for the worthy bestowal of the scattered treasures of Strawberry Hill.†

* Amongst the MSS. at Strawberry Hill are five volumes of the correspondence &c. of the same Sir Julius Cæsar, which must, of necessity, find their way to the British Museum.

† As this sheet is passing through the press, Mr. Robins's Catalogue of the treasures of Strawberry Hill has reached us. It is quite unique in its class.—Ed.

A SKETCH.

BY THE COUNTESS HARRIETTE D'ORSAY.

Hers was a lonely and a mournful fate!
I know not how—but, early desolate,
Her life was mark'd with ruin, and a tale
Of fearful mystery hung, like a dark veil,
Over her youth, casting the shade of care
Upon a brow that God had form'd most fair.
It was a cloud of sorrow and of shame,
And yet no guilt was hers; none dared to blame
That grieving woman as she walk'd alone,
For others' sins still fated to atone.
Vainly I've sought the history to know
Of that deep, silent, solitary woe;
But ne'er could learn the story of her life.
The secret workings of some inward strife
Were told but by the sadness of her eyes,—
Although none ever saw a tear arise
Within those dark deep orbs; their glorious light
Undimm'd, still dazzled the beholder's sight.
The look I speak of was a glance of dread,
As though some hideous scene of guilt had spread
Its mem'ry round her brain, and darken'd all
Her sunny youth with its mysterious pall.
But e'en the harshest spirit could not dare
To join one thought of *sin* with her *despair*.
That crime was in her destiny, seem'd sure,
But from the furnace she had come forth pure.

Though beautiful as phantoms in a dream,
None came to woo her love, and no bright gleam
Of earthly passion ever might illume,
E'en with its transient ray, her life's deep gloom.
Man shrinks from grief, flies from a tale of shame,
And fain would know of suffering but the name;
He feels his fleeting love too poor to bring
Aught but fresh woe, a sharper, bitterer sting.
And this was spared her in her lonely life;
The weary struggling and the secret strife
To keep some worthless heart, that will away
When it has loved through its ephemeral day;
The rankling jealousy, the vain regret,
The wish so bitter never to have met;
The watching for the step that comes no more
With well-known tread unto the household door;
The musing over some familiar word,
Which in those tones may never more be heard;
The deep remorse for precious feelings given
To mortal's trust, which should be kept for Heaven—
All this was spared her! . . . .

THE BATTLE OF LODI.

BY THE HON. JULIA AUGUSTA MAYNARD.

The signal's giv'n!—Impatient neigh
The snorting chargers, at the cry
Which calls proud Austria forth to-day,
To "charge with all her chivalry."

Hark to the deep and muffled drum!
Announcing death so near at hand;
The foe—the foe! they onward come!
May Heav'n uphold the Austrian band!

Mark ye, the Eagle standards wave
Above the torrent's crimson tide!
Oh! mark ye how for glory's grave
Those gallant horsemen forward ride!

Two Despots meet: the one by right
Defends what ages make his own;
The other, in the pride of might,
Stands forth, all-conquering, and alone.

This last, upon the battle-field,
With eye which beams with living fire,
Arm'd with a dread and puissant shield,
Defies the German's wildest ire.

Yon bridge, where slaughter, yet unsate,
Still revels in its gory bed,
Groans now beneath the growing weight
Of living—dying—and of dead.

'Tis o'er! and France, foredoom'd to sway
Where'er her flashing eagle shone,
Hears the proud victor named that day
In Victory's shout—"Napoleon!"

BLUE-STOCKINGS!

BY MISS PARDOE.

A BLUE-STOCKING! a *précieuse!* I'm really alarm'd—
I would not be one for the world—
No man who comes near a *Bas-Bleu* can be charm'd,
For her *lip*, not her *hair*, must be curl'd.
She cannot be young, and she must be a fright—
For how can it otherwise be,
When she's reading all day, and she's scribbling all night?
Why, it's feminine *felo-de-se!*

A Blue-stocking! the name in itself is a spell;
There's a sound cabalistical in't;
Not a soul can be safe, for you never can tell
How soon she may put you in print!
Her hands must be inky—her sandals untied—
Her dress at the wrists be worn through;
She never can hope to be hail'd as a bride—
Who on earth would make love to a *Blue?*

A Blue-stocking! Oh, frightful! I would not be one
To secure the acclaim of the nation;—
'Tis awful to think how one's senses they stun
With a Greek or a Latin quotation!
How they prattle of Shakspeare and woo the sublime,
How they quiz all *the very young* ladies,
How they pour forth their high-fangled fancies in rhyme—
I wish all the tribe were at Cadiz!

A Blue-stocking! 'tis odious! So common they're grown,
That at every party you meet
Some talented Sappho, who, "when she's more known,"
Will have all the world at her feet.
Should you visit these wonders, they cannot be seen;
If you fancy they're gone up to dress,
You're strangely deluded—their friends only mean
"They're preparing a sheet for the press!"

Blue-stockings! Blue-stockings! I'm sick of Blue-stockings!
I hate all their species and kinds;
With their rhymings and chimings, their mouthings and mockings,
And their mighty and marvellous minds!
Of all names and all places, all heights and all ages,
I have *cut* every one that I knew;
And though I have written for print in these pages,
I never will be a *Bas-Bleu!*

The Gentleman's Tiger.

ADVENTURE WITH THEODORE HOOK.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

"Alas poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy."—HAMLET.

THE recurrence to my mind of the tender musings of the melancholy prince, followed by the more solemn reflection that my three agreeable companions in the well remembered adventure I am about to relate are all now past that bourne which Hamlet speaks of, is almost sufficient to set me moralizing at the very opening of my story. That, however, must not be; for gravity and dulness would convey but a poor tribute to the memory of the jovial trio whose company I enjoyed on the occasion referred to.

As no cloud was on our spirits, so no cloud was on the morning; it was a lovely one in the spring of 183—. We met, by appointment, to proceed to Epsom for the week; the remainder of the "we" consisting of poor Theodore Hook, the late Stephen Price, and another choice spirit, also departed,—one whose talents and kindness of heart, evinced both in public and private life, entitle him to more than the brief, but honouring tribute, which I must here content myself with paying to his character.

The worthy American, wrapped in a huge fur coat, was comfortably ensconced in the corner of a small britschka, grumbling, however, not a little at the English climate,—"One day, *Sir*, hot enough to roast an ox; following morning at freezing point, *Sir*."

"Come along," said the friend last alluded to; "come along, King Stephen, or we shall be late—hate to be late!" Suiting the action to the word, he took the remaining place in the ex-manager's britschka.

"Hook and I, then, will go together," I observed, as my buggy drove up to the door.

"Of course; *Hook* and *eye* always go together," was the response of my companion, as he got into the vehicle.

Thus commenced the sport; and off we went. To repeat all that was said during our drive would form a large edition of facetiæ; the celebrated abridgment of the statutes, in fifty volumes folio, would be nothing to it; it was a regular running fire. Pun, anecdote, song, improviso; jests, a century old, disinterred, as good as new; venerable Joe Millers, revived and decked out in modern fashionable attire; jokes, manufactured on the spot, of every conceivable variety and pattern, some bad enough to take rank with the very best. So far from recounting them, I despair of conveying an idea of their profusion. The plainest of pedestrians, or the commonest name over a shop door, was sufficient to start him off.

"Ah!" said my companion, "'Hawes, Surgeon;' that reminds me of two lines I made on a sawbone of that name during the severe winter of 1814:—

> 'Perpetual freezings and perpetual thaws,
> Though bad enough for *hips*, are good for *Hawes*.'"

As we reached Vauxhall bridge, "I wonder if this bridge pays?" I remarked. "Go over it, and you'll be *tolled*," replied the ever-ready punster.

"So," said he, addressing the gatekeeper, who was hoarse, "You haven't recovered your voice yet?" "No, Sir," was the answer, "I've caught a fresh cold." "But why did you catch a *fresh* one?" asked Hook; "why didn't you have it *cured?*"

On we went, from subject to subject, and pun to pun. To shew that the unmisgiving perpetrator of pleasantries innumerable never flinched or threw a chance away, the sign of the "Three Ravens," at Sutton, as we passed it, suggested the reflection—"That fellow must be *raven* mad!"

Immediately after, we discerned a party of labourers employed in sinking a well. "What are you about?" inquired Hook. "Boring for water," replied a gaping clod. "Water's a bore at any time," rejoined Hook; "besides, you're quite wrong—remember the old proverb, 'Let *well* alone.'"

These must serve to convey a passing notion of the spirit of my companion's commentary on every object we encountered; and this spirit carried us gaily into the town of Epsom, which we found crowded to excess. Streams of many-coloured life were everywhere mingling and separating. High life and low life; the thorough-bred team, the barouche and four, the light dennet, the heavy bus, the gaudy van, the hack cab, and the tilted cart. But to describe this scene would be to go over old ground, as it has been pictured a thousand times; and the reader, perhaps, will prefer returning with our party to the house we had engaged for the week.

On arriving at the gate, we found seated on a rustic bench a certain individual, having a cigar in his mouth, and by his side a glass of water, with (for this should not be altogether omitted) just a sufficient quantity of Glenlivet in it to destroy, as he said, the animalculæ it might contain. His countenance brightened at our approach.

"Ha! Dean!" said Theodore.

"Ha! Hookems!" responded the other; "have you brought the ginnums, and the mackerelums?"

"I have, most reverend. But where were you last Sunday? I missed you at your accustomed haunt—lunch after chapel."

"Lame, lame—could not get there."

"As usual," said Hook. "Why's the Dean like England? D'ye give it up?—eh! —Because *he* expects every man to do *his* duty."

Dinner was shortly after announced. The cloth was removed, amidst a rapid shower of smart, caustic, and witty sayings, droll stories, retort and repartee; the wine circulated freely, the tide of good humour "knew no retiring ebb." Plays and politics, wine and women, debts and duels, were discussed with an absence of all restraint; and then commenced a call for a song. This was pretty soon responded to by the accomplished Theodore, whose talent in this respect is no secret to the world, although the world unfortunately possesses so little evidence of it beyond the assertions of the more fortunate few who enjoyed his intimacy, and witnessed the astonishing ease with which he composed while he sung. In this instance he took for the subject of his song the worthy manager of New York and Drury Lane celebrity; and after preparing us by ringing the changes on his name, he broke into a measure, and gave us the following, which, however, I cannot pretend to say is strictly *verbatim et literatim*:—

THEODORE HOOK'S SONG.

"Come, fill your glasses up, while I sing a song of *prices*,
And shew men's market-value at the date of last advices;
For since 'tis pretty clear, you know, that ev'ry man has *his* price,
'Tis well to make inquiries before the terms are *rix*, Price.

"Some shabby rogues there are, that are knock'd down at a low price,
Some blockheads so superlative, they can't be sold at no price;
Some, free of soul in youth, sell in middle life at half price,
And some go when they're old—why the devil don't you laugh, Price?

"The world is but an Auction;—if to-day we fetch a shy price,
To-morrow turns the lot about, and shews us worth a high price;
You want to know what Learning's worth—you ask me what is Wit's price?
I answer, 'Push the claret here, whatever may be *its* price!'

"The shortest actors now contrive to get a rather long price,
And singers too, although sometimes they're hardly worth a song, Price;
With fiddlers, dancers, fresh from France, well liking a John Bull price,
Though some, when they get nothing, may be said to fetch their full price.

"Where'er you sell, whate'er you sell, when selling seek a higher price;
But times are changed, I need not say, when you become the buyer, Price;
For then this truth should in your mind be uppermost and clear, Price,
There are some things and persons that at nothing would be dear, Price.

"Don't buy a politician, don't have him at a loan, Price;
Nor lawyers, when they tell you, you may take them at your own price;
Nor doctors, who, if fashionable, always fetch an even price;
And clear of these, the 'de'il himsel' shall never fetch a Stephen Price.

"Your sneaking, sour, insidious knaves—I hope you wont find many, Price,—
Your Cantwells on the stage of life, don't buy 'em in at any price;
Go, sell your brains, if brains you have, and sell 'em at a fair price,
But *give* your hearts away, my boys—*don't sell* 'em at whate'er price.

"And be men's prices what they may, I now shall just make bold, Price,
To sing it in your presence,—there is nothing like the Old Price;
As each man has his own, since the days of Madame Eve, Price,
Why we have *ours*—and here he is!—Your health, my jolly STEPH. PRICE!"

"Bravo, *Sir*!" exclaimed the delighted hero of the song, at its conclusion. "*Sir*, will you take forty pounds a-night, *Sir*, to appear at Drury Lane in your own very particular and devilishly admired piece of 'Killing no Murder?'"

"Forty pounds a-night!" cried Hook:—"no, I wouldn't take *half* the money to commit such a barbarity; nay, *ten* pounds a-night shouldn't tempt me. Killing may *be* no murder, when the regular actors combine to destroy an author's production; but for the dramatist to appear himself in his own farce, to assist at the assassination of his own child—to slaughter his tender offspring in public with malice aforethought—this is the worst of killing—

'Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
But this most foul, strange and unnatural.'"

"What d'ye say, *Sir*?"

"Nothing; but I make up for it by singing." And here, with barely the pause of a minute, followed another song on the then forthcoming Derby, ending with a line which not even the best sporting prophet of our day could have improved upon either in neatness of point or truth of prediction; for, in allusion to the winner in the approaching race (Mr. Forth being the owner of the horse,) the singer felicitously [illegible]

"The *Forth* shall be first!"

[illegible] at night a ramble through the town was proposed, and Hook, [illegible] towards the "Spread Eagle," to hear the state of the odds on [illegible] Just as we reached the door of that most excellent hos- [illegible] a man dressed in a gaudy livery, light green coat, belcher [illegible] white corduroy "shorts," and glazed top-boots, [illegible] hoped he should have the honour of conducting me

to his master's house. By the aid of a large red lamp at a surgeon's door, looking like a bull's eye bloodshot, I read the card; it ran as per margin:—

CORINTHIAN CLUB,
FOSTER'S COTTAGE,
Woodcot Green.
FRENCH HAZARD.
BANK 5000!!!

"Let's have some fun!" exclaimed Hook, on reading this; "Price and I will be *drunk* on the premises. Come along, Stephen!" And in a regular gin-broken voice, he hiccupped out the words of Iago's song:—

"King *Stephen* was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor—loun."

The "touter" of the rural Pandemonium now approached, and again importuned us; seeing the reeling state of my companions, he suggested a glass of iced soda, which he declared was always ready with the supper at the cottage.

"Hurrah for the cottage!" said Hook; "but what shall I do with my hundred-pound note?—I must deposit that at home."

"Never mind that, *Sir*," responded the manager; "I'll ensure you against losing *that* hundred." And well he might, seeing that the hundred pound note was a "forgery of the brain"—a draft on the bank of fiction, merely circulated to raise us in the estimation of the members of the Corinthian Club.

Reeling, shouting, singing, we approached Woodcot Green, and passing a small public house, our guide pointed out the hall of Eblis. "Excuse me, gentlemen, one moment," he said; and rushing into the bar of the "Running Horse," returned almost instantaneously with a quart bottle peeping out of his coat-pocket. "Brandy, *Sir*," said Price (*aside*); "I smell it, Sir." "All right!" whispered Hook.

The room we entered was dirty and ill-lighted; the dingy walls and barred windows formed a *locale* not ill-associated with the crime and wretchedness it harboured. The party assembled consisted of four individuals, two croupiers and two "bonnets," which, for the benefit of the uninitiated, I beg to mention are confederates dressed as players to assist in pigeoning the public. In the centre of the room hung a gaudy lamp, which threw its oily rays on a large oblong table covered with green baize, on which was painted various figures and directions for those who "stood the hazard of the die;" small bowls of maple wood, two wooden rakes, and sundry counters, formed its furniture. On a side table, graced by a cloth whose particular hue it might be difficult to define, the supper was spread: it consisted of a huge, coarse-looking ham, a few slices of raw, gristly beef, and a bowl of gritty-looking salad. Then there were two bottles of home-made gooseberry called champagne, a few ditto of soda in a stable-pail, and the identical brandy that we had seen purchased at the "Running Horse."

"Now, gentlemen, make your game!" exclaimed the croupier, taking his station on a high-backed chair at the side of the table; "we bet the odds against nicks and doublets—the dice, Mr. Dunlop." Upon which Mr. Dunlop, who was vice-croupier, opened a packet of dice, containing three pair, and shook them together in one of the bowls. Hook took the box, and, putting a few half-crowns upon the table, cried, "Seven's the main!" "Seven's a nick," said the croupier, at the same time paying the stake. "Eight's the main!" "Eight the caster has to five, eight with the quatres; no gentleman on the doublets." Again the stake was paid.

During this proceeding, I rather fancied Mr. Dunlop, who had raked the dice towards him, fingered them in a peculiar manner. In my zeal to prevent Price putting down his money, I trod so heavily upon his gouty foot, as to wring from him an exclamation; but he took the hint, and putting his money "contre," waited the result of the throw. "Seven's the main!" cried the caster. "Deuce ace!" shouted the croupier, raking up the winnings; "the caster's out."

"Give me the dice," drawled out one of the "bonnets,"—"five's the main!" "Seven the caster has to five—die down, Mr. Dunlop!" for, in the throwing, one of the dice (as I thought, purposely,) went off the table.

"I've got it," he continued, as he went on throwing—"six to four in favour of the caster—we take it in halves." "I'll bet it!" exclaimed Hook. Up came a deuce ace, two's, three ace aces. I tried in vain to see a four, five, or a six, and determined at the end of the throw to inspect the dice, but the "bonnet" was too wary; for as he threw tray dence, he, in a pretended passion, anathematized the dice, and threw them into the corner of the room, where they were immediately pounced upon by Mr. Tomkins, the livery servant.

"Will any gentleman take any refreshment?" asked the croupier; "we've a beautiful ham.—Tomkins, offer the gentlemen some soda and brandy."

After this oblation, the other "bonnet," who was called Captain Denscol, took the box, and appeared as far as I could judge, to hold one between his third finger and the box, making a prodigious rattling with the other.—"Seven's the main!"

The two *bona fide* players, Hook and Price, went against him, despite my looks and nudges, though the result would have been equally the same, as the caster could evidently land the dice as he pleased.—"Seven's a nick!"

"A cup of weak tea!" said the croupier;—"A glass of Sherry and water!" exclaimed Mr. Dunlop;—"Tomkins, open the Champagne!" In a minute a pop and a whiz were heard, and as the ballad says—

"The juice of ripe (gooseberries) flow'd in our glasses."

The senses of my companions being rather more under control than they had intended them to appear, the little we "imbibed" did not disorder our wits to the anticipated extent. We were more than a match for our antagonists, kept our eyes quite open, watched all their movements, and avoided defeat. After some perseverance, it was pretty clear to the knaves that we were further off than ever from being victims to their devices, however knowingly laid, or dexterously executed. Nay, Price had even realized a small capital and was proposing our departure, when the rural Crocky, addressing himself to me, said, in a tone of impertinence, "Do you or do you not, *gentlemen*, intend giving us our revenge?"

"Certainly not," I replied, "at a public gaming-table; such a thing is unheard of."

"Nor you?" addressing himself to the American.

"I'll see you——"

I shall not say exactly what he said,
Because it might astonish ears polite.

"Nor you?" turning to the illustrious and fearless Theodore, who at once burst forth—

"'Revenge!' he cries, and the traitor dies!"

shouted Hook, stamping his foot, and giving an imitation of an evergreen English singer, in a celebrated passage from an opera then greatly in vogue.

"Good night, gentlemen," said King Stephen.

"Waiter, what's to pay for the brandy?"

"Damn the brandy, sir!" said the man with the diamond broach, adjusting his substitute for a three-and-fourpenny gossamer fiercely upon his head; "we neither want your money nor your company." And up he rose, rake in hand from his seat. His companions also rose, muttering to each other, and evidently working themselves into an intensity of passion.

"I told you what it would come to," said the landlady; "you had better leave the house without making any disturbance—a set of horse-jockeys coming here, to disturb quiet honest people!"

At another time I should have thought of the old Latin adage—

"Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas"—

but I had no time for classical quotation; for a fray was obviously about to ensue, concerning which, feeling indignant at the insolence and rascality with which we were treated, I was totally indifferent, except, indeed, on poor Price's account, whose thews and sinews were ill-qualified for such an adventure. I started up, however, on seeing the others rise, and silently turned my cuffs down—an indication that I was ready if necessary. "You sha'n't leave the house," said the croupier, advancing towards me. "That remains to be proved," I replied, suiting the action to the word, i. e., putting myself in a posture of defence.

Stephen Price, meanwhile, as he saw the tallest "leg" confront him, behaved with the [illegible] mettle, or as Hook would have said, "metal:" for, to my infinite [illegible], he seized the *poker*, and brandishing it in the air, exclaimed after the manner, and (as was once observed of a similar imitation) "*very much after*" the [illegible] of the celebrated M'Kay, the only representative of Scotch characters I ever [illegible]—"Ma [illegible]! what would the deacon, my father, say?"

[illegible] Hook, seizing the top of a small saucepan, which he employed as a [illegible], which he flourished sword-fashion in the most grotesque way, [illegible] of the Dougal creature, rushed forward, and, throwing himself on [illegible] to the ceiling; then, putting himself into a regular Coburg [illegible], splattered forth some mock Gaelic, ending with "Her

nainsell has eaten the town pread at the Cross o' Glasgow, and py her troth she'll fight for Baillie Sharvie at the Clachan of Aberfoil—tat will she e'en!" This said, seconding his words with deeds, he made his weapon clatter awfully about the ears of the tall "leg."

The fray now became general. Greek met Greek, and the tug of war was terrible; the tables were overthrown, the dice-boxes rattled against the windows, counters flew, and above all tongs clattered. Hook's voice was heard, shouting passages from half-a-dozen plays at a time:—

"'Lay on, Macduff!'

"'Approach thou like the rugged ruffian Bill,
The armed Mendoza, or the late Dutch Sam!'

"'Oh, this is sweet,
When in one line two crafts together meet!'

"'Come, Signor Roderigo, I'm for you!'

"'Nay, I'll so maul you and your toasting irons,
That you shall think the devil has come from (or rather to) hell.'"

"Hands off! murder! *police*!" exclaimed the landlady, rushing in, followed by a slip-shod kitchen wench. With the presence of the fury, strange to say, came peace, spreading her wings over the scene of strife and desolation. It was not, of course, our wish to protract the fray, and our adversaries seemed equally disposed to capitulate. We stood still; a truce was by common consent established. One of them, acting on the principle of a commissioner in a late national affray, proposed the suspension of hostilities, provided we would refund the numerous dollars we had won; thus, as in China, making it a most "dolorous" affair. This mercantile proposition, however, we declined, and commenced a retreat which, like that of the great warrior of the age, was in our estimation so well conducted, as to "eclipse the very glory of our advance."

So signal a victory was not, of course, to be gained without incurring a few casualties in the Anglo-American force. Our return of wounded was—Field Marshal Hook, slightly; Manager Price, severely in his gouty foot; myself, not at all dangerously. The loss sustained by the enemy cannot be so accurately reported; but it is certain that the heads of several "legs" were broken, and various glasses were numbered with the incurable. We had succeeded in capturing sundry rakes, dice-boxes, maple bowls, and other implements of the war against society; but these prizes were subsequently abandoned, and left scattered over the battle-field.

* * * Of those who laughed with me that day, none remain. They have illustrated, in their own fate, the brevity of that life which they helped to make cheerful:—the eccentric divine, the whim-loving American, the kind-hearted friend,—some there are who yet miss them; but for poor Hook, whose facetiousness enlivened the dullest, who with the convivial was most jovial of all,—*he* is missed, not by a circle, by a party, merely,—

"Society droops for the loss of his jest."

OUR STALL AT THE OPERA.

Who has the highest and purest enjoyment from the Opera? The man of fashion? No! The man of fortune? No! Both may have it to a certain extent, according to their capacity for the most delicate of intellectual pleasures. But we say it is impossible that any man can derive such true and pervading delight from the lyric drama, as the individual who, like ourselves, takes his seat after a week of mental labour, to surrender himself to the enchantment of the scene and the healing influences of Music upon the overwrought brain. We confess that Time has, in some sort, robbed us of our relish for all other theatrical representations—alike for gorgeous tragedy and the comedy of wit and grace—of life and manners; but still we hail with undiminished delight the lyric drama, as it proceeds

"Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of Harmony."

For a number of years past we have had in London the opportunity of enjoying this our favourite amusement to something approaching nearly to perfection. We have had the best singers in Europe, and occasionally some of the best music: in succession we have heard Pasta, Sontag, Malibran, Grisi,—the queens of song; Donzelli, Rubini, the accomplished Tamburini, the astonishing Lablache. As a manager, Laporte was earnest and enterprising; and the frequenters of the Opera have good reason to hold his memory in honour. Another now rules in his stead; and, from what has been already done, we see good grounds to hope that he will, as an *entrepreneur*, tread worthily in the footsteps of his predecessor, while we are led to anticipate more of novelty, alike in vocalists and in the lyric repertory, than we have lately been accustomed to. The season has commenced with a new opera, and a new collection of principal singers; the tenor, Carlo Guasco, has been eminently successful. Although the opera chosen for his debut has little in Donizetti's music to recommend it, and although the story is absurd and the *libretto* unintelligible, Guasco found means to display considerable histrionic powers; his voice is an organ of good compass and extreme richness, and his style of singing is of the first order of merit: there can be no doubt he must prove a most valuable accession to our stage, and that high triumphs await him in better parts. There is no originality in Donizetti's compositions—the same phrases occur in every one of them, and some how or other, as to the instrumentation, we never can divest ourselves of the notion that the *maestro* has, in point of fact, composed for a military band, and not for an orchestra. The first woman, Moltini, has been successful also, though not quite to the same extent with Guasco: her vocal powers are not of the first order; still, however, the voice is good, the style correct and pleasing, and, as the lady is yet in her youth, we may hope for better things from her hereafter—we are much mistaken, indeed, if she have not greater capabilities as an actress than she has yet exhibited. The bass, Santi, wants flexibility, and, if we might use the phrase, brightness of tone; there is no relief—his notes fall in utter shadow upon the harmony.

"Giselle," a ballet, which has recently charmed Paris, has been brought out in excellent costume—all down to the humblest accessories is in perfect keeping. Perrot is as light and vigorous as ever. Carlotta Grisi has improved wonderfully—she is now, in truth, a most charming dancer and actress; her impersonation of the heroine deserves, for its grace, delicacy, and truthfulness, the very highest praise. In short, a ballet better put upon the stage and performed it has rarely been our lot to witness.

Mdlle. La Fleury, from the Academie Royale, has been introduced to these boards: she is a very pretty woman and a promising *danseuse*; the defect at present visible in her dancing is want of *aplomb*—this, we have no doubt, will be supplied by time and practice.

MELANGE OF THE MONTH, DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

THE "Ides of March" always exercise a discouraging influence over music and the drama. During this month both are found to be in a most unsettled condition. The storm of novelty, which breaks over the theatrical world after Christmas, has subsided into the calmest of calms, for the energy of managers is expended behind the scenes, in raising a tempest of "extraordinary effects" for Easter. Though the Opera opens, and the Philharmonic, Ancient Concerts, &c., commence, yet their first performances are generally languid and spiritless, being looked upon as preludes merely, to "play in" the great continental artists who are afraid to cross the Channel till the equinox is over.

At Drury Lane, success has prevented the production of anything more novel than a revival of "No Song no Supper," which has served to dismiss the crowd merrily after "Gisippus;" whilst an exceedingly agreeable and clever dramatic anecdote, in two acts, by Jerrold, called "The Prisoner of War," settles down the fever of rapture, which few can fail of feeling after seeing and hearing "Acis and Galatea." That enchanting operetta has not lost one degree of attraction by frequent repetition. The Easter holiday-keepers are to be astonished, we hear, with a new edition of "Macbeth," got up in a style of musical and scenic splendour never before attempted. Mr. Rodwell, one of our most pleasing melodists, has also announced a musical afterpiece, called the "Students of Bonn."

The serious misfortunes in the department of Comedy which happened to Covent Garden before Jerrold's success with "Bubbles of the Day," induced the management of that theatre to do what we persisted they would be compelled—namely, to turn atten-

tion to Opera and the old masters. Determined to follow this plan to the letter, "Comus" has been revived, and into it a *pot pourri* of old music, introduced from the revered scores of Handel and Purcell, and the justly forgotten ones of Arne. The effect of this medley engrafted upon Milton's exquisite masque, (mutilated by omissions, and encumbered with interpolations,) is far from pleasing. The piece presents a succession of gorgeous scenes, through which Milton's simple, inartificial story—never intended for any such elaboration—but faintly glimmers. Each piece of music is introduced without any reference to the fable; for the simple reason, that throughout its progress, in the original, there is but little opportunity for the addition of vocal embellishment. Hence the thread of interest continually breaks, and the whole thing has exactly the effect of the "Miscellaneous Acts," which used to form part of the Lent Oratorios, had they been embellished with "new scenery, dresses, and decorations."

Nor does the execution of the opera compensate for its motley character. The ponderous but expressive "frost scene" of Purcell is thrust into it; and it is easy to conceive the effect produced when performed by a gentleman who, for a bass, sings so exceedingly small as Mr. Stretton. Mr. Harrison, too, with his cold voice and passionless manner, plays *Comus*, and sings the bass Bacchanal, "By the gaily circling glass," transposed for a tenor voice, with all the nerve and spirit of a learner practising the *solfeggio*. Two of the performers, however, save the masque from entire condemnation. Leffler, by his excellent performance of *l'Allegro*, and Madame Vestris, by every note she sings, and every attitude she falls into. Never was the part of a syren so completely realized!

This change, from the vapid prettinesses of Mercadante and Bellini to the solid harmonies of Purcell and Handel, was a wide step, and Mozart has since been made to intervene as a sort of connecting link; this month being chiefly signalized by the production of an English edition of Mozart's *entire* opera of the "Marriage of Figaro." The heroine, *Suzanna*, was allotted to Miss Adelaide Kemble, and the *cognescenti* were on the tiptoes of conjecture and expectation to see how the heroine of lyrical tragedy would deport herself in comedy. They were not a whit disappointed. Quiet, unpretending, yet slily humorous, Miss Kemble adds to *Suzanna* a charm the part has not hitherto possessed on the English stage, which is a perfect mastery of all the peculiarities of the music, if we except a very little sinning, of which Miss Kemble was here and there guilty, by cutting up the fine undulating flow of some of the *legato* passages with little Italian "graces" which sometimes sounded very ungracefully in Mozart. Otherwise, nothing can be more delightful than Miss Kemble's performance of this music. Madame Vestris's *Page* affords subject enough in the way of criticism for a volume. Her rich contr'alto tones blend beautifully with the voices of her operatic companions, the *Suzanna* and *Countess*, (Miss Rainforth.) Mr. Leffler plays *Figaro* with the maximum of animal spirits; but Mr. Stretton performs *Almaviva* as if, instead of being a count, he were a brigand. The rest of the performers did unusually well, except the band, which is too loud in accompaniment, and the altos and tenors of the chorus, who screamed to the top of their vent the night we heard them. Still, despite all defects, the Covent Garden managers deserve the thanks of every lover of music for the justice they have at length done to Mozart's hitherto mutilated opera. The only "Easter offering" to their holiday patrons they have put forth, is a piece of metrical *fairyology*, called the "White Cat."

The manager of the Haymarket continues to thrive "a prosperous gentleman" if we may judge from his parting speech at the close of the Haymarket season; which, like the denouement of a sentimental comedy, has been brought to a happy close by "Marriage." The new season will be commenced by Mr. C. Kean and his wife, née Ellen Tree. A new performer will also be introduced to London audiences, whom report has been loudly praising. He is known to provincial fame as Mr. H. Holl.

The first Philharmonic meeting of the season has a charm for us beyond the music promised in the programme—that of again seeing the "old familiar"—to say nothing of the young and lovely—faces of the subscribers. It is pleasant even to behold the confraternity of musicians; and as they gradually appear in the orchestra and take their seats, one is possessed with all the feeling, without the reality, of shaking hands with them. The first chord that was struck on Monday night, was a true symbol of concord, in spite of the sharp seventh, and everybody was good-natured from first to last, *maugre* Lindpainter's terrible overture, pertly named "Faust," which exhibits a great deal more pretension than as a composition it fulfils. Miss Kemble displayed a strong contrast in selection (we must add, in taste also) by choosing her solos from Meyerbeer and Mozart. From the "*Ah come rapida*" of the former, to the captivating "*Voi che*

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[illegible] from the ridiculous to the sublime. On- [illegible] Loder, Lindley, and Lucas, *went* (as they [illegible] without creating an approach to astonish- [illegible] up with a musical exercise by Vogel, con- [illegible] notes, which was found to be more ingenious [illegible]

[illegible] regards music, which indicate a growing im- [illegible] performances of "Israel in Egypt," at Exeter Hall, [illegible] and the Promenade Concerts are abolished, [illegible]

[illegible] AND MORNING"—"ZANONI."

[illegible] has added to a reputation earned early, and main- [illegible] first literary effort with an amount and intensity of [illegible] unknown writer. His subsequent productions brought [illegible] considerable rapidity, have proved at once his industry, [illegible] He has shewn that it was far indeed from his [illegible] obtained by making a market of his name, and [illegible] hurried or ill-devised compositions. Much he has [illegible] his mind, and with the impulse of a genuine inspi- [illegible] honourable testimony to the advanced age of the [illegible] study, the higher powers of the poetic artist, [illegible] larger and larger circles, as it proceeds towards [illegible] Earth, when it melts away into the Eternal and [illegible] moreover, that for many years to come we shall [illegible] To commune with the public—

[illegible] to make his own
[illegible] men —"

[illegible] of his existence, and he has invested himself [illegible] buoyant and triumphant in his career. [illegible] for fame, he was no precocious author. [illegible] essential to all enduring literary composition [illegible] of those classes from whom one can

best learn in youth, because one may learn directly, as from the voice and signs of a teacher. He had observed and perused from on high, though familiarly, those other classes with whom an earlier and equal association would bring contamination, and not wisdom. Thus he was never betrayed into the course of caricaturing his own original and appropriate society. Besides, he had been a zealous student of the best books—

> "The fountains of divine philosophy
> Fled not his thirsting lips; and all of great
> Or good, or lovely, which the sacred past
> In truth or fable consecrates—he felt
> And knew——"

A master of our noble tongue, in a pure idiom, he from the first wrote in a clear, easy style, well calculated to make "a soft pulsation on the ear;" and the charm of this he supported by a genuine power of pathos, and by sound learning, which, as we have intimated, has been increasing in the exact proportion of his prolonged existence. He has acquired, too, as he has proceeded, in no small degree, an initiation into the science of method, the mode by which alone genius, under its various phases, can be put into act and use, and therefore we have no apprehension that he will either fail or flag, or be rendered amenable to the caprice or fashion of a passing day,—now the puppet of frenzied praise,—now the victim of unjust, because unmeasured vituperation. He has taken the high ground of the poet, whatever may be the vehicle which he shall choose for his communings with his fellows. He has addressed himself to the brain and heart of man—the seat of our reason—the seat of our affections. His works, accordingly, when they have succeeded, (and which of them has not?) are destined to a far different place in our literature, even at the present hour, from what they would have held if they had been directed only to chronicling the foibles and follies and vices and matters of ridicule which lie upon the surface of certain classes of society at a particular period. Several of his books may be now said to have stood the test of time. Certainly, the author himself has done so triumphantly. Dull and cold must be the critic who does not recognise in the volumes before us all the brilliant power of "Pelham," with a wiser and nobler inspiration.

"Night and Morning" is a story of every-day life, told with simple and touching earnestness. The sketch of the gay royster of the university, turned into a pauper parson in a Welsh village, with which the tale is auspicated, is told with great point and fidelity.

He had been educated at Cambridge, where, during his under-graduate career, he had run through the whole of his little property, of between 3000*l.* and 4000*l.*, in the most dashing society, wherein he had earned high reputation as a boxer, rower, and concoctor of milk-punch (as it stands in the text, but we suspect the Baronet must have meant Bishop.) The poor fellow had thrown his bread upon the waters, amongst his rich and noble associates, hoping that it would return to him, not after many days. He was disappointed, however. One only of all the partners of his revels remembered, and succeeded in procuring him a small living at a village in Wales.

To this primitive spot the once jovial royster cheerfully retired—contrived to live upon an income somewhat less than he had formerly given to his groom—preached very short sermons to a very scanty and ignorant congregation, some of whom only understood Welsh—did good to the poor and sick in his own careless, slovenly way—and, uncheered and unvexed by wife and children, he rose in summer with the lark, and in winter went to bed at nine precisely, to save coals and candles. For the rest, he was the most skilful angler in the whole county, and so willing to communicate the results of his experience as to the most taking colours of the flies, and the most favoured haunts of the trout—that he had given especial orders at the inn, that whenever any strange gentlemen came to fish, Mr. Caleb Price should be immediately sent for. This is pitiable: every University man's experience declares it to be in the abstract true. We have all known our Caleb Price. Such, then, was the parson when his friend, a gentleman of rank and large expectancies came to visit him. This was Mr. Philip Beaufort; he came to be clandestinely married to the fair daughter of a tradesman. The marriage took place, and two children were born. The object of the husband was to conceal it (which he did effectually) from his uncle, the owner of a large property exclusively under his control. The uncle, on his death-bed, summoned Philip and his brother to his bed-side. The characters of the pair are admirably shadowed out in the old man's parting address: "Philip, you are a scapegrace, but a gentleman. Robert, you are a careful, sober, plausible man; and it is a great pity you were not in business: you would have made a fortune—you wont inherit one, though you think it. I have marked you, sir. Philip, beware of your brother. Now let me see the parson." Shortly after the uncle's death, the heir introduces his brother to his wife and sons; declares his private marriage; his intention of having it publicly solemnized, and at the same time announces his intention of dealing in the most liberal manner with his brother and his family. In the course of conversation, he informs that brother that he has made no will—that the power of proving the marriage lies from circumstances altogether in his own power, and next day, through a bungle of a favourite horse

breaks his neck in the attempt to ride over a gate leading out of his own lawn. Robert, as heir at law, takes possession of everything, and the widow and his orphan children are ruthlessly driven forth upon the world the victims of shame and sorrow, and with them all is Night. The mother dies in destitution and humiliation—the eldest son, through storms and desolation, fights his way until he establishes his mother's honour and his own rights, and then there is Morning. The tale is beautifully told: all the characters are well drawn: but two with a master hand—Gautrey, the victim, and Lord Lilburn, the pest of conventional society—the one dying the death of a felon; the other, and infinitely the blacker villain, living on to the last in all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of rank and wealth, and the name whose blaze the blind world honours. The great moral, however, is not lost sight of, "*We still have judgment here.*" The author consigns the worn-out voluptuary to that worst of deaths, and the only one such a character was capable of feeling to the last conscious fibre of the heart's core—the death in life. There is one other impersonation bodied forth by most delicate and exquisite touches, which alone would prove Bulwer an accomplished student of the sentient and the reasoning principles of the wonderful microcosm called man—we mean Fanny, the half-idiot girl, whose wandering faculties are fixed and developed by the purifying powers of Almighty love. One word more, and though it may take the shape of a conceit, it is in truth none: we commenced the novel at night, and albeit little given to such reading, it was morning ere we paused from our pleasing task of perusing it, and as we laid down the last volume, and threw open our window,—physically and morally there was upon us the suffusion of a gentle, yet vivifying calm, the whilst under the holy influences of the story's allegory, we left our struggling and weary lamp, and looked into the pure bright daylight.

"Zanoni" is a production of a different nature from "Night and Morning." The author has here tried a wild and daring flight. His hero is master of the elixir of life—one of those sages who has purified himself by wisdom into immortality. This is not new; many writers have chosen a hero of this order. Maturin has, perhaps, made the best use of him in his strange tale, "Melmoth." That portion of it which relates to the fortunes of Isidora is told with surpassing grace and power: it always stands associated in our mind with the soul-searching episode of Euphrosyné in Hope's "Anastatius." The notion, too, of striking the heart of a being who has achieved immortality with deadly grief, because that which he loves is mortal and must perish, is of old date. The moral, we presume, is to shew that the old Adam will still vindicate its power, in despite of all the longings and labours of the spirit, otherwise we must dismiss the fancy as preposterous, unless we rush to the conclusion, that the consummation of wisdom's work is to root out satiety in mere mundane pleasures and associations from the mind,

"———the deadly weed that clogs."

In the actual world we know that the great difficulty of the legislator is to maintain the tie which binds the sexes; and we have the authority of Sir Edward Sugden's experience, that in the ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, it is the love of offspring alone which is sufficiently potent to preserve it. Zanoni, however, loves—is constant, and during the Reign of Terror, lays down his own life to ransom that of his wife and child. The heroine is another miracle upon earth: an opera-singer, good and gentle, chaste and pure. Difficult materials to deal with—yet Sir Lytton has, nevertheless, continued to give his work the interest of a mortal story. We should imagine he has bestowed much pains upon it: the composition is elaborately beautiful. The introductory chapters, in which we are introduced to the enthusiastic musician, his wife, and child Viola, the heroine, are charming. The characters of the three all being so real in their idiosyncracy, yet so far removed from the busy common world, are drawn in words that have the richest and tenderest hues, with the hand of a master. There is a deep pathos in the whole account of the success of the opera which had been the labour of the musician's life; success attained through the strong and pious love of his child, which is not inferior to that which swells in the passages recording his bereavement and death, and the utter loneliness of the orphan, whose very beauty and accomplishments serve only to make the present more gloomy and precarious—the future more dark and deadly. Others of the dramatis personæ are well drawn—the excitement in the progress of the weird tale is well preserved, though the reader, from the first, can be in no doubt the result must be fatal. The part in which we think the author has been least successful, is that wherein he brings the men of history upon the scene. The Reign of Terror and those who moved in it lie peculiarly and immovably within the province of the historian—Fiction grows pale when blood flows in rivers.

A PAGE OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Many volumes have found their way to our table, and merit a hearty welcome, as pleasant contributions to the literature of the day. From its superior claims, the "*Encyclopædia*

Ægyptiaca; or, Dictionary of Egyptian Antiquities," by MR. PETTIGREW, the eminent surgeon, first merits attention. This is a highly important work; a great literary desideratum; deserving, and, indeed, *demanding* encouragement. From a notice prefixed to it, we learn that the author has been engaged for nearly twenty years in collecting materials for his publication, and he now puts forth the present part, to ascertain whether such a work will be supported, because "prudential reasons must guide him as to its completion, for the expense necessarily attending it is great." If MR. PETTIGREW be not supported, and supported in the right quarters, it will be a reproach to every scholar and lover of antiquity throughout the country. But we cannot anticipate such a result. Patient zeal, research, and learning, such as MR. PETTIGREW has displayed, *must* meet its reward. An able preliminary view of the history and antiquities of Egypt opens the part, which likewise contains the commencement of the dictionary, both exhibiting intimate acquaintance with the subject, and a fund of rare and profound erudition.—Next comes "*Many Coloured Life,*" by the author of "The Lollards;" a collection of tales of woe and touches of mirth hitherto scattered through a score of periodicals. There are a few novelties mingled with the old favourites—and perhaps among these last some readers will be surprised to find, as the legitimate product of MR. GASPEY, those lines "On the Marquis of Anglesey's Leg," which have so frequently been assigned to CANNING.—For a graver hour we should recommend "*The Traduced,*" by the author of "The Fatalist." It is a story of Naples in the fourteenth century, highly coloured and animated; the beautiful Queen Joanna, whose innocence of assassination has been to so many matter of dispute, forms a glowing picture.—Readers who prefer quieter scenes and subjects of the living world about us, may with advantage turn to two volumes published by MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON: the tales they comprise are "*Popularity,*" and "*The Destinies of Woman;*" the characters are generally unexaggerated, and the style fluent and pleasing; the tales abound in piquant sketches of life, and excellent moral reflection, not ostentatiously paraded.—In a far different form appears the production that next invites us—a pamphlet of small pretension, yet a work of very considerable power. Its title is "*What to teach, and How to teach it, so that the Child may become a wise and good Man,*" by HENRY MAYHEW. Prepared by Sidney Smith, and Sidney Smith only, for exquisite humour and penetrating wit in the treatment of a subject apparently dry "as the remainder biscuit," the reader of these few closely-printed pages will be surprised to find how earnest MR. MAYHEW is in his exposition of the true principles applicable to the cultivation of the intellect, how closely he argues in support of the intellectual education he recommends, and yet with how much lively and humorous remark he contrives to lighten his subject. His work is a token of that cultivated power which it aims, and not unavailingly, we trust, at being the means of advancing. We must regard it,—however we may dissent from some of its views,—as a valuable addition to a high order of writing.—Intended also for readers of a more erudite and reflecting class, we must mention "*A few Words on the Creed of Pius IV., as justifying Separation from the Roman Church,*" by the REV. R. C. JENKINS, B.A., Curate of Willesden: it discusses, acutely, learnedly, and dispassionately, a subject on which it is unnecessary for us to offer an opinion.—From theology to the drama our ample table welcomes all comers; and here is the noble play of "*Gisippus, or the Forgotten Friend;*" the success of which upon the stage we have already hailed.—Scattered amongst the new comers, are some volumes of poetry:—MR. ROBERT MONTGOMERY'S "*Luther;*" "*Poor-law Melodies and other Poems,*" by WILLIAM GASPEY; of which, however excellent the object, we prefer the "other" poems, and especially a graceful and touching little lyric, called, "Love dies not with Beauty." "*The Drunkard,*" by JOHN O'NIEL, is a poem which merits every encouragement, not merely for its generally smooth and harmonious verse, not merely for the cause it seeks to aid—the advance of temperance; but for its author's sake, who at the age of sixty and upwards, announces himself as an humble mechanic struggling with the world. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S illustrations tell with terrible effect—the Upas-tree conveys a thrilling lesson. He must have a fastidious taste who cannot find much to please him in "*Leisure Hours,*" by C. B. GREATREX, JUN.; while of the "*Songs,*" by ANDREW PARK, now published without the music, to which most of them were long since set, several can scarcely be more popular in the jovial circles of Glasgow than they are calculated to become in every great city where love warms the soul or wine fires the brain.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM MR. BULLER OF BRAZENNOSE.

Rookery, Saint Valentine's Day.

DEAR AINSWORTH,—I see Father Prout has dedicated a piece of lachrymose ornithology to you, in the metre, and on the subject, of

"Who kill'd Cock Robin?"

It would be hard if your own correspondents were wanting in similar attent

breaks his neck i
heir at law, tak
ruthlessly drive
is Night. The
desolation, fight
there is Morning
a master hand
one dying the
the last in all
blaze the blind
judgment hall,"
and the only
heart's core
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of the sen
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...ers on this their annual ...erefore, the following ...ae instructive habits of ...ent man, and remarkable ... a pet magpie, whom he ...not compete with the learned ...ast confess, I like best in their ...ater deep and dangerous"— at ... for these deficiencies to the ... Yours ever, T. R. BULLER.

...ps the subject is, after all, more ...'s anniversary.

HUMBLE BALLADE.

EPILOGIVM.

... in the Santa Croce, Florence.

...

...

Pindar. Olymp. 2.

...s amigos!
Spanish Proverb.

Bang went my gun!
That favourite one,
With chattering fun,
Laugh'd out amain;
And hopp'd down quick,
The brains to pick
Of his recent clique
Of comrades twain.

Mort of ye strange birdes. Magge sucketh the recoil no small advantage.

With all the zeal
A sly rogue can feel,
He enjoy'd his meal
In huge delight;
While a pitying croak
Enhanced the joke,
As methought it spoke
Some secret spite.

Magge waxeth pitiful thereon. His lordes sumptuous aucient ye birdes condolence.

A WARRIOR tried
Stood by my side,
Who had death defied
At Waterloo,
Whose guardian care
Now tended there
My flow'rets rare
And my cabbage, too.

Olde Adam's likenesse, whilome a martialist.

Says he, "Old Nick
Couldn't match that trick:
How 'cute and quick
Are some birds' arts!
Our MAG has a touch
Of the JESUITS, such
As I heard of so much
In foreign parts."

Ye whiche flourisheth ye birde by a most vile similitude.

"I once heard say
That in MARY'S day
When they had their way,
They'd even dare
To burn and roast
Folks at a post;
That they hate you most
When they speak you fair."

Ye which pathlesse he learned-lie supporteth

"Nay, honest John,
Thou'rt hard, old don,"
Quoth I, "upon
The poor child of air:"
Then turning away,
To MAG, did say,
"*Tu comprends, mon Abbe,*
C'est sa pauvre faire."

T. R. B.

Ye whiche similitude Magge's lorde rebutteth, albeit he pityfie moralizeth aucent ye birde.

L'Envoi.

TO FATHER PROUT AND RICHARD BENTLEY: THE ONE THE OLD FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR OF "JACK SHEPPARD," THE OTHER THE PUBLISHER THEREOF.

Father Prout, incited by ye scurvie bookesellerre Dickon, abuseth, in drivelinge rhymes, his olde friend, at whose bourde, in bygone dayes, he hathe often caroused jollilie. A warninge to alle men how they put faithe in Jesuitres.

To the man of rhyme,
Train'd in far clime,
Whose gifts sublime
His soul exalt
Above the respect
Which the Turks (blind sect!)
Are apt to connect
With bread and salt.

To the Bibliopole,
Blind as a mole,
Who fee'd, poor soul!
The sarcastic Père
For his sly attack
On the very "JACK"
Which he sold, good lack!
As his choicest ware.

W. H. A.

Dickon, ye scurvie bookesellerre, having filled his coffers with ye profits of "JACK SHEPPARD," baselie hireth Father Prout to abuse itte in his Miscellanie, [derisivelie styled ye WITS',] wherein he once glorified itte. A warninge to all future Editors of, and writers in, ye 3d WITS', or ("*to go to ye opposite extreme*") BENTLEY'S MISCELLANIE.

TO THE EDITOR.

WITHIN yon sunless cage, through many a year,
The imperial bird hath droop'd;—all hope foregone
Of his free mountain-home, of growing dawn,
And full meridian, in its confine drear:
So long, with iron hand, and brow austere,
Captivity her gradual veil hath drawn
Over such visions of the skyey sphere.—
But Thou, more bold of purpose, trampling on
The poor restraints, which lowlier men, for gain,
For quiet, or for safety's sake, abide,
Off from thine eagle spirit hast dash'd aside,
Lightly as Samson's withe, the unworthy chain.—
AINSWORTH—I joy to see thee now sustain
Thy self-borne course!—*thou art dis-Bentleyfied!*

ΕΨΙΑΟΝ.

A Letter from Ned Hyde to William Harrison Ainsworth, Esq.

Trinity College, Dublin,—Feast of St. Patrick.

DEAR WILL,—Our excellent librarian, Dr. Todd, has made a strange discovery here within the last three or four weeks—nothing less than the inedited songs of an old Greek poet, named ΕΔΟΥΑΡΔΟΣ ΚΕΝΕΑΛΗ. I have looked over the manuscript, and have been highly entertained by its contents, particularly by the lyrical effusions, which breathe the combined spirit of Anacreon and Sappho. They have all the epicurean, wine-loving, gay freedom of the first, interwoven with the warm fancies of the Lesbian. The deuce take me! but I have drank more claret, and courted more girls, since they have fallen into my possession than I did since the days when Maginn, and I, and Franky Murphy, boxed and swiped like jolly good fellows, in the year '26; and I have received more than one hint from the Dean to look sharp, and be in bed betimes. There has been no such literary treasure discovered since the Odes of Anacreon:—as to the Epistles of Phalaris, they are little better than waste paper when compared with these new jewels of imagination.

Now, my dear Will Harrison Ainsworth, I have been seriously revolving in my mind whether a selection from these songs of KENEAΛΗ would not suit you admirably. If you take my word for it, they will be just the thing; for the taste of the day is running wonderfully in favour of Greek, and after the bedevilling which Tom Moore has given poor Anacreon, there is no reading him. As a substitute, therefore, I would strongly advise you to treat with old Todd, to allow you, if possible, the privilege of publishing this MS. to the expectant world. The Donnellan Professor is a fair, liberal little fellow enough, and I have no doubt that if you come down handsomely with the *mopuses*, this work will be yours. Suppose you say five guineas a song? Eh?

With respect to KENEAΛΗ it would be difficult to say in what Olympiad he lived. Homer mentions one of the family, who was remarkable for a long sword:—

ΚΕΝΕΑΗ ταναηκει χαλκω.—*Ilias*, lib. 7, v. 77.

most serene Editorship; and the cawing of my licensed roysterers on jour de fête, seems to say, "Be thou, O Patron, the man!" Accept, ther anecdote, which has the advantage of being really authentic as to the birds. The late Dr. W——, residentiary of St. Paul's, an excellent for his fund of humour and anecdote, was wont to tell it of a possessed when incumbent of a parish near Ilfracombe. I cannot co Padre either in pathos or in Scripture mottoes, (which, I must con proper place as texts for sermons;) but I trust the "matter least to the unlucky victims of Mag's Jesuitry—will atone for author of "GUY FAWKES" and the "TOWER OF LONDON." Yo

This will probably be too late for No. II.; but perhaps th appropriate to April Fools'-day than worthy Saint David's an

THE MAGPIE OF MARWOOD. AN HUM

TANTO . NOMINI . NVLLVM . PAR . EVI
— MACHIAVELLI !!
Epitaph

Πολλά μοι ὑπ' ἀγκῶ-
-νος ὠκέα βέλη
Ἔνδον ἐντὶ φαρέτρ
Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσι

Dios me guarde de mis

Y' Winter's Tale.

Oh, 'twas bitter cold
Upon moor and wold,
And the yew trees old
By my garden wall,
Above, below,
Were clogg'd with snow,
Which evermõe
Did drift and fall.

My Magge appeareth, a bird politique in his gratitude, and eke of pleasaunt converse.

A chatter I heard,
Which my fancy stirr'd—
'Twas my own pet bird,
All white and black,
Whose quips and cranks,
And noisy pranks,
Oft spoke his thanks
For perch and snack.

Magge mateth Sire Tartuffe in habiliments, and Magliabecchi in polyglott.

As of some *Abbé*
In Molière's day,
Is his "*petit collet*,"
And his trim black suit.
His voice can ape
All tongues, and shape
Sounds that escape
Each duller brute.

Magge devyseth a partie of fructuous pleasaunce.

Sweet NATURE's chi
He had just beguil
Two playmates wild
From the distant w
To whom the wag,
Sans douht, did brae
He would treat each
To some temptin

Magge matcheth Machiavel and Malagrida.

Upon that tall
Old garden wa
The comrades
Sat fearless
I watch'd M
And the wo
Which, on
He addres

Magge discreetlie careth for his own behoof.

Struck wi
My gun
And an
While
Whose
My an
Did hi
Dem

...phies won?
...in the sun.
...ive me wine,
...y thine!

...hout the bowl?
...of the soul.
...ivy, VENUS charms,
...ue to her arms.
...ve me love and wine,
...s only thine!

...DLERS.

...of Chester Castle. "What
...ation been doing now?—My
...he becomes my son-in-law,
...ers in the country come to play

...and as he approached the gate
...ning; for he knew good old
...ng the very fierce and savage
...sh and daring, but chivalrous
...but quick-spirited knight as
...ears, his anger, his passions
...ment, but were extinguished
...which was lasting and un-

...he came up, "we have had
...man has been so insolent that,
...shew some respect for the
...and put him in the horse-
...burns in the veins of the

...cried the good Lord de

ver see thee go forth but I expect to hear that
llory; but thou hast done worse for thyself,
nued, "than if thou hadst been in the

what have I done but protected
a prison at the will and discretion
there is no great harm in that, my

it," replied De Lacy, shrugging his
ary saw thee with the wench in thy arms
sheet, the tears came up in her eyes, and
r like a startled rabbit to its burrow, without
Hie thee away to her, Roger Dutton, and make
Ludas! what a hot house you two will make of it
if you go on thus with one flame or another during
love, then it is jealousy—then it is anger, then it
again. If one had but a turnspit dog ready, one could
nison at your fire any day of the week."
er have any cause for jealousy, my good lord," replied
either before or after marriage."
make no rash vow, Roger!" cried the old Lord. "If thou
thou art the first Dutton that ever lived of the kidney, and
carry water ever after.—Well, hie thee to her, boy, and soothe
! I will talk to these good folks thou hast brought, and hear the
m them. Night is drawing on, and we must soon to the table."

I beseech you, my good lord, deal with Allan and his young love
lly," said Roger Dutton. "I've seen him with Prince Henry's band,
d, if I remember right, he was reputed a good soldier. As for the girl,
though she be a truant, she's no light-o'-love, I will warrant her."

"Warrant her, Roger Dutton?" cried the old Knight, laughing till the tears ran down his cheeks; "think of Roger warranting a maid's honesty! Get thee gone—get thee gone to thy jealous-pated lady-love, and make the pretty little linnet believe thee as innocent as an Easter lamb, if thou canst, Roger Dutton. Bring her down to supper at all events, and we will patch up your peace again somehow."

Roger Dutton waited not for more bidding, but entered the castle, and strode away to fair Mary de Lacy's chamber. As in duty and propriety bound, he knocked at the door three several times:—first, low and humbly, like a sparrow picking up seeds of grain—next, somewhat more loud and firm, and then sharp and impatiently; but neither way produced he any reply; and, as Roger Dutton's was certainly not a faint heart, but one well calculated to win a fair lady, he opened the door and walked straight in.

Mary de Lacy was sitting by the window, weeping, with one of her maids standing near, and giving that sort of consolation which makes people inclined to weep more; but Roger went up to his promised bride, at once asking, "What ails you, dearest Mary?"

"Ails me?" she cried, looking up at him, with her pretty eyes full of reproaches; "do you ask me that question, when I've seen you with my own eyes holding an idle dancing girl clasped in your arms?"

"Good faith, sweet love!" replied Roger, "'tis well that I have arms left to clasp any one in; for sour old Glanville would fain have struck off a part of one, and that the most useful part too, for but defending this poor girl and her lover from his minions and himself;—but come r. wipe away those needless tears, and go down with me, to pre and

protection to this wandering maiden. She needs it much; and Mary's heart's a kind one, though, as the fool said to-day, a little jealous."

"Marry come up!" cried the maid, in a loud aside.

"Ay, that fool you talk of, Roger Dutton," replied the fair lady, rising, and turning towards the window, "was a good prophet.— Fight a duel for a dancing girl, indeed! Who would have thought it?—and yet it has come true, it seems."

"Ay, and he told me, too," said Dutton, "that, though she be somewhat jealous, I shall have my fair lady's hand."

"In that I will take care he be mistaken," said the lady, who, though naturally as kindly as a warm day in spring, was, to say sooth, somewhat of a spoiled child. "Am I to have it said," she continued—"am I to have it said that I wedded the man who was famous for fighting in behalf of the dancing girls and tomblesteres of the fair? and that, as a fitting sight for his bride, he brought up one of them in his arms to Chester Castle? No, no, Roger Dutton. I have sent away to my cousin Edith, at Rothelan, to say that I will join her to-morrow early, rather than stay two sunsets in a castle where we have such guests."

"You have not sent yet?" said Roger Dutton. "Let me go and stop the messenger."

"Nay, but I have," replied the lady. "Stop him if you can, Roger Dutton —there he goes!"

Roger Dutton started to the window, and, sure enough, there he saw a man on horseback riding away from the gates at full speed.

"This is unkind, Mary," he said—"this is most unkind, when I came hither on purpose from Dutton, to spend but three short days with you, to turn it all to bitterness in this manner."

"Nay, it is you that are unkind, Roger," said the lady, who, to say sooth, now that the act was done, was somewhat sorry for her rashness—"'tis you that are unkind. Why did you do this, then?"

"Why did I do it?" said Roger, reproachfully. "Because I am a gentleman and a knight, lady—because I am bound by my knightly oath to aid a woman when I see her injured and oppressed—that's why I did it. Where is the gentleman who would not do the same? I found a poor girl dragged along by those two ruffian tipstaves of the Pied-poudré Court; I learned that she was not a dancing girl, but an innocent maiden, upon whom wanton John Glanville had cast his foul eyes; I saw that her lover was a good young soldier, whom I had known in—"

"Her lover?" said the lady, in a changed tone. "Had she a lover with her?"

"Ay, lady," replied Roger Dutton, "a lover as true as your own."

"No great reputation, Roger," replied Mary de Lacy, half laughing, half crying; "but I knew not she had a lover at all."

"And, if she had not," answered Roger Dutton, who was in truth somewhat angry, "I would have done just the same. Do you think, Mary, that I would see a woman, an innocent, inoffensive woman, dragged on by the arm, through a crowd of people, with pain, and shame, and ignominy, to be delivered up in the end to a wanton judge like that, and then cast in the common prison, to be treated at his will, and not step forward, to defend and protect her?"

Mary cast down her eyes, and Roger Dutton continued. "Do you think that I would see her condemned, against all justice and honesty? Do you think that I would leave her in the power of that wicked man? Do you think I would myself remain insulted and ill-treated—my bail refused—my

honesty assailed—myself committed to a prison, and not make way for her and myself too with my right hand?"

"God forbid! Roger," cried Mary, frankly, while the tears poured from her eyes. "I have been wrong, I have been hasty—but you should have told me—that is to say, I did not know all this?"

"That is my own Mary, now," said Roger Dutton, casting his arms round her—"always frank and generous, though somewhat rash and jealous."

"But where is this lover?" said Mary de Lacy, with a little drop of the poison still lingering in her cup.

"He is here in the castle," replied Dutton; "come and see them both, dear girl—you must befriend them. 'Twas but that they were separated by the people of the court, and then hard pressed, that caused me to catch her up and bear her hither. We had no time for much arrangement, sweet one! But thou art a naughty girl, Mary.—What's to be done about this messenger to Rothelan?—You have punished me for nothing, Mary."

"I have punished myself too, Roger," said the lady, looking in his face, with her bright blue eyes still tearful. "Margaret, you are a wicked woman to name such a scheme!"

"Lord, lady!" replied the waiting-woman, "'tis easily amended. Mother of the angels! 'tis much ado about nothing! Why not send another messenger to-morrow, and say you cannot come?"

"Edith will think me mad," replied her lady, "and my good uncle Ranulph will say there is no end to my caprices. Well, be it so!—it matters not. They shall say what they will, and that shall be my punishment. I'll send, and tell Edith the truth, Roger. I'll say that 'twas a fit of rash and needless jealousy. My good father will be pleased to see me humbled; for he said I would repent, when I asked him to send the messenger so quickly."

"Well, come, dear Mary," said Roger Dutton—"come! you shall be kind to this poor girl; and you will soon see she has a lover who need not even fear a Dutton, though we are an all-captivating race, dear Mary."

He spoke laughing, and took her hand, to lead her down, while she replied, with all her smiles restored, "You are a conceited race, at all events, and we women help to spoil you."

Thus saying, she suffered him to draw her arm through his; and they left the chamber, loitering, perhaps, for a moment on the stairs to say sweet words, with which the reader shall have nought to do. In the hall below they found the stout Lord Constable, with one or two of his good men-at-arms, talking frankly with the young minstrel Allan and his bride, and listening to all that Roger Dutton had done—now calling him a rash, foolish boy—now swearing that he would crop John of Glanville's ears, for offering such indignity to the Steward of Chester.

"Ha! Mary, ha! have you come?" he said, as he saw his daughter enter. "What, how now! Your eyes are red! So the storm passed off in rain, eh, pretty mistress? Here's the fair cause of all the mischief!"

"I grieve to be so much, lady," said the poor girl whom Roger had rescued. "I was sure you would be terrified for this noble lord."

"'Twas not that—'twas not that," said Mary de Lacy, with her cheek glowing like a rose. "I have been a very silly girl, but I will make up for it in kindness to you. Come with me; you shall first tell me all your story, and I will give you into the hands of those who will treat you well. You do not look like one that would do a bad act."

"Not for the world, I will answer for her, lady," replied the minstrel, stepping forward. "I have given her my whole happines and I am sure she will guard the treasure and increase it, too. back

to the fair, my noble lord. There is an old faithful servant of Marian's mother, who would come with us when we ran away—she's left behind, my lord."

"No, no, she's here without," said one of De Lacy's gentlemen who had just come in. "I found her miauling like a cat after her nine kittens, and made her come into the court."

"Send for her—send for her," said Mary de Lacy, "they shall sleep together in the little room out of my bower, dear father. I will be back again ere supper is served."

She was turning to go away, when her father stopped her for a moment, with a grave smile, saying, "You know the messenger is gone to Rothelan, my hasty daughter?"

"Ay, I know," replied Mary, laughing and blushing at the same time—"but Roger has explained."

"Better have heard his explanation ere you sent the messenger," said De Lacy; "I told you you would repent."

"Nay, nay, but we will send again to-morrow," said his daughter; "we will send to Edith, and say——"

"No, on my life!" cried the Lord Constable. "No, Mary—what's done shall not be undone. First, I have no men to spare upon such errands—those I despatched the other day will not return this week, and I have but enough to guard the castle properly; next, my dear child, you must learn a lesson. Such hasty passion brings its own punishment; and to prevent its bringing a heavier one hereafter, when no one can remedy it, I will make this little act irrevocable too. You go to Rothelan to-morrow, or my name's not De Lacy."

"Nay, nay, my dear lord," cried Roger Dutton; "remember, you punish me too."

"Not a word, Roger—not a word!" said the old soldier. "I will adhere to my story. As for punishing you, when is the day you do not need it, you quarrelsome rogue? So you shall do penance, by your lady's absence; and if it be any punishment for her to be away from you, 'tis her own act—she has none to thank for it but herself."

Mary de Lacy burst into tears, and, taking the girl Marian's hand, led her quickly away out of the hall.

"Well, I will go with her, then," said Dutton; "the Earl will give me welcome, I will warrant."

"Not so, Sir Roger," cried the old man; "I want you here. You shall accompany her to the boundary of the county, if you please. I must send men to guard her, but, on the border of Flintshire, Ranulph of Chester sends men to meet her; for I must have my own men back again, and you must come with them."

Roger Dutton looked as if he had not the slightest intention of doing anything of the kind; but the old Lord laid his hand upon his arm, saying, "Hark ye, my dear boy, this must be as I will—the day will come when you will thank me for it. My poor good lady, who is gone—and I, too, for I will not shirk my share—have done what we could to spoil as sweet and kind a girl as ever lived, and she must have some little check, not only to teach her she is rash, for that she knows already, but to make her own high spirit gall her. I will have it so, Roger—I will have it so; and you must promise to come back from the border, or I will not let you go with her."

"Well, my good lord," answered Roger Dutton, "if it must be so, it must; but I grieve to see Mary pained."

"All the more reason I should pain her, then," answered her father; "for

if her husband spoils her as a wife after her parents have spoiled her as a girl—body of St. Barnabas! what a shrew the old woman will be!"

Roger Dutton could scarcely refrain from a smile, and, to say truth, in his heart, he was not quite sure that the old Lord Constable was in the wrong.

"Well, I must go and soothe her," he said, "my lord; but I must say it is somewhat hard upon me, when I am here but for a few days."

"Pooh!" cried De Lacy, bluffly. "You'll soon have enough of her—perhaps too much—though that's a lie, too, for she's a dear, kind girl, and I know not what the castle hall will look without her when she is your wife, Dutton. But go to her—go to her, and try to stop her from crying; I do not love to see her tears; but yet, in this matter, I will have my way."

Roger Dutton left him without reply. The supper was served and the good Lord de Lacy impatient before the two lovers made their appearance again, for as they found they were to have so little of each other's society they thought they might as well have it undiluted, and therefore sat in Mary's chamber till the last moment, with good Mrs. Margaret talking to the miller's daughter and her poor follower at a very respectful distance. What Roger Dutton had said to Mary de Lacy, or what Mary de Lacy had said to Roger Dutton, does not appear upon the face of the authentic records of the house of De Lacy, but there is good reason to suspect that he promised her to find an excuse for visiting Chester Castle again ere ten days were over, and that she promised him to receive him without any jealousy when he did come. They both agreed, too, as there were so many unpleasant things daily happening in courtship that it would be better to get that probationary season over as soon as possible, and be married whenever the good old Lord would let them. Thus, when they appeared at the supper-table, both were much more calm and tranquil than when they had left the hall—a little grave, perhaps, but Mary soon recovered all her cheerfulness; Roger Dutton was never long without his full share of that sunshiny quality; and Allan, the harper, played them many an inspiring air upon his instrument, while Marian varied the hours with a sweet wild song of Lancashire, from which county the poor girl came. Thus the time flew almost quicker than either Roger Dutton or Mary de Lacy liked, and good night was said before either of them thought they had been half happy enough to make up for the passing sorrow which had come and gone.

Early in the morning the horses were saddled in the court-yard—for although ladies were not in those days quite such fragile creatures as at present, yet they were still subject to fatigue and other ills of the kind; and the journey, on horseback, from Chester to Rothelan was, as the reader knows, a long one. Roger Dutton lifted his lady-love into the saddle, after she had been duly embraced and admonished by her father, and sprang upon his own horse's back, but not before the Lord Constable had made him repeat a promise to leave Mary on the border of Flint, as soon as she was safe under the escort of the men of her uncle Ranulph, and to return to Chester Castle.

The journey passed away happily—the summer clouds chased each other lightly over their heads—the varying thoughts of love floated not unlike them through their bosoms—their conversation swept, like the shadows of those vapours, over all the things on earth, brightening everything with changing light and shade—and, in short, the sweet young season of the heart was upon them, above them, around them, metamorphosing everything by its magic power into its own image. The moments will fly, however, dear reader, and the brighter ones have still the swallows' wings, flitting near us, and passing away from us with equal rapidity. The borders of Flintshire were reached at length: some half-dozen spearmen were waiting for Mary's escort; and,

though Mistress Margaret vowed that she was tired, and her mistress like to drop, they would not consent to pause above a quarter of an hour for the lady's repose, alleging that their lord had ordered their instant return, for reasons best known to himself.

There was no help for it, and they parted: Roger Dutton taking his way back, gloomy enough, to Chester Castle, and Mary wending on, still more sadly, to Rothelan, thinking what a silly girl she had been, and sometimes asking herself how long Marian, the miller's daughter, would remain at Chester. It was evening, though not dark, when they came in sight of Rothelan, and Mary remarked that the soldiers of her escort urged on the horses more quickly towards the end of the journey, which she thought strange, considering that both beasts and riders were by that time tired. Often, too, did they look up to the neighbouring hills, and Mary asked whether they expected a storm? The reply was briefly, "No, lady, the sky looks fair;" but still they gazed up, and once or twice spoke together in a low tone.

At Rothelan, however, a warm welcome waited her from her mother's brother and her fair cousin, Edith, and so glad were they to see her, so much did they thank her for coming, that she could not help reproaching herself for feeling so little pleasure in being with those who loved her much. There let us leave her, however, and return to the good town of Chester and its old castle.

Roger Dutton reached the gates an hour before sunset, and found the good De Lacy playing at quoits with some of the household in the castle-yard. Allan, the harper, was with the rest, and much did his strength and skill seem to surprise the old Lord. Allan had just delivered a quoit, when gay Roger Dutton rode through the gate, and at that moment De Lacy was exclaiming—"Do that three times, and thou shalt wed her to-morrow in the castle chapel, let who will say nay. By the bones of St. Luke! thou shalt have a farm in soccage with her that shall make thy father leap to see her.—Do that three times I say!"

"Your word is pledged, my lord!" cried Allan. "Wish me good luck, Marian!—Now, then, to win!" and, stretching forth his arm, poising well the iron round, while Marian blushed like a rose, he pitched it, with strong and unerring aim, to the desired spot, amidst a shout of gratulation from the frank soldiery. Again, and again, he did it without the variation of a dagger's breadth; and the old Lord, full of his bluff enthusiasm, took him in his arms, and hugged him, exclaiming—"Thou shalt have her! thou shalt have her, and the farm too! A bridal! a bridal, Roger Dutton!"

"Would it were mine!" said Dutton, with a sigh.

"Well, boy," cried the Constable, "thine shall be soon enough. What is it stops thee? I make no objection. She may be thine this day week, if thou and she can agree about it."

Let not the reader think that this is an exaggerated picture of those times. Many more serious things than a wedding have been concluded even more quickly in the days we speak of, and countries have been plunged in war for half a century for less matters than a game at quoits. Well satisfied, however, was Roger Dutton—well satisfied, too, were Allan and his bride; and, when noon of the next day approached, the old Lord Constable appeared at the altar in the chapel as father to fair Marian, while Roger Dutton stood beside the young harper, and a priest with a book between them.

The irrevocable words were spoken, the ring was on the finger, and Allan and Marian were man and wife, with no fear of courts of chancery before their eyes—no chances of nullification for want of due formalities. The will

of the Constable of Chester was quite sufficient licence for the priest; and the Roman-catholic faith had, at all events, the advantage of rendering all things that it meddled with more stable than most matters are in times of constant change. Allan looked at his bride with eyes of love, the good Lord de Lacy took toll of her lips, Roger Dutton kissed her cheek, as Mary was not by, and many a jesting congratulation saluted the fair couple from the little congregation of the castle chapel. But, alas! if rites and ceremonies were stable in those days, and the law rendered inviolable the church's doings, human fate was then as changeable as it is now, and no arm was strong enough, any more than at present, to shelter joy from fortune's will, even for an hour. The bridal party were walking down the aisle towards the door—the dinner was already smoking in the hall—laughter and merriment shook the old oaken roof of the chapel, when, suddenly, the blast of a trumpet was heard at the castle gate, and the moment after, as De Lacy and the rest issued forth into the court, a heated, dusty horseman, rode in and sprang to the ground, with letters in his hand.

"What news, Walter? What news from Rothelan?" demanded De Lacy eagerly, for there was that in the man's look which bespoke danger as well as haste.

"What news?" asked Roger Dutton, not less anxiously.

"Cold tidings, my good lords," replied the messenger. "My comrade has not reached you then?—He's gone, poor fellow! Me they chased four miles."

"Who? who?" exclaimed the Constable. "Light of my eyes! the man thinks we are conjurers, to read his meaning without words. Who, I say? —Give me the letters!"

"There, my lord," replied the messenger, giving the packet that he carried. "Rothelan is invested by the Welshmen—full ten thousand."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed De Lacy. "There's not ten thousand Welshmen in the world! Read, Roger! read! I never could make much of it, and now my eyes are somewhat blind with age. What says our good brother-in-law?"

"Sad tidings, noble lord," replied Roger Dutton. "He is, indeed, besieged in Rothelan by a large force of Welsh. Scanty provision has he, and small store of arms. He does beseech you, send him instant help—they pour against his battlements like hail; and he has scarce force enough to guard the walls by day, with few to spare for needful rest."

"Mary, Mother! this is an evil chance!" cried the old Lord; "and I have not a score of men to spare. How many are there, Roger?"

"He does not say, my lord," replied Dutton. "Yes, stay—he does! Some six or seven thousand angry Welshmen he calls them—six or seven thousand!"

"This for our sins!" cried De Lacy.

"Shall I say a mass, my lord?" asked the Priest.

"Masses to hell!" cried the Constable. "'Tis men we want! What can be done? Where can we turn? You must ride out to all the neighbouring lands, and see what you can raise ere night. I may not quit the castle, for my oath, till this cursed fair be over. To horse, Roger!—to horse! You can gather a hundred men ere night."

"Night! my lord," cried Roger Dutton—"'twill be too late. A hundred men!—what can they do?"

"Hark, my good lords!" exclaimed Allan, the harper. "I have a plan. Down in the fair there is many a thousand sturdy fellows, made for strong blows—active, though idle—brave, though wild enough. Methinks, at

Roger Dutton's name alone, one half, at least, would follow to the gates of death. Let us go down, and see. Here, in the castle, you must have arms to spare."

"Plenty, plenty of their kind!" exclaimed the old Lord.

"'Tis our best chance," cried Roger Dutton. "Now, Mary, you shall see what comes of winning minstrels, love! Methinks they'll follow me."

"Ay will they, my good lord," answered Allan—"and I the first!"

"If they will," cried Dutton, "not all the naked Welshmen in the world shall stop me from delivering her I love and my good lord, the Earl.—Come, Allan, come! Give us some half-dozen stout companions, noble Lacy, to guard us against Glanville and his crew. Let us have a trumpet, too, to call the men about us."

"The man's a magician—a diviner!" exclaimed Lacy. "I declare I shall soon believe in geomancy, chiromancy, and all the ancies!"

Young Allan, the harper, looked at De Lacy, and began to think that something had turned the old Knight's brain.

"'Pon my life!" cried Roger Dutton, "'tis somewhat singular. I have fought the duel that he talked of for one miscalled a dancing girl; I have found my fair lady somewhat jealous; and now nothing remains but to defeat an army with rags and tatters, which we propose to do directly; and then, that 'Every Dutton may have his mutton.'"

"Rags and tatters you will find enough in the fair, my lord," cried Allan; "but stout arms under them."

"'Tis that we want—'tis that we want!" cried Roger Dutton. "By Heaven! I am grown superstitious; and with that man's prophecy to back us, I would rather have my men in rags and tatters than hauberks and gambesons. Come, Allan, come! Now my lord, call out ten men-at-arms and a trumpet—'tis all we'll take of thee. We scorn your steel-clad fellows, whom no blow can reach. By my life! I'll ride in my cloak and jerkin. Ho! bring me out a horse there!"

"You shall have them—you shall have them," cried De Lacy. "God speed you, gay Roger! Thou art just the man to run through life with a lance in his hand, and conquer with small means. Call me out the first ten ready there, who wish to go with Roger Dutton!"

Every man in the court started forward; and as it was needful to make a choice, Roger Dutton fixed upon every second man, and then exclaimed, "Now let us forward! the horses and arms can come after to the edge of the fair. Heaven's benison on thee, pretty Marian! I take thy husband from thee even in the bridal hour; but we'll bring him back with honour, never fear!"

Marian, it must be owned, looked somewhat rueful, but old De Lacy chucked her under the chin, crying, "Come girl, come—don't be sad, I'll console thee."

Allan gave her one warm embrace and one hearty kiss; and the whole castle seeming to be infected with the light, daring spirit of gay Roger Dutton, assembled round the gate as he and his companions passed out, and gave them a loud long cheer that echoed down into the fair.

It was just the hour of dinner when Dutton and his companions approached the outer booths, and most of the merry folks there collected were revelling and singing within. A number of boys, however, were on the outside, to watch the stalls, and see that no one stole the merchandise, and when their eyes fell upon the young nobleman, they instantly began to shout with the true eagerness and strong lungs of youth, "Roger Dutton! Roger Dutton! Long live gay Roger Dutton, the minstrel's friend!"

The sound reached the interior of the various booths and wooden houses where some were enjoying their solitary meal and their hour of repose; and some were drinking, talking, and singing, in company. Several people heard the sounds distinctly, and made out what they were; but others only heard a shout, and fancied that some accident had happened. All ran out, however, who were within earshot, and a long line of curious faces, in every sort of strange head-dress that it is possible to conceive, from the Armenian high cap to the Flemish skimming-dish, were protruded along the line of the street up which Roger Dutton was gazing.

The first man who came near him was a cobbler, and he approached with the usual benediction of "God bless thee, gay Roger Dutton! What moves thy light heart now?"

"Hark ye, my merry men—hark ye!" cried Roger Dutton, raising his voice to a loud tone; "Ranulph, good Earl of Chester is besieged in Rothelan Castle by a rabble of Welshmen, the scum of the mountains, and Roger Dutton is a-foot in his hose and jerkin, to help the good Earl, and to beat back the Welsh. Who will come with Roger Dutton at his need?"

"I will!" cried the cobbler, putting back into his shop the wooden platter which he had brought out in his hand; "I have got a sheaf of arrows and a bow."

"What's the matter? what's the matter?" cried the fiddler, Roger Dutton's first friend in the fair, who now came running down at full speed; "I heard Roger Dutton's name."

"Here he is! here he is!" shouted the boys. "Here's gay Roger Dutton! Long live Roger Dutton!"

"Come, fiddler," cried Roger; "thou shalt fight for us, likewise."

"Fight for thee?" cried the fiddler—"that I will, and fiddle for thee, too. All the fiddlers will fight for thee. I am ready! who shall we fight against?—John Glanville?"

"No, no," cried Allan, the harper; "the Dutton is going out to fight the Welsh in his jerkin and hose, and to deliver the good Earl Ranulph, besieged in Rothelan. Let such men come with us as will—we want none but the willing."

"We'll all come!—we'll all come!" shouted the fiddler. "Boy, lug me the drummer out of yon hovel by the ear. Bring his drum with him—you, Allan, get up a song. We'll march through the town and beat the drum, and I'll play the fiddle, and you shall sing;—and, my life for it, we have thousands ere an hour be over! The good Earl besieged in Rothelan?—Roger Dutton to lead us?—We'll beat the devil and all his legions!"

"I've got a sword!" cried one.

"My knife will do as well as another," exclaimed a second.

"I'll borrow Matthew Gamble's pike," said a third.

"Pikes and swords are coming from the castle," said Roger Dutton; "all men shall have arms that will use them."

"What shall be the measure, Allan?" said the fiddler.

"'Joan ap Rice?'" asked Allan.

"Fie! no, that's a Welsh howl."

"'Lancaster town,' or 'Hop Winikin?'"

"The first—the first!" said the fiddler. "Now drummer, wilt thou beat thy drum for Roger Dutton going to fight the Welsh?"

"Will I?" cried the drummer—and swinging his instrument of noise round before him, he beat a row dow dow that made the whole place echo.

"That will do, that will do!" cried the fiddler; "beat so whenever we stop.—Now, my lord, we will begin our march. Let all the recruits fall in behind,

and swell the train of Roger Dutton—gay Roger Dutton!—Here we go to the tune of 'Lancaster town'—Allan, are you ready?"

Allan nodded his head; the drummer went first, the fiddler and the harper came next, Dutton and his soldiers followed with a train of men and boys who were now gathering thick in the rear, and who seized upon every pause for a loud shout, which ensured that nobody should be ignorant that something exciting was going on in the fair. But in the meanwhile the fiddler played upon his viol a light and inspiriting air, and Allan, the harper, in a fine, bold, manly voice, sang as they went the following verses, which he had struck off on the spur of the occasion:—

BATTLE SONG OF ROGER DUTTON.

"Roger Dutton's going to fight
In his doublet and his hose—
Who is wrong and who is right,
No one cares, and no one knows.

"Follow us, my merry men all!
We are going to do great things;
If we meet the devil and all,
We will make him find his wings.

"Roger Dutton's going to fight
In his doublet and his hose—
Who is wrong and who is right,
No one cares, and no one knows."

Thus saying, on they went, every street and alley of the fair pouring forth multitudes upon them, every voice taking up the cry "Roger Dutton's going to fight the Welsh! Roger Dutton's going to fight the Welsh! All the men are going with him! Come along! Come along!"

"Get me my sword!"

"Fetch me my staff!"

"Where's my buckler?"

"Have you seen my steel cap, boy?"

"Reach me down that guisarme."

"The tent-pole for me!"

"Roger Dutton's going to fight
In his doublet and his hose—
Who is wrong and who is right,
No one cares, and no one knows."

"Row de dow, dow! Row de dow, dow! Row de dow, dow!"

"Roger Dutton—gay Roger Dutton! Long live Roger Dutton!"

Such were the sounds, or at least a few of them that soon accompanied the young nobleman on his march through the fair. Never was such a hullabaloo heard—never was such a scene of confusion—never were so many heads thrust out of the windows—never did so many men run out of the doors; the wild enthusiasm seized upon everybody—it was like the frenzy of the Bacchantes; everybody was ready to go, and to tear to pieces any one who hesitated; so that at length by the time that he had made the complete round of the fair, and reached the place to which the horses and arms from the castle had been brought, full seventeen hundred men were ready to follow him to death, and Allan, the harper, changing his verse, sang in a louder and a gayer voice than ever—

"Roger Dutton leads to fight
The bold fiddlers and their crew;
If he meets the Welsh to-night,
He will give the devil his due!"

THE MISER'S DAUGHTER.

A Tale.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

MRS. CLINTON'S ALARM.—THE MISER'S UNEXPECTED RETURN.—THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE MORTGAGE-MONEY.—EFFRONTERY OF PHILIP FREWIN AND DIGGS.—LADY BRABAZON'S DEPOSIT OF THE DIAMONDS.—THE MISER'S GALLANTRY.—HE DISCOVERS THE CONTRIVER OF THE ROBBERY.

Day wore on, and Mrs. Clinton, who began to wonder at her niece's prolonged stay, became extremely apprehensive lest Mr. Scarve should return before her, and discover her absence. She had just despatched her scanty dinner, having waited more than an hour for Hilda, removed the things that they might not excite the miser's suspicion in case of his sudden return, and sat down to her needlework, on which she was diligently, though almost mechanically employed, when she was startled by a sound like the opening of a window, followed by a stealthy tread, in one of the rooms upstairs. The idea of robbers instantly occurred to her, for she recollected the large amount of gold in the house, as well as the public manner in which it had been paid, and she felt how likely it was that an attempt might be made to carry it off, especially if it had been ascertained that she was alone in the house. She had heard of murders committed in lone habitations in broad day, and, in most cases, upon defenceless females like herself; and filled with indescribable terror, she rushed forth, with the intention of giving the alarm. Before she gained the passage, a knock was heard at the street door, and hurrying to it, she hastily, and with trembling hands, unfastened it, and beheld the miser. If she was startled by his appearance, he was not less by her's; and fixing a terrible look upon her, he demanded why Jacob had not let him in? Receiving no answer, he pushed her roughly into the passage, and clapping the door hastily to, proceeded to the parlour. Poor Mrs. Clinton scarcely knew what to do, but at last she followed him, and found him pacing to and fro within the room, like one distracted. As soon as he saw her, he ran towards her, and seizing her arm, cried, "Where is Jacob? Is the rascal gone out without leave? Why don't you speak, woman? Have you dared to send him out?—or has Hilda?"

"He will be back directly," replied Mrs. Clinton, almost frightened out of her senses. "I expected him long before this."

"Then he *is* gone out," cried the miser, as if he could scarcely credit what he heard; "and Hilda, I suppose, is gone with him?"

Mrs. Clinton returned a terrified affirmative.

"And where are they gone to, in the devil's name?" roared the miser.

"I am not at liberty to say," replied Mrs. Clinton.

"I will have an answer," cried the miser, glaring at her as if he would annihilate her. "Where is she gone?"

"You will extort nothing from me by this violence," returned Mrs. Clinton, firmly.

"Then you shall quit my house to-night," he rejoined fiercely. "I will

not have my authority set at nought. Seek another home, madam, and another protector."

The poor lady hung her head, but made no reply.

"Mrs. Clinton," he continued, with forced calmness, "I put it to yourself, and unless I have been altogether mistaken in you, you will not be insensible to the appeal,—I put it to you, I say, whether, when I demand, as a father, to know what has become of my daughter, you can reconcile it to your conscience to refuse to tell me?"

"I will tell you thus much, sir," she replied, after a pause; "Hilda has been induced to take this step solely in consequence of your declaration that you would compel her into a marriage with her cousin. She is gone to consult a friend."

"What friend?" cried the miser, springing towards her. "I insist upon knowing."

"Well then, you *shall* know, sir," replied Mrs. Clinton. "She is gone to see Mr. Abel Beechcroft."

If a heavy blow had been dealt him, the unhappy man could not have been more staggered than by this information. He turned away in confusion, muttering "Abel Beechcroft! Why should she go to him?"

"Because her poor mother left a letter to be delivered to him if circumstances should render it necessary," rejoined Mrs. Clinton.

"And you gave her that letter?" cried the miser.

"I did," she replied.

"And you sent her to her father's bitterest enemy for advice?" he continued. "It is well! It is well!" And he strode to the side door, as if with the intention of mounting to his bed-room.

Up to this moment, Mrs. Clinton had forgotten the circumstance that had so recently alarmed her, but she now recalled it, and ran after him, crying, "Sir! sir!"

"What does the woman want?" demanded the miser, turning fiercely upon her.

The answer stuck in her throat. Dreading to provoke a fresh explosion of rage, she muttered some unintelligible excuse, and retired.

The miser, meanwhile, having obtained access to his chamber, threw his hat upon the bed, passed on, and unlocked the door of the closet. Marching up to the large chest in which he had deposited the bags of gold on the previous night, he sat down upon it, and was for some time lost in deep and painful reflection. He then rose, and taking a bunch of keys from his pocket, applied one of them to the lock of the chest. It would not turn, and imagining he must have made some mistake, he drew it out, and tried another. This, however, did not fit at all, and returning to the first, he perceived, on examination, that it was the right one. On again applying it, and proceeding more carefully, he found to his surprise and dismay that the chest was not locked. Well knowing he had not left it in this state, he felt convinced that something was wrong; and it was long before he could prevail upon himself to raise the lid. When he did so, he started back with a cry of anguish and despair.—The chest was empty!

For some minutes, he remained as if transfixed, with his hands stretched out, his mouth wide open, his eyes almost starting from their sockets, and fixed upon the void where his treasure should have been. At length, he shrieked, in accents of despair — "I have been robbed — robbed of my gold — robbed—robbed! It is a wicked thing—a cruel thing to rob me. Others do not love gold as I love it. I love it better than wife, child, mistress—better than life itself. Would that they had killed me rather than take

Hilda's visit to Abel Beechcroft

my gold. Oh! those fair shining pieces, so broad, so bright, so beautiful! what can have become of them?"

After a pause, during which he experienced the acutest mental anguish, he looked around to see how the robbery could have been effected. A moment's examination shewed him that the iron bars in front of the little window opposite the chest had been removed. "The villains must have found entrance there!" he cried, "rushing towards the window. And clambering upon an old oaken bureau that stood near it, he pushed it wide open, and stretching his long, scraggy neck through it, gazed into the little garden beneath.

Unable to discover anything, he drew back from the window, and casting his eyes over the bureau perceived that the dust with which it was covered had been slightly brushed away; but whether by himself or the depredators, it was now of course impossible to determine. A bottle standing on one corner of the bureau had not been removed. It was plain, however, that admittance had been gained through the window, and it was equally clear that the plunderers had gone direct to the chest, of which they must have possessed a key, for the lock, though strained, had not been forced. Maddened by these reflections, and unable to account for the occurrence, he again vented his fury in words.—"I have it!" he shrieked—"it is that accursed Welsh baronet who has robbed me. He paid me the money in this public way only to delude me. I'll charge him with the robbery—I'll prove it against him—I'll hang him. Oh! it would delight me to hang him. I would give a thousand pounds to see it done. A thousand pounds! What is that to the fourteen thousand I have lost? I shall go mad—and it were happy for me that I should do so. Philip Frewin will refuse to marry my daughter. Her portion is gone—gone! Why did I go forth with Firebras? I ought to have taken my seat on that chest—to have eaten my meals upon it—to have slept upon it. Night nor day should I have quitted it. Fool that I have been—I have been rightly served—rightly served. And yet it is hard upon me—an old man,—to lose all I held dear,—very hard." And falling upon his knees, with his hands clasped together, beside the vacant chest, he wept aloud.

This paroxysm of rage and grief having subsided, he again arose, and descended to the parlour, where he found Mrs. Clinton anxiously waiting his re-appearance. She instantly divined what had happened, and retreated before him as he advanced, almost fearing from his looks that he would do her a violence. Shaking his clenched hand, and foaming at the mouth, he attempted to discharge a volley of imprecations against her, but rage took away the power of speech, and he stood gesticulating and shaking before her,—a most appalling spectacle.

"For Heaven's sake, sir, compose yourself," she cried, "or you will have a fit, or some dangerous illness. You frighten me to death."

"I am glad of it," he shrieked. "I have been robbed—the mortgage-money is gone—the fourteen thousand pounds. D'ye hear, woman? I've been robbed, I say—robbed!"

"I feared as much," replied Mrs. Clinton; "but the robbery cannot have been long effected, for just before you knocked at the door, I heard a window creak, as I thought, in your room."

"You did!" screamed the miser. "And why not tell me this before? I might have caught them,—might have got back the spoil."

"If you hadn't frightened me so much about Hilda, I should have told you," replied Mrs. Clinton, in a deprecatory tone. "But your [illegible]ut it out of my head."

"Hell and fiends!" ejaculated the miser; "what is Hilda, what are fifty daughters, compared with my gold? If you had enabled me to recover it, I would have forgiven you all the rest. Don't stand trembling there, fool, but come with me, and let us see whether we can discover any traces of the robbers."

So saying, he hurried towards a small back door in the passage, the bolts of which were so rusty that he had considerable difficulty in removing them; but this effected, he passed into the garden.

A most miserable and neglected place it was, and almost wholly overgrown with long rank grass, such as is to be seen in some city churchyards. But it had once been prettily laid out, as was evidenced from the lines of box bordering the flower-beds, as well as from the trellised arbour and greenhouse. The appearance of the latter made the desolation of the place more complete than it would otherwise have been. The glass was removed from the frames—one of the walls had been pulled down, and the bricks and plaster were lying scattered about, together with a heap of broken flowerpots, and a number of worn-out and battered gardening implements. The arbour was covered with the net-like folds of a dead creeper, and the trellis-work was decayed and falling to pieces. The little window, to which access had been gained by the robbers, was on the upper story, and about sixteen feet from the ground. The miser gazed anxiously and inquiringly at it. All the lower windows, including that of the parlour, which he usually occupied, were closely barred, and had evidently not been disturbed. Those in the attics were boarded up; while of the remainder in the first floor, only the small one in question was open. On examining the ground beneath it, he found foot-prints upon the soil and on the crushed grass, and, as far as he could ascertain, two or three persons must have assisted at the robbery. He traced the foot-prints across the garden to a wall about six feet high, at the back of which was a narrow passage, communicating between the adjoining house and the area in front of the abbey; and here, from certain indications in the soil, he had no doubt that the depredators had got over. His vociferations while conducting the search brought some of the inmates of the next house into the passage, and they told him that they had seen and heard nothing, but begged him to come round and satisfy himself. This he instantly did, and found their representations perfectly correct. The only proof of the robbers having gained admission by this way lay in the fact of the passage-door being left open. His investigations ended, the miser, who made no remark while conducting them, went back to his own house.

To his surprise, he found that his daughter and Jacob had returned. The latter looked greatly disconcerted, and continued twirling his hat between his fingers, but Hilda advanced towards him.

"I am greatly distressed to hear of your loss, father," she said.

"And to whom am I to attribute it?" he rejoined, bitterly. "If you had remained at home, and Jacob had been on the watch, it would not have happened."

"Perhaps not," she rejoined; "but I am not wholly to blame. It was your unkindness that compelled me to take this step."

"Well, and what does good Abel Beechcroft, kind Abel Beechcroft say?" cried the miser, tauntingly; "what does he advise?—will he receive you?—will he adopt you?—will he give you to his nephew Randulph? He is welcome to do so if he pleases."

"Do not let us speak on this subject now, father," rejoined Hilda—"you

have too much upon your mind without it. I pray you to believe that I have been guilty of no wilful disobedience towards you."

"Pshaw!" cried the miser, contemptuously—"I will not have my patience abused by idle professions. But as you say, we will discuss the matter at another time. Answer me only one question—have you seen Randulph Crew?"

"I have," replied Hilda, blushing deeply.

"At his uncle's?" demanded the miser.

"No," she rejoined—"but in a situation and under circumstances that, if I had entertained the slightest regard for him, would have effectually obliterated it."

"We saw your nephew at the same time, sir," said Jacob, who had now regained his self-possession.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the miser—"where did you see him?"

"At the Folly on the Thames," replied Jacob. "And he was not in the miserable dress he came to visit you in, but in a fine suit and handsome peruke. I told you he was playing you false. If I'm not deceived, also, he was on good terms with the gay lady to whom Mr. Randulph Crew was paying attention, and which made Miss Hilda so jealous!"

"Jacob!" she exclaimed, again colouring.

"Nay, I meant no offence, Miss," he returned, "but you know it's the truth."

"What idle story is this?" exclaimed the miser, incredulously.

Jacob's reply was cut short by a knock at the door.

"Are you at home, sir?" he asked.

"Yes—yes—" replied the miser; "in my present frame of mind I care not whom I see."

Jacob then departed, and in a few seconds returned, with a countenance fraught with vexation and surprise, ushering in Diggs and Philip Frewin. The latter was dressed in the same miserable suit, the same old wig, and the same old shoes with high quarters, that he had worn on the preceding day. The visitors appeared struck with the embarrassed air of the miser and his family, and Diggs inquired the cause of it.

"Before I explain what has happened to myself, Mr. Diggs," said Scarve, "I think it right to state that my servant, Jacob Post, declares he saw my nephew on board the Folly on the Thames this morning, and very differently dressed from what he is at present."

"I saw him not two hours ago," said Jacob.

"That must have been at half-past two o'clock," rejoined Diggs, taking out his watch, "and at that time he was with me. You must, therefore, be mistaken, friend."

"I am quite at a loss to conceive what Jacob can mean," said Philip, "but I certainly was with Mr. Diggs at the time specified, as he has just stated."

"You know well enough what I mean, Mr. Philip," rejoined Jacob, gruffly; "you know you're deceivin' your uncle."

Mr. Diggs smiled at the miser, and shrugged his shoulders.

"They're in league together, sir," said Jacob, "if you don't believe me, ask Miss Hilda if she didn't see him."

"I certainly thought I saw Philip," said Hilda, "but I confess I was too much confused at the time to observe accurately."

"May I ask my fair cousin how she happened to be in a situation to make such observation?" inquired Philip.

"Ay, you may well ask that?" added the miser.

"It can matter little why I was there," replied Hilda; "I conceive myself called upon to answer the question."

"I can give you no explanation, Philip," said Scarve, "for I have [illegible] myself. My daughter has chosen to go out without leave during my absence, and Jacob has accompanied her. I profess myself wholly ignorant as to where she has been."

"You are not wholly ignorant, father," replied Hilda, "for I have [illegible] I have been to Mr. Abel Beechcroft, and I may now add," [illegible] looking at Philip, "that I have called upon Mrs. Verral, in [illegible]."

"Mrs. Verral!" exclaimed Philip, starting.

"[illegible] may well look surprised and dismayed, sir," pursued Hilda; [illegible] what is to follow. She has made your real character and [illegible] known to me. Father, your nephew is not what he seems. [illegible] more false in outward appearance than in reality. What [illegible] more consequence to you than anything else is, that he is a [illegible] man, seeking an alliance with me only to repair his broken fortunes."

"It is necessary for me now to interpose, Miss Scarve," said Diggs. "No one can be better acquainted with your cousin's affairs than I am; and [illegible] from being a ruined man, or in the slightest degree embarrassed, he [illegible] this moment worth half a million of money."

"Do you hear that?" cried the miser, triumphantly.

"I shall not speak of myself,"—said Philip.

"No, you had better not," interrupted Jacob.

"Peace, sirrah!" cried the miser; "there is no need of assertions, nephew; [illegible] quite satisfied. And now, may I ask what brings you here?"

"We come to conclude the marriage settlement, sir," rejoined Diggs. "My client is anxious to expedite the match."

"I regret to tell you a very unfortunate accident has just occurred, [illegible] prevent my giving the sum I intended," said the miser.

"[illegible]" cried the attorney, with a disappointed look.

"[illegible]," said Jacob, drawing near his master. And twitching [illegible] whispered in his ear, "touch 'em up on that."

"[illegible]," cried the miser, aloud. "To put the matter at rest," [illegible] "I must inform you, that during my absence I [illegible] the whole of the large sum paid me yesterday."

[illegible] Philip, turning very pale, "the fourteen thousand [illegible]

[illegible] in the affirmative.

"My dear sir, you don't say so?" cried Diggs.

[illegible] the miser; "every jot of it is gone."

"[illegible] robbery!" exclaimed the attorney—"but it must be [illegible] it happen—and how? Pray give me all the par[illegible] officers to work immediately."

[illegible] mournfully—"it is gone, and employing thief[illegible] it back again, but, on the contrary, will [illegible] as well as of time and patience. I meant [illegible] marriage. But as I have lost it, she must [illegible]

[illegible]!" exclaimed Diggs "The loss of four[illegible] true, but it falls more lightly upon you [illegible] still wealth sufficient to make the [illegible] without feeling it."

[illegible] the miser, "I proposed to give my [illegible] I had in my eye at the time of

making the offer. Of this I have been fraudulently deprived, and it is no longer in my power to fulfil my agreement."

"Well, my dear uncle," said Philip, "sooner than——"

"I know what your generosity prompts you to say, Mr. Frewin," interrupted Diggs; "but I have a duty to you as well as to my worthy client and friend, Mr. Scarve, and I must say, that if he departs from his word, on the present plea, I cannot advise you to proceed with the match."

"I have not the money to give, Philip," said the miser.

"Nay, uncle, if you put it on that footing, I myself must retract," said Philip. "I am not ignorant how rich you are."

"Nobody doubts it," remarked Jacob, "or you wouldn't be so urgent for the match. Stick to your determination, sir," he added to his master. "Don't give your daughter anything, and you'll soon see how the gentleman will hang fire."

"Leave the room, sirrah!" cried the miser, angrily. And Jacob moved towards the door, but he did not go out.

"Before I am disposed of in this way, father, and without my own consent," said Hilda, "I must beg that my cousin, Mr. Philip Frewin's character may be fully investigated; that you will hear what I have to say on the subject; and what Mrs. Verral has to say."

"I will hear nothing!" cried the miser, furiously. "You are acting under the advice of Abel Beechcroft. Mrs. Verral is a friend of his. He sent you to her."

"I cannot deny it," replied Hilda.

"Mrs. Verral may malign me as much as she thinks fit," said Philip, boldly; "but fortunately my character stands on too firm a basis to be shaken by a malicious woman's aspersions. I must entreat, sir," he added, turning, with an appearance of candour, towards his uncle, "that you will investigate this matter; that you will not put faith in Abel Beechcroft's assertion, or in that of Mrs. Verral; but inquire among my friends—among those who know me well—as to how I stand. It is, perhaps, useless to refer to Mr. Diggs."

"Not at all," replied the miser. "As I said before, I am quite satisfied with his assurance."

"And I can give it most heartily, sir," replied the attorney. "Excepting yourself, I do not know a more careful, prudent, sagacious man than my client, Mr. Philip Frewin. I feel called upon, by these attacks on his character, to say thus much for him. And I can do what his calumniators cannot,—I can give you proof of what I assert. I suspect, sir, you will find, when you look into the matter, that some scheme is hatching against you."

"The scheme is wholly on your side," cried Jacob; "and if my master was not wilfully blind, he would easily perceive it."

"Nephew," said the miser, taking Philip's hand, "I am quite satisfied with the rectitude of your conduct, and of the stability of your position."

"Father!" cried Hilda, "you are deceived. You are the dupe of a designer."

But the miser turned a deaf ear to her, and exchanged a few words in a low tone with Philip and Diggs; and on their offering to take their departure, he accompanied them to the street-door, and fastened it after them.

When he returned, the parlour was vacant. Hilda and her aunt had retired to their own room, and Jacob had descended to the cellar to get out [illegible]ay. The miser mounted to the ladies' room, and seeing the key

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"Scarcely," replied her ladyship, trying to force a blush, but decidedly failing in the attempt.

"I will put a case," continued the miser, "merely for consideration. Suppose I were to offer myself to a person of your ladyship's rank—and in your ladyship's position. What sort of reception should I be likely to meet with?"

"That, I should say, would depend entirely upon the settlement you proposed to make, Mr. Scarve," replied Lady Brabazon. "You are reported to be immensely rich. You have some misunderstanding with your daughter, you say, which I can readily conceive—daughters are so very unmanageable—there is my Clementina, for instance, the sweetest temper in the world, but she gives me an infinity of trouble:—but, as I was saying, you are immensely rich—money is no object to you; if, therefore, you were to settle upon a lady in my position somewhere about a hundred thousand pounds—but not less—I think—mind, I only think—for I offer a very hasty and ill-considered opinion—I think, however, she might be induced to accept you."

"Rather a large sum to pay for a wife at my time of life, your ladyship," observed the miser, drily.

"Not a fraction more than would be required, believe me, my good sir," replied Lady Brabazon.

"Then I must abandon any views I may have entertained of an exalted alliance," sighed the miser. "But suppose we take another view of the case. Perhaps for a hundredth part of the sum, there would be no necessity for marriage at all."

"That is a view of the case which I cannot for a moment contemplate, Mr. Scarve," said her ladyship, with a glance of indignation. "Allow me to remind you that I came here on business."

"True," replied the miser, in some confusion; "these diamonds are certainly very brilliant. Your ladyship shall have the sum you require upon them. And we will talk about the other matters at some future time."

With this, he unlocked the little chest beneath the table, and producing a small tin cash-box, opened it, took forth a rouleau of goldsmiths' notes, counted them, and delivered them to her ladyship. Lady Brabazon twisted the notes carelessly between her fingers, and then placed them in her bag; after which she divested herself of the diamonds, gave them to the miser, and at the same time, as if to shew she was not offended with him beyond the hope of reconciliation, she accorded him her snow-white hand, which he pressed to his lips. This ceremony performed, he ushered her to the street door, where her carriage was waiting, and bowed her to its steps.

"Mr. Villiers's," said Lady Brabazon, to her servant, as he closed the door. "The odious wretch!" she added to herself, "to make such a proposal to me! However, I have got the money."

As the miser returned to the parlour, he rubbed his skinny hands together, and muttered laughingly to himself—"So she affects virtuous indignation," as if I didn't know she only wants the money for her lover, Beau Villiers. But she shall be mine, and on my own terms, too. She is certainly a fine woman—a very fine woman. What do you want, sirrah?" he added, raising his eyes, and perceiving Jacob standing before him.

"Don't you mean to take some steps about this robbery?" asked the porter.

"What's that to you, rascal?" rejoined the miser, angrily. "You can watch the stable when the steed's stolen, can you? Curse on your neglect. You shall quit my service in a week."

"No I wont," replied Jacob, doggedly. "This mornin' I'd

[illegible]

"[illegible] I'll [illegible] Mr. [illegible], with all my heart," [illegible] I wish he may take you, or I couldn't [illegible] him a [illegible] ask him for it [illegible] and [illegible]. But come with [illegible]"

[illegible] pointed to the open window and [illegible] Jacob, with a bitter sneer, whether he could make anything of them.

[illegible] window for some time without offering a remark, but then proceeded to examine the chamber. All at once, his eye [illegible] upon a small piece of paper, which he instantly picked up. A few lines were traced upon it in pencil, but before he could ascertain their import, the paper was snatched from him by his master, who read as follows: — "It must be done this morning. The money is in a chest in the drawing-room, which is accessible from the little garden at the back of the house. You can reach this by a small entry opening upon the area in front of the street. A rope ladder will do the rest. Alarm no one if you can help it, and [illegible] violence be used. If you are discovered I will take care no harm befalls you." No signature was attached to this mysterious document, neither was it directed. The upper part of it had likewise been torn off.

"You had better let me take that letter to Tom Blee, the thief-taker," said Jacob. "He'll make *something* of it, I'll warrant him."

"No," replied the miser, who remained gazing upon the paper, apparently wrapped in thought; "I shall stir no further in the matter."

"Well, if I was disposed to turn housebreaker," rejoined Jacob, "you're [illegible] the person I should like to begin with; I should feel sure of gettin' off easy."

The miser raised his [illegible] ing them sternly on him, remarked— "Take care what you [illegible] my a man has been hanged for lighter words than you [illegible]"

He then [illegible] Jacob withdrew. After remaining by

himself nearly an hour, he prepared to go down stairs. As he passed his daughter's chamber, he heard the sound of her voice in conversation with her aunt, and put his hand into his pocket to see that the key was safe. Repairing to the parlour, he called to Jacob to bring him something to eat. A little cold meat and bread were placed before him by the porter, of which he partook very sparingly, although he had eaten nothing since the morning, and his thirst was quenched with a glass of water. The eatables removed, he took out his account-book, and some other papers, and began to occupy himself with them. About eight o'clock, another knock was heard at the door, and Jacob came to tell him Mr. Cordwell Firebras was without, having come by appointment to see him.

"Admit him!" replied the miser.

Thus empowered, Jacob departed, and presently afterwards returned with the individual in question.

"I am punctual you see, Mr. Scarve," said Firebras, with a smile, as he entered the room.

"You are, sir," replied the miser, gravely. And while his visitor threw himself into a chair, he ascertained that Jacob descended to the cellar.

"And now, Mr. Scarve," said Firebras, "let us proceed at once to business. I conclude you have got the five thousand pounds for me."

The miser shook his head, and proceeded to detail the robbery that had been committed upon him. Firebras heard the narration with a smile of incredulity.

"This story may do very well for some persons, Mr. Scarve," he said, at its close, "but I am too old a hand to be duped by it."

"Do you doubt my assertion, sir?" cried the miser, angrily.

"I will not quarrel with you, Mr. Scarve," replied the other, with provoking calmness; "I have too many public disputes on hand to engage in private ones,—especially on my own account. I consider your statement as an excuse—and, I must say, a poor one; that is all. You had better say at once, and frankly, that you have changed your mind, and will not advance the money."

"I have already explained the cause of my inability to do so," rejoined the miser, with stern significance; "and it must suffice."

"Well, sir," cried Firebras, "you have grievously disappointed me,—and you will disappoint others as well. You know that if the cause prospers, you will have a hundred per cent. for your money—and you profess to wish it well. I *must* have a thousand pounds to-night."

"That I may possibly manage," rejoined Scarve; "but I cannot give it you in gold. Lady Brabazon has just deposited her jewels with me for that amount."

"So you can lend her ladyship money, though you refuse it to me," returned Firebras, reproachfully. "Your admiration of the fair sex is greater than your devotion to the good cause. But let me have the jewels, since better may not be!"

"Here they are," replied Scarve, producing the case; "you must give me a receipt for them."

"Willingly," said Firebras, taking up a pen. "I shall put them down as a thousand pounds in money."

"You must put them down as fifteen hundred," cried the miser, hastily—"I am not to run all this risk for nothing."

"Extortioner!" exclaimed Firebras, between his teeth. "[illegible] it shall be as you will: King James the Third is your debt [illegible] hundred pounds. There."

"How very strange!" ejaculated the miser, as he took the memorandum. "Your writing is exactly like that of a letter I found in my closet just now, and which was evidently dropped by one of the robbers."

"A letter!" exclaimed Firebras, uneasily. "Have you got it? Let me look at it."

The miser produced the scrap of paper, and placed the memorandum beside it. The handwriting in both cases was precisely the same.

"That handwriting is rather like mine, undoubtedly," said Firebras, with the most perfect composure. "But do you mean to say this paper was found in the room where the robbery was committed?"

"It was found there by Jacob," rejoined the miser. "Shall I call him to add his testimony to mine?"

"Oh, by no means!" replied Firebras. "Well, Mr. Scarve, as I may be considered as the indirect means of your losing this money, I will take care, if the good cause prospers, that the amount is made up to you."

"You had better confess at once that you caused it to be taken," said the miser.

"You are resolved I shall criminate myself," replied Firebras, laughing—"but I have no doubt it is in good hands."

"Then I am satisfied," said Scarve. "Now mark me, Mr. Firebras! In the event you have named, I shall expect that fourteen thousand pounds to produce me twenty thousand. Give me a memorandum to that effect. Nay, you can write it at the back of the letter."

Firebras smiled, and complied, and Mr. Scarve smiled, too, as he compared the memorandum with the writing on the other side of the paper. And this was all that passed between them.

"I shall call on you to-morrow," said Firebras, rising to depart. "I have something to say to you relative to your nephew, to whom you told me you intended to give your daughter."

"What of him?" cried the miser, eagerly.

"Not now—not now," replied Firebras. "I have some one in view who will suit her much better, and make her a much better husband. Good night!"

Upon this, Jacob was summoned by his master, who ordered him to conduct the visitor to the door.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

MR. CRIPPS'S ALARMING INTELLIGENCE.—RANDULPH'S INTRODUCTION TO THE JACOBITE CLUB.—SIR NORFOLK SALUSBURY AND FATHER VERSELYN.—THE TREASONABLE TOAST.

Cordwell Firebras, on quitting the Little Sanctuary, bent his steps towards Tothill Street. He was laughing to himself, probably at what had just occurred, when, hearing quick footsteps behind him, he turned, and beheld Mr. Crackenthorpe Cripps. The valet's looks so much alarmed him, that he instantly stopped, and inquired what was the matter.

"Oh, lud! I'm quite out of breath," gasped Mr. Cripps, putting one hand affectedly to his side, while with the other he held a scented handkerchief to his nose.

"Speak, sirrah, and don't keep me in suspense!" cried Firebras—"what's the matter, I say?"

"Danger—a dungeon—death on the scaffold is the matter," replied Mr.

Cripps. "You have betrayed yourself most indiscreetly, Mr. Firebras—you have, 'pon rep!"

"In what way?" demanded the other, uneasily.

"Your conversation with Mr. Randulph Crew, in the cloisters yonder, was overheard," returned Mr. Cripps,—"yes, you may well start, sir—I repeat, it was overheard by Peter Pokerich, the barber, and his sweetheart, Thomasine Deacle, the mercer's fair daughter. The little fellow was planning how to make the most of the discovery, when fortunately I chanced to call upon him, and with great ingenuity—though I say it—contrived to throw dust in his eyes, as he has done into those of so many of his customers. Ha! ha!"

"This is awkward," said Firebras, thoughtfully. "Will Pokerich join us, think you? And if so, can he be trusted?"

"Hum!" exclaimed Mr. Cripps, throwing himself into a musing posture, "that requires consideration. I think I might manage him. But I must be paid for the service, Mr. Firebras,—well paid, sir."

"Unquestionably," returned the other. "Prove yourself useful, and you shall never find me ungrateful."

"Then there's the fair Thomasine," pursued Mr. Cripps. "She must be silenced, too. Egad, I'll make love to her. But I must be paid for that likewise."

"Surely the lady will be reward enough," laughed Firebras.

"On the contrary, I shall have her on my hands," replied Mr. Cripps. "But I wont demand more than my due, sir,—'pon rep! Allow me to offer you a pinch of snuff. I shall now go back to the barber, and, when matters are settled, you may expect me at the Rose and Crown." And raising his hat, and making a profound bow, he strutted off.

Ruminating on the intelligence he had received, Cordwell Firebras proceeded to Petty France, where he struck off on the right into Gardiner's Street, and entered the Rose and Crown. Nodding familiarly to the landlord, who came from the bar to meet him, he marched on towards a back room, where Randulph was seated.

"I am sorry to have quitted you so long, my dear young friend," he said; "but I have been detained by Mr. Scarve."

"Have you seen Hilda?" asked the young man.

"No," replied Firebras. "But I intimated to her father, that I had a good match in view for her; and that I should speak to him on the subject to-morrow."

Further conversation was interrupted by the landlord, who ushered in Sir Bulkeley Price. The Welsh Baronet hurried forward, holding out both his hands towards Firebras; but he started, and looked exceedingly surprised on beholding Randulph.

"I need not present my young friend, Mr. Randulph Crew, to you, Sir Bulkeley," said Firebras; "for I believe—nay, indeed I know—you are already acquainted with him."

"I have passed a great part of the morning with Mr. Crew," said Sir Bulkeley, bowing; "but I was not aware he belonged to our party. I am extremely glad to find it is so."

Before Randulph could reply, the door again opened, and a gaunt, tall personage entered the room, who was announced by the host as Sir Norfolk Salusbury. Never had Randulph seen so extraordinary a figure as was now presented to his gaze. Sir Norfolk was more than six feet high, with a very meagre, but withal muscular-looking frame, and large,

features. He held himself so exceedingly erect, that he seemed in considerable danger of falling backwards. He was dressed in a cinnamon-coloured coat of rather antiquated fashion, a scarlet waistcoat edged with gold, black velvet breeches, and white silk hose. He had large lace ruffles at his wrists, and a flowing lace frill at his breast. His well-powdered peruke was terminated by a long thick cue, which, as it hung perpendicularly down, shewed how much the small of his back was taken in. His features, which were rather harsh, were as inflexible and rigid as if carved in mahogany. He seemed utterly unable to smile. His eyes were grey and cat-like, and surmounted by black bushy brows. But it was not so much his dress, his features, or his figure that attracted attention. It was his extraordinarily formal deportment. No Spanish hidalgo ever moved with greater solemnity and dignity. His limbs creaked like rusty hinges, and there was something in his whole air and manner that irresistibly reminded Randulph of Don Quixote.

"Welcome, Sir Norfolk," said Cordwell Firebras, advancing towards him; "allow me to present my young friend, Mr. Randulph Crew, to you."

"I am happy in the acquaintance of the representative of so ancient a name," returned Sir Norfolk, bowing stiffly. "*Eum cognoscere gaudeo.* Sir Bulkeley Price, I salute you. It did not enter into my expectations to meet you. I conceived you were still montivagous and eremitical in the principality."

"I arrived yesterday, Sir Norfolk," said Sir Bulkeley, advancing towards him, and shaking him by the hand. "How long have you been in town?"

"My sojourn in the capital hath not as yet exceeded the septimanal limit," replied Sir Norfolk.

"In plain English, you have not been here more than a week," laughed Sir Bulkeley. "But I am as much surprised to see you as you can be to see me."

"My advent was inopinate and repent, Sir Bulkeley," rejoined Sir Norfolk. "Affairs of State drew me hither."

Again the door opened, and two grave-looking personages, announced as Father Verselyn and Mr. Travers were ushered in by the landlord. Father Verselyn, the foremost of these, was a tall, thin, middle-aged man, with a dark complexion, and a sinister and perfidious expression of countenance. He was habited like a layman,—indeed it would not have been safe to appear in any priestly dress,—in a sober-coloured suit, a full-bottomed black wig, which he wore without powder, and spectacles. Mr. Travers was a short, square-built person, with a broad face, and a searching, severe look. He was likewise very plainly attired, but had nevertheless the appearance of a person of condition. Courteous greetings were interchanged between the new comers and the others; and Randulph was secretly entertained by the formality with which Sir Norfolk returned their salutations. He was, in turn, introduced to the strangers, but could scarcely control the dislike with which Father Verselyn, inspired him. The party then broke up into little groups, and much whispered conversation ensued, in which Randulph took no part. In about a quarter of an hour, the landlord entered the room, and bowing to the company, said—"I believe, gentlemen, you are all assembled. The room up stairs is ready, if you are disposed to adjourn to it."

The proposition being assented to, the landlord threw open the door, and a slight contest occurred between the two baronets, as to which should offer the other precedence.

"*I præ*, Sir Bulkeley," said Sir Norfolk; "I will scale the staircase after you."

Thus exhorted, Sir Bulkeley, who thought it good breeding not to dispute a point of needless ceremony, went on. Sir Norfolk marched after him with majestic steps, and the rest of the party followed. The landlord ushered them into a large room, lighted by a chandelier, suspended from the ceiling. In the centre of the apartment was a circular table covered with bottles and glasses. Having hung up their hats against the wall, the company sat down to the table, and a few bumpers went briskly round. While they were thus carousing, a tap was heard at the door, and the landlord, opening a reconnoitring hole within it, spoke to some one without. He next proceeded to convey the information he had received, in a low tone, to Cordwell Firebras, who immediately said aloud,—"Oh, yes, admit him by all means. Gentlemen, a new brother!"

The door was then opened, and Randulph recognised, in the gaily-attired, self-possessed coxcomb who was admitted, Mr. Crackenthorpe Cripps.

"Take a glass of wine, Mr. Cripps," said Firebras, filling a bumper, and handing it to the new comer. "It is Beau Villiers's chief valet," he added, in an under tone, to Sir Norfolk, who had made a polite, though formal bow to the stranger.

"What!" exclaimed Sir Norfolk, almost shuddering at the inadvertence of which he had been guilty; "a waiting-man in such costly and nitid attire. Why his master, the Petronius Arbiter of the day, can scarcely be more studiously refined in the taste and style of the vestments wherewith he decorates his person."

"He is not a whit so," laughed Firebras. "The only difference between them is, that Beau Cripps wears in May the coat that Beau Villiers has worn in April."

"*Mehercle!*" exclaimed Norfolk. "Such prodigality almost exceedeth belief."

"Landlord, it is time!" cried Father Verselyn, who performed the part of chairman, and occupied the principal seat.

"I am ready, your reverence," replied the landlord. And he forthwith proceeded to a cupboard from which he produced a large china bowl, apparently filled with punch, which he placed with great care and solemnity in the centre of the table.

"Why, it is water!" exclaimed Randulph, gazing at the clear lymph, with which, on nearer inspection, he perceived the bowl was filled.

"To be sure," said Firebras, "and we are about to drink the king's health—*over the water*. And now, gentlemen," he continued, filling Randulph's glass and his own—"fill, I pray you, to the brim."

"I have filled, even to the summit of the vase," said Sir Norfolk, rising and holding up his glass.

"And I," cried Sir Bulkeley, likewise rising.

"And I," said the landlord, who stood next to the last named baronet, and was allowed to join in the ceremony.

"And I—and I," chimed Mr. Travers and the valet.

"Then give the word, my son," said Verselyn, addressing Firebras.

"With the greatest pleasure, father," replied Cordwell. And he held his glass over the bowl, while his example was imitated by all the others except Randulph. "Here is the king's health 'over the water.'—Why don't you do as we do?" he added, turning to Randulph.

"Ay, stretch forth your arm over the scyphus!" cried Sir Norfolk, pointing to the bowl.

"You *must* drink the toast, it's the rule of the Club," added Sir

"It is a rule I cannot subscribe to," replied Randulph.

"Am I mistaken in you, young man?" said Firebras, regarding him menacingly.

"Do as they bid you, or you'll have your throat cut, 'pon rep!" whispered Mr. Cripps, popping his head over Firebras's shoulder.

"Will you drink the toast, or not?" demanded Firebras, [illegible].

"I will not," replied Randulph, firmly. "It is treasonable, and I refuse to [illegible]

THE TWO MINSTREL BANDS.

(From the German of Anastasius Grün.)*

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

I SLEPT one night in the gloomy wood,
The tombs of the minstrels near me stood;
The birds had lull'd me, from every tree,
The sound of the branches was melody.

And when every eye was in slumber closed,
When all except anguish and love reposed,
The bolts and the coffins were rattling and shaking,
The bolts and the coffins were bursting and breaking.

As wave upon wave on a boist'rous ocean
Pass thousands of forms, in a wild commotion,
The harpers in troops from the coffins appear,
Their harps in their skeleton arms they bear.

Their lips are dry, and their glance is cold,
Their pallid cheeks are sunken and old;
No feeling is in this ghostly band—
They strike at their harp-strings with lifeless hand.

But yet, though they strike and hammer on,
The list'ning ear can detect no tone;
The owlets leaving their nooks are seen,
While fiends from rocky crevices grin.

Beneath the harpers the grass is dried—
The bashful moon must her visage hide,
And ever at midnight thus tinkle they—
And "Oblivion" is their constant lay.

A tone like the angel's trump is heard,
When God had the world's foundations rear'd;
Through mead and through tree what a sound is rushing,
How joyously is the streamlet gushing!

With flapping noise all the coffins close—
The harpers reel to their dull repose;
And now, from a thousand coffins springing,
Come other bards, who are gladly singing.

A race for an endless time I see,
Who have suck'd at the breast of eternity;
Their eye is so mild, yet it shines like lightning—
Their face with love's rosy tint is bright'ning.

They strike the sounding harp with fire,
They raise it on high—that gallant choir;
As an avalanche-fall, as a seraph song,
It echoes the spacious fields along.

The waters hear, and they cease to flow—
The roses, as if it were spring-time, blow;
And while the moon is more brightly glancing,
Young fays are around the minstrels dancing.

The tree shakes with joy as the song is heard—
On his branch more sweetly dreams the bird;
And ever at midnight thus sing they,
And "Immortality" is their lay.

As greeted with song, and wreath'd with roses,
The sinking sunbeam in the vale reposes;
So sounds a light rustle through earth and air,
Sinking—the bards to their grave repair.

Now suddenly have I from slumber woke,
The sun from the eastern sky has broke,
The stones and the graves are closed as before,
And lightly the morning breeze passes o'er.

But though the minstrels to rest are gone,
And closed are their dwellings every one,
The song of *one* band I could not forget;
I sang it—and dying, will sing it yet.

But which of the bands has chosen me?
That—all-judging time—must be told by thee,
When over my coffin roses spring,
With one of the bands I my song shall sing.

* This is a fictitious name; the author is Count Anton Alexander von Auersperg, but he always writes under the signature of "Anastasius Grün." He was born in 1806. The metre of the above may seem loose, but it is equally so in the original, the poem being written with a regard to the number of accents, and not to the number of syllables.—J. O.

THE TENGIN PASS.

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN.

"Which way now," I bawled out lustily to my guide, as I perceived he was turning to the right.

"We must go by the mountains," he replied, without taking the pipe out of his mouth; "any détour is better than to wait till the water has subsided."

"I shall do no such thing. Make for the Tengin pass."

The Tatar measured me from head to foot, then shrugging his shoulders, said doggedly—"As you please," and followed his old course.

We now wound through a leafless wood, and I soon perceived were not far from the river. We presently heard the hoarse voice of the stream, as it rushed impetuously through the narrow channel, whilst from off the barren rocks lining the opposite bank, a cold damp wind, that made me shiver at every gust, rushed through the hollow way into which I had entered, as through a tunnel. Above, my eye could scarcely reach the battlemented crags of the rocky wall on either side; and on looking down, I could not help shuddering at the sight of the torrent, and recoiled at the idea of stepping into it. The gigantic masses that hemmed me in pressed on my heart with a sense of heaviness. I thought they were momently about to fall and crush me, and that they swayed to and fro totteringly. But other thoughts succeeded.—*There* was the Tenga. It roared fearfully, and boiled and hissed, and the waves flashed against the fragments of rock that impeded its career, like the foam of a mad dog. Yes, dark and terrible was that mountain torrent—that opened its jaws like a yawning sepulchre—and yet in that gulf was an irresistible attraction. I have often felt this when walking on the edge of a precipice, and longed to plunge in it.

"*Iscapar*," I said to my guide, "you know the ford. Lead on."

"No, Aga," he answered, "our *Starost* gave me orders not to set foot in the river. I cannot venture to disobey his instructions. If you perish in the torrent, it may be a trifle to you, but it is no joke to me. I must be answerable for you—pay the forfeit of my life for yours. Verily, the water is so high, that I would not venture to cross over for the handsomest girl in the Caucasus."

I shewed him a ducat.

"If you were to shew me a bullet instead, I would not budge another inch. Look at those black streaks. The water is ever on the increase."

"Hear me, friend," I answered; "if you will not lead the way, we shall see whether you will refuse to come after."

With these words, I began to descend the bank. My horse, probably remembering the orders of the *Starost* of Rusta—a village where I had taken a fresh relay, eighteen versts from Kuba, had no inclination to dip his sides in the muddy waters of the Tenga. However, a smart stroke with the nagaika was not without its effect, and, after a slight contest, he was persuaded to set his forefeet in the torrent; but once there he stood stock still, with outstretched forelegs, and bore, with a stoical indifference, spur after spur from the points of my Turkish stirrups on his flanks, and a hail of blows from my six-sided Persian whip on his back, not to mention imprecations in all the languages with which I was acquainted. As there seemed no probability of getting the better of the argument, I was half inclined to dismount and lead him. With long and sour visages, one by one, like a flock of wild geese, my attendants followed in the rear. They consisted of two Russians, and the Tatar guide, and I heard them disputing who

go first, or rather last. Whilst irresolute how to act, all at once a stranger, armed cap-à-pie, seized hold of my reins. I am still at a loss to conceive how he reached me, and from which direction he could have come, without my perceiving him earlier. Did he emerge from behind the rocks?—did he overtake, or meet me? I cannot tell:—all I know is, that my astonishment was only equalled by his perfect self-command. I have him still before me—mounted on a strong and bony horse; his papaash, from Erivan, thrown backward, and revealing a sun-burnt, but not unprepossessing, countenance, set off by a short black beard. He was of middle stature, robustly built, and broad-shouldered. Under his *tsucha*, with its wide and loose sleeves, a garment that admits of its being instantaneously thrown off the shoulders, glittered a coat of mail elaborately inlaid with gold. In addition to the gun at his side, a short carbine was suspended by a belt over his back, in the Turkish fashion. In a sheath, forming part of his girdle, was stuck a dagger; beneath was seen a pair of pistols, and two others peeped from out his holsters.

"*Achelseis me sen*," (Are you mad?) he said, without loosing his hand from the bridle. The arm was protected in the same way as the body, and I also observed that he had on a mailed glove. The iron ring which I held rung accidentally on the cock of one of my pistols, and seemed to suggest the use I ought to make of the weapon. I raised myself in my stirrups, and stared with wonder at the insolent intruder. Rage robbed me of speech—a circumstance not uncommon with me—but the cavalier seemed to treat with like indifference my pistols and my wrath. He quietly turned my horse's head round, and led him back to the bank. He then dismounted, gave his charger to my guide, and courteously said, "Aga, you owe your life to me. The river is rapid, and fearfully swollen with the rain and snow, so that it is impossible to ford it. I am a dweller of the rocks, and my horse knows the Tengin pass as well as yours knows his manger. Even if beset by foes, and with no other hope of escaping an inevitable death but by crossing the river, I could not screw up my courage to face it. Wait an hour or two, and as soon as the water subsides, I will serve you as a guide."

My attendants were loud in their praises of the good stranger, and having heel-roped their horses, let them loose to pasture in the meadow. Feeling no inclination longer to keep my saddle, and holding a cocked pistol in my hand, I also dismounted, threw the *burga* off my shoulder, and motioned the stranger to seat himself by my side on the grass. As soon as we had both crossed our legs, I said to him, "Well, I suppose I must do your bidding, and wait the pleasure of the Tenga. I formed a better opinion of it than you, and little deemed it would be so inhospitable as to devour its guests."

The stranger laughed.—"I am a mountaineer, Aga," he replied, "and have always thought it better to drag a man out of the water, even by his beard, than to take him by the leg, and plunge him in head foremost. The Persians let the golden almonds ripen for their wives, and *they* gild their husband's daggers in return. A mountaineer's hand is not painted, but when he gives it, it is in true friendship. He is not courteous to his foe, the more surely to lull his suspicions to rest, and then plunge the dagger into his heart. If my want of courtesy had suffered you to drown! Excuse me —*dac seerum dan ketsch*—I have had slight intercourse with the Russians, and have almost forgotten what little I knew of their tongue."

A sudden thought flashed across my mind. This obscure and figurative language—these words—their dark import—who might the stranger be?

"Your name?" I inquired hastily.

He struck fire for his pipe.

"My name!"—after a pause, he answered,—"My name—I have none. It is true that they have given me one, that spreads terror and desolation around, like the peal of cannon in the mêlée of the battle—a name that pales the cheek of all who pronounce it—whose sound is as the wing-rushing of the death-angel. Instead of calling me the glorious—the magnanimous—the righteous—the conqueror Mulla-Nur—I am known by the appellation of the robber Mulla-Nur."

"Thou Mulla-Nur!" I exclaimed, as I at once threw off my burga, and seized my shaschka.

Divers thoughts crossed my brain.

To make him my prisoner—to kill him—suggested themselves to my mind. He was alone, and we were four. On the other hand, I said to myself, who has given thee the right to destroy a fellow-being—one too who has just rendered thee a service?

Mulla-Nur looked at me, coldly but inquisitively, as if he divined what was passing within me, laid his pipe on the ground, and clapped his hands twice. As I followed the upward direction of his eyes, I observed more than ten muskets that glittered out of the rock-masses and tree-stems, and all levelled at my head. My companions had wrapped themselves in their *burgas*, and been long asleep.

I trembled.

"*That* will shew you," said he, laughing, "that *I* have nothing to apprehend." He again clapped his hands—the muskets disappeared; "and *that* will prove to you, that you are in security." With a grim smile he added, "I ought to have formed a better estimate of man than to trust in his honour. I find that a good coat of mail is the best shirt, and pistols the softest pillow."

"You wrong me by your suspicions," I replied; "but your name is well known to me, and your deeds are in all mouths."

"I was yesterday," rejoined the bandit, "at Ruba, and learnt that you were on your road to Schamaka. I knew you too by report, and waited for you here. You are this night my guest, and, in spite of yourself, dear to me."

Mulla-Nur clapped his hands three times, and in less than as many minutes, appeared before us a youth, who had, at the well-known signal, descended from the rocks. His *shubka* was lined with fine martin skins, and his tshuhka bordered with broad lace; a powder-horn and cartouch box were slung across his breast, and both were bright and glittering. Mulla-Nur looked at him kindly, whilst he was employed in spreading out a little napkin, and setting on it bread and cheese and some apples. This done, he handed them to his master, who presented them to me.

"Bajar Aga (Be pleased to accept, Aga), this bread. Despise not bread, by whomsoever offered. Bread is the gift of Alla, and not of man. Those who share it together contract a debt of friendship. That dagger with which you are cutting it may serve to stab me to the heart. Strike, if it is your pleasure; I will neither prevent nor condemn thee. O, Alla! Alla! We all once drew life from the same breast, and yet all we think of is to poison one another. Fool that I am, to expect friendship from a stranger, because he has eaten with me of the same loaf."

"*Icchsi ol sum sei*," (Be it to good,) I replied, as I ate of the bread.

My curiosity momently increased to learn more of this man, this wild spirit, who had thrown off all the ties of fellowship with his kind, and given himself up to the mastery of his passions.

"This is a pleasure," said Mulla-Nur during our repast, "that does not fall to the lot of all; and humble as is our fare, it might be the envy of many."

"You must know, Mulla-Nur," said I, hoping to gain his confidence, "that I have long had an intention of seeking you out—entertained an ardent wish to see you—and now am delighted at the chance that brings us face to face."

"Only to see me," he replied, with some bitterness—"only to examine me, like a tiger taken in the toils: was such your wish, as has been that of so many of your countrymen? Yes, mine is a hard destiny. Some fly me from fear, others seek me from curiosity; but no one comes to pity or console me. But pity or consolation are unendurable save from the lips of a friend. I want none of thine. Excuse my words, if they are not courteous. Isolated as I am from the world—an outcast of society—thoughts arise within me; God knows whence they come; imaginations and fantasies, dark and gloomy as the autumnal leaves that fall upon the head of the way-lost traveller."

It was easy to perceive that Mulla-Nur was much moved. His head sunk upon his chest, and he seemed for some time a prey to reflections that I did not venture to disturb. At length he, by an effort, conquered himself, lifted on me a look that was meant to be cheerful, and turned the conversation thus:—

"You have the look of a brave cavalier, and thou, doubtless, carriest good weapons?"

Here he stretched forth, as if mechanically, his hand, and touched the pistols that were in my girdle.

I forgot to mention that, save and except a dagger, and these pistols, the rest of our arms had been laid aside when we seated ourselves, and, after the manner of the Asiatics, hung upon the branch of a tree. I was perfectly aware that few Asiatics could resist the temptation of appropriating to themselves handsome fire-arms. I knew well that in the Caucasus streams of blood had often flowed for the acquisition of fire-arms, and that whole herds of cattle, and even lands, had changed masters in order to purchase them. I was aware that in handing mine over to Mulla-Nur I should place myself entirely in his power; that, besides his own word, I had no security for the honour and trustworthiness of the robber; but no sooner had he made the request, than I took the pistols out of their sheath and gave them to my *friend*.

I have said that Mulla-Nur placed mechanically his hand on my pistols, meaning, that when he did so he had previously formed no evil designs on the subject, but had solely been attracted by their gold-ornamented work; as soon, however, as he had them in his possession he seemed to have divined my thoughts, and took a malicious pleasure in prolonging my trouble. He repeatedly cocked and uncocked them, took aim, suiting his countenance to the action. Meanwhile, I smoked my pipe quietly, and he must have been infinitely more cunning and clearsighted than he was to have traced in my countenance the shadow of what was passing within. During this scene I observed that Mulla-Nur gloated on my Venetian pistols with a childish delight. His eyes glistened, and he at length said, "They are wonderfully fine; the locks are splendid, and in your hands beyond all price—of inestimable value."

"You have not discovered their chief merit," I said to him—"their hair-triggers."

I explained to him the mechanism; he was perfectly astonished—tried the spring several times, till he perfectly understood its use.

An Asiatic is beside himself for joy when he, for the first time, handles a new sort of weapon. Neither had he ever seen a percussion lock; my carbine was provided with them. Fire without flint seemed little less than miraculous to him. My Turkish gun, with its golden rings, pleased him, however, most of the two.

"This is light and handy on horseback," said he, whilst his heart laughed "and is not encumbered with a butt at the end and a scoop."

He next examined my dagger, tried the edge of it with his nail, and then struck the blade twice, and held it like a connoisseur to his ear; he seemed satisfied with the sound.

"A real Vasalai! a Vasalai the elder!" he exclaimed. "I must relate to you an anecdote. It happened at Derbent, and fine sport it was. Vasalai went one day to the bazaar, and as he was walking through it, heard a man bawl out, 'Daggers—real Vasalaisch daggers.' Purchasers flocked round him. Vasalai joined the party—no one knew him by sight. At last, losing all patience at the smith's thus venturing to misuse his name, he drew his poignard, and with one stab pierced through twelve of these false and counterfeit blades, as though they had been made of tallow, and then threw them in the impudent cheat's face. That *was* a blade; yours, too, is good, and pleases me."

I understood the hint, loosed the sheath from my girdle, and laying my right hand on my heart, presented with my left the dagger to Mulla-Nur, saying—

"*Peschketh lam*," (I beg your acceptance of it.)

Mulla-Nur overwhelmed me with thanks.

"Your present will serve to remind me of you, Aga," said he; "but you must allow me to make you one in return. It is not so beautiful, nor inlaid, as yours is, with prayers in golden characters; but no prayer, no cuirass, can withstand the edge of this dagger."

Mulla-Nur then laid a silver ruble on the branch of a tree, and at one stab the coin fell in two pieces on the ground.

It is very certain that I did not lose by the exchange; for, independent of the real worth of the dagger, to be in possession of one that had belonged to so celebrated a bandit, was no slight thing to boast of.

Then Mulla-Nur, with a deep sigh, took up his own gun, and said—

"This is the occasion of all my misfortunes and all my crimes. I inherited it from my father as a holy family heir-loom, and holy it has ever been to me."

He seemed animated with new life as he gloated on his treasure, and stroked with his hand the glittering Damascus barrel.

It so happened that on the opposite side of the river a little gray bird was hopping on a white stone. The creature caught the eye of Mulla-Nur. He immediately levelled his piece, fired, and the bird fell headless.

With a self-satisfied air he looked at me, and then at the gun, and said with a voice that trembled with emotion—

"Yes, this gun is dearer to me than the blood that has been shed for it. It has cost many their lives; but me more than life—my fortune; more than my fortune—my country—my father-land."

These words were full of deep agony—an agony that struck on my heart, like the roar of a lion in a rocky cavern; his choked-up mighty feelings chafed, raged in his breast, inflamed his look, and distorted his features.

"Is your life a secret, Mulla-Nur?" I inquired, with a look of sympathy.

"No; the only thing that is secret in this world is our own soul. Dark as may be the night that shrouds murder, day will dawn on it. The leaves of

the forest in their moanings complain of our misdeeds; the depths of the sea open and give back the treasures which pirates have consigned to them; the very graves themselves hide not crimes, and the charnel bears worms as avengers. What is there that shall not one day be revealed? In the noisy bazaar is often buzzed about what has been breathed in whispers or but the aspiration of one's own spirit. But for me, my life is no mystery. Every child in Ruba can relate to you the crimes and adventures of Mulla-Nur. Mulla-Nur murdered his uncle and fled into the mountains. That is the main secret of my life. It is no calumny; it is too true. Who that hears would not condemn me? And to these accusations what have I to answer? Only this. Split my head; and what will be found therein to throw light on my misdeeds? Tear the heart from my side, and who will discover what led me to murder? Herein lies my justification. We are but the slaves of fate, of destiny; and yet it is painful to me to think of all, to relate all, that passes within me—more torturing still to draw the barb from the wound—but it is impossible to leave it there."

His head sunk upon his breast, and he gasped long and deeply. I gazed on him with pity, and did not venture, by unseasonable questions, to disturb the sacredness of his silence.

At length he roused himself as if awakening from a deep trance, looked about him, and fixing on me his dark, eloquent eyes, said—

"I will unwind before you my heart." He related then the principal events of his history.

At first his discourse was directed to me; but, as he grew more animated, and lost himself in the storm of his emotions, his narrative changed into a soliloquy—a confessional—a lament. He seemed to have forgotten that I was present.

Was it some internal force, some necessity, some impulse of his soul, that compelled him to free his passion-glowing heart from its trammels. Why this attempt to justify himself to me? The voice of conscience would be heard. There is a holy tribute which the innocent sufferer, no less than the greatest criminal, pays—it is, confession.

I am quite unequal to the task of making intelligible Mulla-Nur's. Much of it I did not thoroughly understand; more has escaped my memory. But no words could do justice to the magic of the truth of the feelings that flashed from his dark soul, heightened, as they were, by the wild and terrible in nature that marked the spot where, spell-bound, I listened to his appalling revelations.

Meanwhile, the stream had subsided.

THE BISHOP'S CROSS — A LEGEND OF SCIO.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

'Twas morning dawn'd on Scio's isle,
Not with fair summer's golden smile,
But with a wintry frown;
Bright hoarfrost gemm'd the earth, the trees,
Most rudely shaken by the breeze,
Were bobbing up and down.

The sun shot forth a pallid gleam
Upon the slowly rippling stream,
Which I (a poor describer)
Can't say in truth but ra-
-ther thick are
The Air

Oh! 'twas a gallant sight to see
A brave and goodly company
In long procession come;
And as they march'd the river near,
Sweet music fell upon the ear—
A fiddle and a drum.

But who, of all that vast array,
In priestly garments led the way,
A mitre on his brow?
And why, as he approach'd, did all,
Men, women, children, great and small,
So reverently bow?

A bishop he of pious fame,
Who to baptize the waters came;
And in his hand he bore
A cross, which oft on high he raised,
And the good people, as they gazed,
Bow'd lower than before.

For 'twas a custom every year,
In all the islands on or near
The Archipelago--
A custom which most likely may
Continue at the present day,
For anything I know—

To bless the rivers and the sea,
By throwing in a cross: to me
It seems extraordinary
That such a wintry morn they chose,
When, ten to one, it rains or snows—
The sixth of January.

Now Scio's Bishop had a cross,
To lose which would have been a loss
Not easily replaced;
For though 'twas partly wooden, yet
The corners at each end were set
In silver richly chased.

This to preserve, the holy man
Devised a shrewd and clever plan,
Though fate success denied him;
And hired two youths before the day,
To follow, as the Spaniards say,
En cuerpo, close beside him.

And when into the water fell
The cross, these youths—who swam as well
As Hero's luckless swain—
Were to jump in and dive about,
Till one or other spied it out,
And brought it up again.

And now they near and nearer come,
And from the fiddle and the drum
Rich music swells the air;
Upon the river's bank they stand,
The Bishop in his trembling hand
The weighty cross doth bear.

He makes a sign, and all are still
To hear the holy Father's will,
The drummer's occupation
Is gone, and hush'd the fiddle's squeak—
The Bishop clears his throat, to speak
His annual oration.

"Children, yon tranquil stream ye see,
Now gliding on so peacefully,"
The *Pater* thus began;
"Yet, if the stormy tempest blow,
The rising waves their banks o'erflow—
Such is the life of man.

"For, ere he yet hath learnt to stray,
Forsaking virtue's honest way,
No cares his lot annoy;
But when the floods of passion rise,
O'er reason's bounds he madly flies
To ruin and destroy.

"May your hearts light and sinless be,
And from all sting of conscience free,
On the old saying think—
A saying true as pen e'er wrote—
'That which is light will ever float,
That which is heavy sink.'"

The Bishop paused, and look'd around,
As if to catch the wish'd-for sound
Of general approbation,
For speakers always will love *that*,
If Tory, Whig, or Democrat,
In every age and nation.

And presently a buzzing hum
Awoke the owners of the drum
And fiddle from a doze;
So they struck up a tune as gay
As "Bob and Joan," or "Patrick's Day,"
"Jim Crow," or "Coal Black Rose."

Then casting round his glance anew
For stage effect, the Bishop threw
The precious cross on high;
It sank: each youth, the prize to win,
Was half-way to the bottom in
The twinkling of an eye.

Now, from the sequel, some may say,
Greeks are unchanged since Simon's day;
Alas! with shame I own it:
These youths, for feats of swimming hired,
The silver round the cross admired,
And then agreed—to *bone* it.

But how, without a knife or screw,
They got it off, to me and you
Must still remain a myst'ry;
No record now exists to shew
The truth, nor can conjecture throw
Much light upon the hist'ry.

Five minutes pass'd, and then appear'd
A head, and then a reddish beard,
In length at least a quarter—
A quarter of a yard, I mean—
And then a pair of hands were seen
To rise above the water.

One hand the cross triumphant bore,
The other struck out towards the shore;
But oft he paused to hear
(Sweet sound!) the mob "Bravo!" exclaim,
While far behind the other came,
Slow bringing up the rear.

The bank soon gain'd, on bended knee
He cried, "Thy cross, O Father, see,
I've managed it to fish up!"
"Thanks, pious youth, thou hast my prayers;
Yet stay—the cross I see, but where's
The silver?" said the Bishop.

"The *silver*, holy Father!!" "Yes—
Still art thou silent, knave? Confess,
Where hast thou stow'd thy plunder?"
"*I* take the silver! such a slur,
A stain upon *my* character!
What will come next, I wonder!

"Thrice rev'rend sir, thy wrath restrain;
The silver to behold again
Thou surely ne'er couldst think;
Remember, (thy own words I quote,)
'That which is light will ever float,
That which is heavy sink!'"

He paused, and with a grievous sigh
The cred'lous Bishop wiped his eye,
And slowly walk'd away;
But how the cunning swimmers fared,
Where lay the spoil, and how 'twas shared,
The legend doth not say.

THE FATAL JEST.

AN HUNGARIAN TRADITION.

BY MISS PARDOE.

THE Count Caspar Zeredy was one of the most powerful Hungarian nobles of the sixteenth century. Devoted to the house of Austria, and honoured by a command of great importance in their army, which he had held from an early age, and of which he had rendered himself worthy by a hundred acts of heroism, he was enabled to redeem much of the evil which had been wrought by Zapólya and his allies, the Turks, and had been recompensed by his princely masters with broad lands and rich possessions.

But Zeredy for a time appeared to be utterly careless of his immense wealth—he thought only of fame, he toiled only for conquest; ever in the van of danger, and seldom unsuccessful, his name became a watchword of victory, and to serve under his banner an advantage eagerly sought after by the younger nobles of the country.

The turbulent spirit of the age kept the volume of renown ever open; and happy indeed were they who could inscribe their names upon the sparkling page beneath that of Zeredy. As years crept on, a love of gold began to blend with the chivalric spirit of the Count Caspar, and it was this growing passion which induced him to offer his proud name and his victorious hand to the Lady Anne of Mérey, whose vast possessions in the province of Trenschin constituted her sole charm in his eyes. Almost a stranger to her person, he remembered only that he had seen her with indifference, and parted from her without regret, until he learned that she was the wealthy heiress whose broad lands were an object of ambition to every needy baron and impoverished noble throughout the country; then, indeed, did the Lady Anne acquire instant and considerable importance in the eyes of Zeredy, and a month did not elapse from the day on which he saw her kneeling at the feet of the Emperor in Vienna, to do homage on taking possession of her estates, to that on which he despatched a messenger to Trenschin, charged with a letter on which he had exerted his most clerkly skill, and in which he asked the hand of the richly-endowed maiden in marriage.

The embassy was successful: the fame of the Count Zeredy flattered the haughty pride of the Lady Anne; and although she knew no more than that he had been one of the nobles near the person of the Emperor on the memorable day of her own reception, she was satisfied that in becoming the bride of the Count Caspar she should be the envy of every highborn beauty throughout Hungary.

And thus they met, only to plight their vows before the altar; and if the maiden felt her spirit shrink beneath the cold, stern eye, which rested on her as she descended from her palfrey, her vanity was flattered by the magnificent preparations which had been made for her reception.

Such an union, however, could not produce happiness; and thus Zeredy, whose naturally cold temperament would have required beauty and devotion to awaken it into affection, became only more stern and haughty from companionship with the Lady Anne, whose plain features, unattractive manner, and polite indifference, might well have chilled a more genial spirit. Each was disappointed, and each chafed under a bondage which every passing month rendered more intolerable; and thus, when the hopes of the Count Caspar had been twice blighted by the birth of two infant daughters, he readily acceded to the suggestion of his wife, that she should repair to her paternal province, to put in order some important affairs which needed the presence of the Châtelaine, and which subsequently proved to be of so complicated a nature that it was soon tacitly understood by both parties that her presence would be indispensable to their arrangement.

Among the most costly possessions of Zeredy was the lordly castle and domain of Makowitza, which had been presented to him by his imperial master after an important victory, to which his extreme and reckless bravery had in a great degree conduced. It was given to the Count Caspar and his male heirs for ever, subject to a fine to be paid to his female children; but, in default of male issue, it was to revert to the crown [illegible] ase of the Count, should he not previously have disposed of it by sal-

This deed of gift was the one thorn in the side of Zeredy after his separation from his unloved and unloving wife. That he should divest himself of so princely a pile, he deemed impossible; and that it should be alienated from his children, to become the property of one on whom he had no tie of blood or kindred, stung him to the soul.

The evil was, however, irremediable, save in the event of his wife's death; and the Lady Anne was no frail blossom, to be blighted by an east wind; so she lived on in health and peace, until threads of silver began to mingle with the dark curls which escaped from beneath the plumed *kalpag* of the Count, and he ceased to remember that he had even speculated upon the subject.

Yet a few more well-fought fields, and Zeredy was compelled to acknowledge to himself that his blows fell not so heavily as of yore, and that his seat in the saddle was less sure—age was creeping upon him; and although with a reluctance which almost grew to agony, he was compelled to hang up his trusty sword, and to exchange a life of dazzling adventure and vicissitude for an existence of luxury and ease.

His determination once made, he chose for his principal and settled abode the castle of Makowitza, and became the first noble of the province of Sárossa; but it was long ere he could reconcile himself to the unaccustomed quiet and inactivity of his new career. After a while, however, as he stood at the tall pointed window which occupied the upper end of his spacious hall, and looked forth over hill and dale, wood, lake, and mountain, and remembered that, far as his eye could reach, all that it looked upon was his own, he began to think that life might yet be made worth possessing; he lingered long, gazing upon the yellow corn bending like billows beneath the pressure of the breeze, upon the dark green maize tasselled with white, the blue-blossomed flax, the star-leafed hemp, the groves of olive, the far-stretching vineyards, the scattered herds and flocks, and farms, and villages, and sturdy peasants labouring each in his vocation; and then he turned away, resolved to taste all those enjoyments which wealth like this could bring.

The castle of Makowitza was soon filled with feast and revel; wassail was in its halls, and music in its bower-chambers. All the nobles who had fought under the banner of its lord were constant guests, who came and went unquestioned; while every magnate, attracted either by the renown or the good cheer of Zeredy, found there a ready and a sumptuous home.

But the nearest neighbour and most constant associate of the Count was John Rákotzy, the Suzerain of the castle of Sarossa, a noble whose magnificence vied with his own, and whose ostentation was as remarkable as his wealth. Rákotzy, when he rode forth from his castle, was always mounted on an Arab horse of matchless breed and sinew, attended by a numerous band of inferior nobles, and a train of liveried and armed attendants; his riding-dress was of velvet laced with gold, and as he played with his jewelled bridle the sunshine glinted over it and drew out sparks of light.

This profusion, so far from disgusting the old warrior, only excited his emulation; and whatever extravagance Rákotzy exhibited to his observant nature, was sure to be exceeded on the next occasion by the Lord of Makowitza. Their mutual visits, frequent as they were, on most occasions lasted several days, and the court-yards of their castles were filled with crowds of retainers, guards, and grooms. No one seemed to remember that famine had ever visited the land, for the recklessness of the nobles descended to the offices; and it would have been easy to believe that the fountains ran wine, after watching for a time the wassailing of the motley crowds who hung upon the track of the rival chieftains.

The Count Caspar, excited and amused by the friendly conflict, looked not beyond the present; but Rákotzy was a man of subtler mould, and never, while partaking the profuse hospitality of his friend or listening to his proud reminiscences of earlier days, did he forget the tenure by which he held the princely castle and domain of Makowitza.

For awhile he remembered it only with regret, and a vague speculative conjecture as to its future possessor; but after a time he began to covet that which he had at first only admired, and wild and wandering schemes flitted through his brain, only to be abandoned from their impracticability.

Yet still he clung to the hope, vague as it was, that he might eventually succeed in possessing himself of the castle of Zeredy; and he multiplied his visit- and strained them to their extremest extent, in the trust that some ungua might enable him to pierce the unsuspicious old man in the joints of hi some bold and hardy stratagem.

It chanced on one occasion, when Rákotzy was as usual the guest of the Count Caspar, and that they sat together after the banquet, surrounded by a score of other nobles, that the wine, which had circulated freely, had already produced a visible effect upon the wits and spirits of the revellers, and almost converted hilarity into uproar, when Rákotzy craftily led the conversation to the great wealth and power of their host, dwelt upon the number and nature of his possessions, and affected to speculate upon their value. "Truly, you are a happy man, Lord of Makowitza!" said he, with a bland and gratulatory smile; "for your wealth can scarce be counted. You have strongholds in ten provinces, and a little army of vassals; and yet you will acquit me of all want of generosity, when I tell you that you possess nothing which I covet save this good castle in which we are now assembled. You may not have heard that, ere it was granted to you by our brave sovereign, I had offered a heavy sum in purchase of it—no less than sixteen thousand ducats."

A light laugh of amused gaiety passed from lip to lip round the board, nor was the mirth of Zeredy the least loud. "Nay, nay—you run a risk by your profusion, my noble neighbour," was his retort. "Why, such uncalculating generosity of purpose would almost tempt *me* to turn chapman, and to barter the old walls for gold. *Sixteen thousand ducats!*—why, it was the price of a province!"

A second shout of merriment acknowledged the bitter pleasantry of this new sally.

"You encourage me to repeat the offer," said Rákotzy, without relaxing a shadow of the smile which still played about his lip; "I would fain become the Lord of Makowitza, even at that outlay of gold."

"You do my poor castle too much honour," said the host, following up the jest; "but, unless you could pay the ducats all in the same year's coinage, I should scarcely like to receive them."

"I will even engage to do that," exclaimed Rákotzy, eagerly.

"Impossible!—impossible!" was echoed from lip to lip.

"It *must* be impossible, as you say, my friends," laughed the Count Caspar, heated with wine, and somewhat ruffled by the pertinacity of his neighbour; "and therefore, if the good noble, my guest, on this day twelve months, come hither prepared to pay down the stated sum in the same coinage—but hold! it is scarce fitting that I should incur all the risk: therefore, I repeat, *if* the *sixteen thousand* ducats be so paid on this day's anniversary, the fortress of Makowitza shall be fairly purchased; but should the sum fail even by one ducat, then one third shall be forfeited to me, and I swear to expend it in feasting and revelry, to which I hold all here invited guests."

The brow of Rákotzy contracted for a moment, and he appeared absorbed in thought; but ere long he resumed his gaiety, and, stretching forth his right hand to the host, he said, "Be it even so; and be these brave nobles our witnesses, that as true men we will not fail in our contract."

On the morrow, when his brain was cooler, and his judgment more clear, Zeredy shuddered at the memory of the silly jest of the preceding night; but the more he reflected, the more he felt the almost utter impossibility of collecting so large a sum of money under such a restriction, and was inclined to smile at the clever way in which he should have secured the fine. Nevertheless, as time sped on, there were moments when he recalled to mind numerous instances of subtlety and cunning on the part of his noble neighbour, and he began again to ask himself whether, in twelve long months, the thing were indeed so impracticable as he had at first believed, until, between hope, and fear, and suspense, and doubt, the stalwart old chief became pale, and thin, and nervous, to a degree which alarmed all those about him.

The eventful day came at last; and morning had scarcely dawned gray and cold over the hills, ere Zeredy was at the tall casement which commanded the approach to the fortress. But for hours nothing unusual was to be seen, and the Count amused the intervals of his watch by wandering from one stately apartment to the other, and gazing upwards to the groined roof, or round upon the sculptured cornices and pillared halls. Never had they seemed to him so vast in their dimensions, so noble in their proportions, or so costly in their decorations; and then he whispered to himself that it was impossible that they could pass away from him, or that he could die elsewhere than amid these proud monuments of the prowess of his manhood; and as the hours stole on, and the long shadows of the westering sun began to lie long upon the earth, he once more felt inclined to scoff at his idle fears, and to enjoy the prospect of receiving the forfeit coin of his too venturous neighbour.

Suddenly a cloud of dust became visible upon the far horizon, on the very verge of

the *puszta;* and although the Count Caspar at first tried to teach himself to believe that long and earnest watching had caused the dimness which now invested distant objects, he was not long able to hug the dear deceit; for the dense cloud travelled on, and increased as it neared the castle; until at length the floating plumes and jewelled mantles of a rich and gallant train of horsemen could be distinctly defined even from the high window.

A few more anxious moments, and Zeredy could distinguish the tall figure of the Lord of Sárossa, who led the van, mounted upon his beautiful Arabian, and followed by a score of other nobles; while in the rear of the courtly party marched a body of armed men, leading horses, whose apparently precious lading was covered with embroidered cloths. Yet there was hope! They came, perhaps, to pay the forfeit! And the proud chief of Makowitza hastily donned his velvet mantle, clasped with gems, and edged with miniver, snatched his trusty sword from its resting-place, girt it on with a jewelled belt, and vaulted into his saddle with almost the activity of former years.

His train were already mounted in the court-yard; and concealing beneath a painful smile the anxiety and doubt which were grappling at his heart, the old man galloped across the drawbridge, and down the mountain-side, to meet his coming guests.

It was between the villages of Hoszuréth and Bartseld, that the Count Caspar encountered the gallant band; and when they met, the two chiefs dismounted and exchanged a fraternal embrace before their assembled retainers. "Here are the ducats!" said Rákotzy, as he raised his head from the shoulder of his friend, and pointed towards the led horses.

"They must be counted one by one, and examined closely;" replied the Count Caspar, while it seemed to the old man as though an icy hand had suddenly grasped his heart, and impeded its pulsations; "for should even one coin differ from its fellows, I shall claim the forfeit."

"Be it so!" was the reply; nor were further words wasted between the parties. Each was too eager to determine the issue of the adventure, to invent delays; and a horseman's cloak having been spread upon the ground, the golden shower was poured into it, destined to decide which of the two nobles was hereafter to cross the threshold of the castle of Makowitza as its rightful lord.

Intense was the anxiety with which all present watched every succeeding coin, as it passed through the hands and under the searching eyes of Zeredy, and was subsequently flung into a second cloak spread to receive it. But the feelings of the old chief himself were wound up to agony, as he saw the vast heap before him gradually dwindling away, without one opportunity of doubt or cavil. At length he cast the last ducat from him—he was no longer the Lord of Makowitza—he turned one long heartbroken gaze upon the princely pile, which crested the mountain like a mural crown, faltered out "Gone!" in an accent which seem to blight the ears on which it fell, and in the next instant sank to the earth a corpse!

A lofty column of stone yet marks the scene of this melancholy event, upon whose shaft the following words are inscribed:—

On this spot expired suddenly, in the year 1570,
Caspar Zeredy, the last of the name.
This monument was erected to his memory in 1590,
By his daughter Sujanna, wife of the Duke of Ostroi.

THE DIARY OF A DILETTANTE.

The Dilettante introduceth himself to the Reader.—Miss Kemble, the "Marriage of Figaro," and the "White Cat."—"Macbeth," Fatalism, and the Witches' Chorus.—An Essay on Chemistry, Bad Water, and Dining-out.—Good news for Authors.—Suffolk-street Gallery and "La Sonnambula."—Architecture, Fresco-painting, Ventilation, and the Sewers.—A Chorus of Seventeen Hundred Voices!—Two New Actors at the Haymarket.—Water-colour Exhibition.—"Plighted Troth," at Drury Lane.

April the First. — In introducing himself to his readers on a day sacred to a class of persons who shall be nameless, the Dilettante trusts he is not provoking any unfavourable inferences. On the other hand, he by no means intends to indulge in the amusement so prevalent on this day, of leading people astray; for every sentiment or opinion he ventures to express will be set down with the truest sincerity. Fr[illegible] al opinions it is thought right to take off the rough edges of presumption wit[illegible] of the first person singular—the arrogant "I"—will cause them to brist[illegible] e reader that Dilettanti are "nothing if not critical;" and that their [illegible]r, but

originate more in an enthusiastic love for, than from, any over-pedantic profundity in the mysteries of science and art. In short, Dilettanti are too enthusiastic to be wilfully biassed, and too superficial to be dull.

2nd.—Improved my acquaintance with Mozart's "FIGARO," at Covent Garden, last evening, and found the effect of its performance much improved by the singers, doing their parts less as if they were afraid of making mistakes in the music, than was evident at my former visit. Miss Kemble abated the turns and graces, which before gave cause of complaint, and sung the part with a rigid adherence to the text. Hence, her skill and feeling, as now displayed in *Suzanna*, who shall surpass?—The neatly rhymed and splendidly-appointed extravaganza of "THE WHITE CAT," rivals anything of its kind I have seen. Madame Vestris adorns it with a parody upon "O ruddier than the cherry!" which shews how much better that scena is adapted for a contr'alto than for a bass voice. The sparkling, captivating accompaniments tell with double effect.

5th.—At Drury Lane, last evening, to see "MACBETH," which has been revived at a great cost of resources, mental as well as pecuniary. The part itself is, perhaps, better suited to the manager (who performed it) than any other. No one expresses restlessness of thought and action so effectively as Mr. Macready, and these are the peculiarities of *Macbeth*, the victim of fatalism—the yielding child of outward circumstances, which feed his inward superstition. The choruses were performed with better effect than ever. Besides their musical excellence, attention was paid to the grouping, as in "Acis and Galatea;" but the *same* groups were formed as in the opera, which seems to me somewhat an anomaly.

7th.—The Committee of Privy Council on Education has "sanctioned" the delivery at Exeter Hall of twenty lectures on THE CHEMISTRY OF DAILY LIFE. The lecturer is Dr. D. B. Reid, the gentleman who boldly undertook to enlighten the collective wisdom of this empire, by illuminating the Houses of Parliament; and what is wonderful, succeeded!—Anxious for some relaxation from the severer duties to which a lounger is condemned, at the opera, the concert-room, and the theatre, I have attended three of these lectures. The result is, that I find myself to have been just as ignorant as my neighbours, upon subjects which are of the most vital importance to us all. Thousands have been spent in trying to remove those legible marks of "no thoroughfare," that surround the North Pole; or in endeavouring to civilize nations which are, according to the physical and geographical circumstances around them, quite as civilized as we; but who, except Dr. Reid, takes any pains to enlighten us upon the air we breathe, or the water we drink? Yet our lives are considerably shortened by the bad quality of these articles which is supplied to us. I remember, some years ago, our great master of descriptive topography, Mr. George Robins, took up the subject of bad water with that energy and literary fervour which has so distinguished him in the "annals of auctions" and advertisements. He was suddenly bitten with a hydrophobia of an extra rabid character, when excited by Thames water. He opened the eyes of the public, as to what they were pouring down their throats, so wide as to make their hair stand on end. He told them that the contents of Pandora's box were harmless, compared with those of the water-bottle. Although he drew an almost incredible picture, the solar microscope proved it to be a true one, and water-drinkers believed and trembled. Thus the prince of auctioneers became the father of aqueous reform; not so much, it is said, out of a desire to recommend the general use of "Robins's Patent Filter," as from pure—crystal pure—patriotism. Dr. Reid follows in the same stream of argument. He exhibits the evil, and proposes a remedy; he teaches his auditors how to detect the deleterious in water, and how to rectify it by lime and other specified chemicals. Again, the air we breathe is, especially in London, (already too famous for all sorts of adulteration,) played terrible tricks with, and is supplied to our lungs mixed with innumerable blacks, that are unceasingly emancipated from countless chimneys. How this evil is to be removed from our homes, the lecturer has already pratically illustrated by the system of ventilation he has introduced into the House of Commons. One bad effect of impure or stagnant air is frightful to the contemplation of those who, like myself, regularly dine out whenever favoured with invitations—namely, loss of appetite, and of all enjoyment of one's wine. In proof of the converse of this, the lecturer told a story concerning a club-dinner, once experimented upon by the constant supply of fresh air at an equable temperature. No result appeared immediately: everybody went home in unimpeachable condition; yet, next morning, the butler discovered that three times the usual quantity of wine had been drunk! This is a strong fact, to which I beg to direct the especial attention of those excellent friends whose dinner-parties are commencing for the present season; which, let me add, threatens to be a warm one. Seriously, the practical application of science to every-day life renders these lectures the more impressively instructive, because they are amusing; and Goldsmith's axiom, that "philosophy is a very good horse in a stable, but an arrant jade on a journey," no longer holds good, for in this lecturer's hands, she proves a most serviceable hack; and will, doubtless, carry him triumphantly through the *course*, which is to consist of twenty "heats," or lectures.

While Dr. Reid defined the components and qualities of air, the legislature was, "in another place," benevolently attending to the interests of a class of beings, many of whom

are said to live upon it—namely, authors. THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION is at length settled in principle, for the time being, and we are to hold our own for the term of forty-two years (instead of for twenty-eight), or for the life of the author, according as the life or the term lasts the longer. In case of the accident of decease, or of a writer outliving his works, (an occurrence not altogether infrequent,) the property is to have an additional seven years' lease. Thus, a branch of literary composition is introduced by parliament among authors, to which they are for the most part strangers—that of making their wills. Few have hitherto had much to leave behind, save their debts and their biographies. But now, thanks to Lord Mahon and Mr. Macaulay, some of the fraternity may die not altogether worthless, and get their names as familiar in Bartholomew Lane and in Doctors' Commons as they are at present at certain law offices and circulating libraries. The more, assuredly would such phenomena come to pass, could an international copyright law be established. The piracy of *every* popular work which is published in England or in France renders this an imperative demand from authors, however decidedly the bookselling interests of America or Belgium might protest against it.

8th.—It is said, truly enough, of a certain animal, that when he gets a bad name, it is but charitable to hang him at once. This benevolent sentiment appears to have taken full possession of the daily and hebdomadal critics, in reference to the "SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS," ever since it was nick-named "a refuge for destitute pictures;" and this year the press seems to have resolved itself into a "hanging committee," to strangle the struggling society outright. Anxious, however, to see whether this, the nineteenth exhibition, really is such a collection of daubs as the papers would have one believe, I visited the Suffolk-street galleries yesterday, to take the privilege of judging for myself, and was neither delighted nor disgusted. Though there is a great proportion of bad pictures, some of great merit redeem the collection from such sweeping censures as have been passed upon it. In no instance, it is true, has a high flight been taken: there are no grand historical works, but this, judging from the failures in that department which are annually exhibited at the Royal Academy, is an advantage. Unquestionably the greatest genius amongst them is A. J. Woolmer, an evident disciple of Turner, and the only imitator who has succeeded (so far as my own observation has gone) in catching the spirit, but in escaping the manner—the garish assemblages of positive colour of that eccentric artist's works. Two of his pictures shew a Turner-like brilliancy of colour, sobered down just low enough to give no more than a poetical exaggeration to nature—an approach to perfection in that style. J. Tennant wins especial favour by a landscape, the tone of which is admirably kept, from its highest light to the deepest shadow, so much so as to recall Cuyp. J. B. Pyne holds the next place. His general tone is too low to be brilliant, but it is equal and natural. Out of the eighteen pictures from the industrious hand of J. W. Allen, the view "On the Normandy coast" is the most to be coveted by the collector. The portrait of a lady, by J. J. Hill, smiles out of the canvas with winning sweetness: the drawing and expression are exquisite, and deserve higher finish than has been bestowed. J. F. Herring, sen., has put several admirably painted horses into some very indifferent pictures. J. Stewart does justice to the "Lady of the Lake," and more than justice to "Cupid," having indulged the blind god with a pair of fine eyes. C. F. Tomkins's "Andernach on the Rhine" is a pretty specimen of scene-painting; and—here break we off, for fear of reprinting the Catalogue.

Went in the evening to hear Miss Kemble in "LA SONNAMBULA," which one has heard so frequently, that the addition of some new charm is requisite to render it attractive. This was supplied by the prima-donna, who sung the music with none of the fuss of a finished singer, but with a perfect simplicity, which made it seem the natural outpourings of love and despair, as they are felt and expressed by a village maiden. This performance was truly the triumph of art concealing art; that, too, achieved in spite of a chilling lover, with an awkward, frigid manner, whose notes appear to result from a cold in the head. I beg to present my personal thanks to the chorus-master, for causing the best two choruses in the opera to be taken in their proper time; because it has, on every former occasion, been my misfortune to be an ear-witness to their inhuman murder, as they have always been sung within a degree of jig time. It was thus the charming progression for the basses in the "spectre" chorus was formerly of "none effect," and the glimmer of counterpoint in the finale to the first act altogether hidden in confusion. Last night, however, both these pieces went delightfully.

12th.—By certain circumstances, which are daily occurring, I feel convinced that the seeds of a vast improvement in domestic and national ARCHITECTURE have taken firm root in the prolific soil of public opinion. "Death," says a German writer, "is the parent of life;" and the primary cause of the resuscitation of architectural taste may be traced to the destruction of the Houses of Parliament, which gave birth to a design for the new houses worthy of a great nation—a design made in a school of art unquestionably British; the
the Gothic. But it is the attention which has been directed to the interior of this
building that has been most serviceable. It is proposed to cover its walls wit
and a royal commission has been formed to consider the subject; consequently,

tural, or fresco-painting, is at present *the* topic agitated amongst artists, so that the revival of one of the noblest branches of art has unquestionably dawned. The fresco materials are capable of producing all the breadth and nearly all the body of oil, with the soft, transparent, blended tints of water-colours. Requiring no varnish, the subject may be seen in any light, and at one view, which is never the case with large oil paintings; for the light which will make one part of the picture visible catches the varnish of another portion, and makes it invisible until the spectator has, after some dodging, got into the proper "point of sight;" hence, fresco is the only style that is susceptible of the grand and really historical. But before it can be efficiently employed, there are difficulties in the way of even our first oil-painters, that their own application and perseverance will, doubtless, remove; the process is altogether different from that in which they are proficient. The design, though first made upon paper, has to be finished on the wall in detached parts, for the plaster which forms the ground once dry, there must be no after-touching; the artist, therefore, can only prepare so much ground at a time as he is well assured he can paint over during the day; thus, to preserve the tones of these detached pieces, so as to form at last a coherent and harmonious whole, seems to demand as much experience as our painters will for some years acquire; but there must be beginnings. To add to the difficulty, the colours materially alter in drying.* Whilst the *dulce*, the æsthetics of the art is advancing, the *utile* is not neglected. Much attention has lately been directed to those important matters in household architecture—drainage, heating, and ventilation. The importance of the Drainage bill, now preparing by government for parliament, (a valuable legacy left by the late administration,) can only be estimated by a consideration of the effect it will have on the health and even morals of the lower orders. Some months ago, I had occasion to accompany a home missionary into a few of the dens of London and Westminster—places in the heart of the "centre of civilization" devoid of any outlet for accumulated refuse—habitations compared with which, in point of the ordinary conveniences of life, an Indian wigwam is a palace: to describe what I saw would be as impossible from its loathsomeness as useless from its incredibility!—the first reform of all this will be undoubtedly the Drainage bill. Another gratifying sign is put forth in the *Athenæum* of April 9, in an advertisement, proclaiming the existence of a "Metropolitan Improvement Society," for the advancement and advocacy of plans for increasing the domestic comfort of all classes, especially of the poor. Lastly, the architects and chemical philosophers are fast uniting opinions and efforts to effect improvements in heating and ventilation.

14*th*.—An extraordinary exhibition took place last evening at Exeter Hall: no other than the sweet concord of seventeen hundred voices! and this *monstre* concert was creditably got through by singers who did not know one note from another twelve months ago, a fact which awards to their instructor, Mr. Hullah, the highest praise. Independent of its musical importance, this "singing for the million" will cultivate tastes and habits of the best kind, in a social point of view.

15*th*.—A new Irish comedian, by name Malone Raymond, made his appearance last night at the Haymarket. Whether we estimate his pretensions by his figure or by his capabilities, they will be found of a high order; for the former measures six feet odd, and the latter consists of a gentlemanly deportment and a rich brogue. The play was the "West Indian." Mr. H. Holl, as *Belcour* to the debutante's *O'Flaherty*, fulfilled all the promises provincial fame made for him.

18*th*.—A cursory glance at this year's collection of the "New Society of Water-colour Artists" struck me with delight at Warren's "Hagar in the Desert," and with wonder at Miss Setchel's illustration of a passage from Crabbe. "A Tomb-scene," by R. K. Penson, is a clever architectural drawing. The pictures by Hage, Corbould, and Topham, are unusually good.

19*th*. The new play of "PLIGHTED TROTH," so long promised at Drury Lane, unfortunately failed. Everybody must sympathize with the manager, who evidently went to enormous expense in producing it. A ball-room scene in the third act surpassed in splendour any ball I ever was at, even where everything was real, and not theatrical. The [illegible] with a very fierce interest, which gradually subsides until it completely [illegible] the fourth act; it then flickers a little in the beginning of the fifth, and is quite [illegible] the end—the audience clapping, not their hands, but an extinguisher of [illegible]. Never was a piece visited so decidedly with the unfortunate fate which [illegible] by a certain very strong expression.

[illegible] to-day contain a notification that will gladden the eyes of artists. [illegible] result of the Royal Commission is the offer of three premiums [illegible] each, and five of 100*l* each, for the best cartoon designs for [illegible] a national concern!

[illegible] I must refer the reader to an eloquent and instructive [illegible] published in last Saturday's *Athenæum*. Several other works [illegible] by Mr. Parris, and another by Mr. Haydon, the arch-agitator [illegible] shows the smallest abuse in, or opportunity for, the advancing scrutiny.

SULTAN STORK.

BEING THE ONE THOUSAND AND SECOND NIGHT.

Translated from the Persian,

BY MAJOR G. O'G. GAHAGAN, H.E.I.C.S.

PART THE SECOND.—THE ENCHANTED PRINCESS.

"After flying about, for some time, the poor storks perched upon the palace, where it was evident that all was in consternation. 'Ah!' said the king, with a sigh, 'why, O cursed vizier, didst thou ever bring that beggar-woman into my presence? here it is, an hour after sunset, and at this hour I should have been seated at a comfortable supper, but for thy odious officiousness, and my own fatal curiosity.'

"What his majesty said was true; and, having eaten nothing all day (for they could not make up their stomachs to subsist upon raw frogs and fish), he saw, to his inexpressible mortification, his own supper brought into the royal closet at the usual hour, taken away from thence, and the greater part of it eaten up by the servants as they carried it back to the kitchen.

"For three days longer, as they lingered about Tehran, that city was in evident dismay and sorrow. On the first day a council was held, and a great deal of discussion took place between the mollahs and emirs; on the second day another council was held, and all the mollahs and emirs swore eternal fidelity to King Mushook; on the third day a third council was held, and they voted to a man that all faithful Persians had long desired the return of their rightful sovereign and worship, and proclaimed Ghuzroo Sultan of Persia. Ghuzroo and his son, Ameen Adawb, entered the divan. What a thrill passed through the bosom of Mushook (who was perched on a window of the hall) when he saw Ghuzroo walk up and take possession of his august throne, and beheld in the countenance of that unbeliever the traits of the very old woman who had sold him the box!

"It would be tedious to describe to your majesty the numberless very long dreary flights which the unhappy sultan and vizier now took. Th a mosque in all Persia or Arabia on which they did not light; and as

fishes, they speedily learned to be so little particular as to swallow them raw with considerable satisfaction, and, I do believe, tried every pond and river in Asia.

"At last they came to India; and being then somewhere in the neighbourhood of Agra, they went to take their evening meal at a lake in a wood: the moon was shining on it, and there was upon one of the trees an owl hooting and screaming in the most melancholy manner.

"The two wanderers were discussing their victuals, and it did not at first come into their heads to listen to the owl's bewailings; but as they were satisfied, they began presently to hearken to the complaints of the bird of night that sate on a mango-tree, its great round white face shining in the moon. The owl sung a little elegy, which may be rendered in the following manner:—

'*Too—too—too—oo* long have I been in this imprisonment;
Who—o—o—o is coming to deliver me?
In the darkness of the night I look out, and see not my deliverer;
I make the grove resound with my strains, but no one hears me.

'I look out at the moon;—my face was once as fair as hers:
She is the queen of night, and I was a princess as celebrated.
I sit under the cypress-trees, and was once as thin as they are:
Could their dark leaves compare to my raven tresses?

'I was a princess once, and my talents were everywhere sung of;
I was indebted for my popularity not only to beauty but *to whit*;
Ah, where is the destined prince that is to come to liberate and *to whoo*?'

"Cut the verses short, Scheherazade," said the Sultan. And that obedient princess instantly resumed her story in prose.

"'What,' said King Mushook, stepping up to the owl, 'are you too the victim of enchantment?'

"'Alas! kind stranger, of whatever feather you be—for the moon is so bright that I cannot see you in the least,—I was a princess, as I have just announced in my poem; and famous, I may say, for my beauty all over India. Rotu Muckun is my name, and my father is King of Hindostan. A monster from Bombay, an idolater and practiser of enchantments, came to my court, and asked my hand for his son; but because I spurned the wretch, he, under the disguise of an old woman—'

"'With a box of trinkets,' broke out the vizier.

"'Of no such thing,' said the owl, or rather the disguised Princess Rotu Muckun; 'with a basket of peaches, of which I was known to be fond, entered the palace garden one evening as I was seated there with my maidens, and offered me a peach, of which I partook, and was that instant turned into an owl. My attendants fled, screaming at the metamorphosis; and as the old woman went away, she clenched her fist at me and laughed, and said "Now, princess, you will remember the vengeance of Ghuzroo."'

"'This *is* indeed marvellous!' exclaimed the King of Persia. 'Know, madam, that the humble individual who now addresses you was a year since no other than Persia's king.'

"'Heavens!' said the princess, trembling, and rustling all her feathers; 'can you be the famous and beautiful Mushook, who disappeared from Tehran with his grand vizier?'

"'No other, madam,' said the king, laying his claw on his breast; 'and the most devoted of your servants.'

"'Heigho!' said she; 'I would that you had resumed your former shape, and that what you said were true; but you men, I have always heard, are sad, sad deceivers.'

"Being pressed farther to explain the meaning of her wish, the princess said that she never could resume her former appearance until she could find some one who would marry her under her present form; and what was more, she said an old [illegible] had made a prophecy concerning her, that she should be saved from destruction [illegible].

"'The [illegible] said the vizier, drawing his majesty aside, 'is the sheerest and [illegible] the part of Madam Owl that ever I heard. What [illegible] old wretch, pining for a husband, and not being [illegible] doubtless, to procure one among birds of her [illegible] fashionable fellows pass, and trumps up [illegible] princess, and the deuce knows what. Even

suppose she be a princess, let your majesty remember what the poet Ferooz observes—

"Women are not all beautiful—for one moon-eyed,
Nine hundred and ninety-nine are as ugly as Shaitan."

Let us have a care then, how we listen to her stories.'

"'Vizier,' answered his majesty, 'I have remarked that you are always talking about ugliness; and, by my beard! you are the ugliest man in my dominions. Be she handsome or hideous, I am sure that there is something in the story of the princess mysteriously connected with our fate. Do you not remember that extraordinary dream which I had in my youth, and which declared that I too should be saved from danger by an owl? Had you not also such a dream on the self-same night? Let us not, therefore, disregard the warnings of Fate:—the risk shall be run, the princess shall be married, or my name's not Mushook.'

"'Well, sir,' said the vizier, with a shrug, 'if you insist upon marrying her, I cannot, of course, give any objection to the royal will: and your majesty must remember that I wash my hands of the business altogether.'

"'*I* marry her!' screamed the king, in a rage; 'Vizier, are you a fool? Do you suppose me such a fool as to buy a pig in a poke, as they say at Bagdad?'

"'I was sure your majesty would not be so imprudent,' said the vizier, in a soothing tone.

"'Of course, I wouldn't; no, vizier, my old and tried servant, *you* shall marry the Princess Rotu Muckun, and incur the risk of this adventure.'

"The poor vizier knew he had only to obey, were his master to bid him to bite off his own nose; so he promised compliance in this instance with as good a grace as he could muster. But the gentlemen, in the course of this little dispute, had not taken into consideration that the owl had wings as well as they, and had followed them into the dark brake where the colloquy took place, and could see them perfectly, and hear every word that passed.

"'Tut-tut-tut-too!' shrieked out the owl, in a shrill voice, 'my lord of Persia, and you, grand vizier, do you suppose that I, the Princess of Hindostan, am to be cast about from one person to another like a shuttlecock? Do you suppose that I, the loveliest woman in the universe, am tamely to listen to doubts regarding my beauty, and finally to yield up my charms to an ugly, old, decrepit monster, like your grand vizier?'

"'Madam'—interposed the King of Persia.

"'Tut-tut-too! don't madam me, sir,' said the princess, in a fluster,—'mademoiselle, if you please; and mademoiselle to remain, rather than be insulted so. Talk about buying a pig in a poke, indeed! here is a pretty gentlemanlike phrase for a monarch who has been used to good society!—pig in a poke, indeed! I'll tell you what, my lord, I have a great mind to make you carry your pigs to another market. And as for my poor person, I will see,' cried the owl, sobbing, 'if some noble-hearted person be not more favourable to-to-to to-*it*—to-oo-oo-oo-oo!' Here she set up such an hysterical howling, that his majesty the King of Persia thought she would have dropped off her perch.

"He was a good-natured sovereign, and could not bear to see the tears of a woman."

"What a fool!" said the Sultan. But Scheherazade took no notice.

"And having his heart melted by her sorrows, said to her, 'Cheer up, madam, it shall never be said that Mushook deserted a lady in distress. I swear to you by the ninth book of the Koran, that you shall have my hand as soon as I get it back myself; in the meanwhile accept my claw, and with it the heart of the King of Persia.'

"'Oh, sir!' said the owl, 'this is too great joy—too much honour—I cannot,' said she, in a faint voice, 'bear it!—O Heavens!—Maidens, unlace me!—Some water—some water—a jug-jug-jug—'

"Here what the king had formerly feared actually took place, and the owl, in an excess of emotion, actually tumbled off the branch in a fainting fit, and fell into the thicket below.

"The vizier and his majesty ran like mad to the lake for water; but ah! what a scene met their view on coming back!

"Forth there came to meet them the loveliest damsel that ever g[illegible] of monarch or vizier. Fancy, sir, a pair of eyes——"

"Cut the description short, Scheherazade," interrupted the Sultan; "your eyes, my dear, are quite pretty enough for me."

"In short, sir, she was the most lovely woman in the world of her time; and the poor old vizier, as he beheld her, was mad to think what a prize he had lost. The King of Persia flung himself at her feet, and vowed himself to be the happiest of men."

"Happiest of men!" roared out the Sultan. "Why, woman, he is a stork: how did he get back to his shape, I want to know?"

"Why, sir, it must be confessed, that when the Princess of Hindostan, now restored to her pristine beauty, saw that no sort of change had taken place in her affianced husband, she felt a little ashamed of the connexion, and more than once in their journey from Agra to the court of her father at Delhi, she thought of giving her companion the slip; 'For how,' said she, 'am I to marry a stork?' However, the king would never leave her for a moment out of his sight, or, when his majesty slept, the vizier kept his eye upon her; and so at last they walked and walked until they came near to Delhi on the banks of the Jumna.

"A magnificent barge was floating down the river, pulled by a hundred men with gilded oars, and dressed in liveries of cloth of gold. The prow of the barge was shaped like a peacock, and formed of precious stones and enamel; and at the stern of the vessel was an awning of crimson silk, supported by pillars of silver, under which, in a yellow satin robe, covered with diamonds of intolerable brightness, there sat an old gentleman smoking, and dissolved seemingly in grief.

"'Heavens!' cried the princess, 'tis my father!' and straightway she began flapping her pocket-handkerchief, and crying at the top of her voice, 'Father, father, 'tis your Rotu Muckun calls!'

"When the old gentleman, who was smoking in yellow satin, heard that voice, he started up wildly, let drop his hookah, shouted hoarsely to the rowers to pull to the shore, and the next minute tumbled backwards in a fainting fit.—The next minute but one he was in the arms of his beloved girl, the proudest and happiest of fathers.

"The princess at the moment of meeting, and in the hurry of running into the boat, had, it must be confessed, quite forgotten her two storks; and as these made an effort to follow her, one of the rowers with his gilded oar gave the grand vizier a crack over the leg, which caused that poor functionary to limp for many years after. But our wanderers were not to be put off so. Taking wing, they flew right under the awning of the boat, and perched down on the sofa close by the King of Hindostan and his daughter.

"'What, in Heaven's name,' said Hindostan, 'are these filthy birds, that smell so horribly of fish? Faugh! turn them out.'

"'Filthy yourself, sir, my brother,' answered the King of Persia, 'the smell of fish is not much worse than that of tobacco, I warrant. Heigho! I have not had a pipe for many a long day!'

"'Here Rotu Muckun, seeing her father's wonder that a stork should talk his language, and his anger at the bird's impudence, interposed and related to his majesty all the circumstances attending the happy change that had taken place.

"While she was speaking (and her story was a pretty long one), the King of Persia flung himself back in an easy attitude on one of the sofas, crossing his long legs, and folding his wings over his chest. He was, to tell the truth, rather piqued at the reception which his brother of Hindostan had given him. Old Munsoor stood moodily at a little distance, holding up his game leg.

"His master, however, was determined to shew that he was perfectly at his ease. 'Hindostan, my old buck,' said he, 'what a deuced comfortable sofa this is; and, egad, what a neat turn-out of a barge.'

"The old gentleman, who was a stickler for ceremony, said drily, 'I am glad your majesty finds the sofa comfortable, and the barge to your liking. Here we don't call it a barge, but a BUDGEROW.'

"As he spoke this word, the King of Persia bounced off his seat as if he had been shot, and upset the hookah over the King of Hindostan's legs; the moody old grand vizier clapped his wings and screamed for joy; the princess shrieked for astonishment; and the whole boat's crew were in wonder, as they saw the two birds turn towards the east, bob their long bills three times, and call out 'Budgerow!'

"At that word the birds disappeared, and in their place, before the astonished sovereign of Hindostan there stood two gentlemen in the Persian habit. One of

them was fat, old, and one-eyed, of a yellow complexion, and limping on a leg—'twas Munsoor, the vizier. The other—ah, what a thrill passed through Rotu Muckun's heart as she beheld him!—had a dark countenance, a dark flashing eye, a royal black beard, a high forehead, on which a little Persian cap was jauntily placed. A pelisse of cashmere and sables covered his broad chest, and showed off his excessively slim waist to advantage; his little feet were encased in yellow slippers; when he spoke, his cornelian lips displayed thirty-two pearly teeth; in his girdle was his sword, and on the hilt of it that famous diamond, worth one hundred and forty-three millions of tomauns.

"When the King of Hindostan saw that diamond, he at once knew that Mushook could be no impostor, and taking him heartily by the hand, the good-natured monarch ordered servants to pick up the pieces of the chillum, and to bring fresh ones for the King of Persia and himself.

"'You say it is a long time since you smoked a pipe,' said Hindostan, waggishly; 'there is a lady here that I dare swear will fill one for you.' With this and other sallies the royal party passed on to Delhi, where Munsoor was accommodated with diaculum and surgical aid, and where the marriage was celebrated between the King of Persia and the Princess of Hindostan."

"And did the King of Persia ever get his kingdom back again?" asked the Sultan.

"Of course he did, sir," replied Scheherazade, "for where did you ever hear of a king who had been kept out of his just rights by a wicked enchanter, that did not regain his possessions at the end of a story? No, sir, at the last page of a tale, wicked enchanters are always punished, and suffering virtue always rewarded; and though I have my doubts whether in real life——"

"Be hanged to your prate, madam, and let me know at once *how* King Mushook got back his kingdom, and what he did to Ghuzroo and his son Ameen Adawb?"

"Why, sir, marching with five hundred thousand men, whom his father-in-law placed under his command, King Mushook went, via Caubul and Affghanistan, into Persia; he defeated the usurping Ghuzroo upon the plains of Tehran, and caused that idolatrous monarch to be bastinadoed to death. As for his son, Ameen Adawd, as that young prince had not taken any part in his father's rebellion, Mushook, who was a merciful sovereign, only ordered him to take a certain quantity of the powder, and to wish himself to be a stork. Then he put him into a cage, and hung him outside the palace wall. This done, Mushook and his princess swayed magnificently the sceptre of Persia, lived happily, were blest by their subjects, had an infinite number of children, and ate pilau and rice every day.

"Now, sir, it happened, after several years' captivity in the cage, that the Prince Ameen Adawb——" * * * *

Here Scheherazade paused; for looking at her royal husband, she saw that his majesty was fast asleep, and deferred the history of Prince Ameen Adawb until another occasion.

THE PIRATE KNIGHT.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

BY CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE, ESQ.

LADY MARGARET WAS as fair a May
As won in the north countrie;
Alas! that she loved a pirate knight,
Wha wander'd o'er the sea.

And dukes cam frae the Norway shore
That lady's grace to win;
But aye, she loved the pirate more,
Wi' the false down o'er his chin:

And earls cam baith frae east and west
That maiden bright to see;
But still she loved the pirate best
Wi' the fiend's blink in his ee.

They woo'd her long wi' brooch and ring,
And lays by minstrels sung;
But nae propine gart her decline
That sea-knight's flattering tongue!

They could na meet in lane or street,
Nor yet in hall or bower,—
But they would walk in gude green wood
At the mirk and midnight hour.

And they'd walk on the lone sea sands,
By the pale light o' the moon,
Till morn raise red o'er yonder fell,
And blush'd the waves abune.

Beware, beware, ye maidens fair,
Of ghaist and kelpie sprite;
But maist beware your ain sweet love,
Gin ye stray by wan moonlight!

"Now, Willie, gin you love me
As oft ye've said and sworn,
Oh, wed me in yon halie kirk,
Before my babie's born."

"Now, Margaret, gin you love me weel,
Urge no such thing to be,
Till I return frae my father's land,
That's far beyond the sea."

With flowing tide, and ship of pride,
That false knight sail'd away;
And many a tear his true-love shed,
I wot, that dreary day.

And many a langsome look she cast
Atween the sea and air;
And all to spy that stately ship,
In life she ne'er saw mair.

"I weep by day—I weep by night—
The salt tears drown my ee;
I weary for my ain sweet love,
But his face I cannot see."

When six sad months were past and gone,
Her cheek wax'd pale and lean;
* * * * * *
* * * * * *

To braid her hair she didna care,
Nor set her golden keil;
And the tears that cam frae her downcast eyne
Dried, aye, just where they fell.

She fand no rest in the green forest,
Nor yet in hall or bower;
But she was pleased wi' the lonely sands,
At the mirk and midnight hour.

There to the wave she'd fondly rave,
And answer the sea-bird's cry,—
"I see the mast—he comes at last!"
He never mair cam nigh.

"I weep by day—I weep by night—
I weep false Willie's scorn;
But ne'er shall I weep the world's spite,
When my poor babie's born."

Now up and spak her sister Anne,
In the chamber where she lay,—
"I trow I heard fair Margaret cry
On the shore, long long ere day;

"The tide cam on wi' the wild wind's moan,
An hour I couldna sleep—
I trow I heard a lady groan,
But—and a babie weep."

"Now peace, now peace, my sister Anne,
Think no such things to be;
'Twas but the seugh o' the yew-tree boughs
In the wild blast mournfullie."

It was on a night, and an eerie* night,
That forth would Margaret fare;
And she's gane to yon lone kirk aisle,
Her kin lay buried there.

She's wander'd up the lang kirk aisle,
Wi' a sob and a weary sigh—
And all by the moon thro' the painted pane,
She cam where her kindred lie.

Now she's gane to her father's grave,
And sained† the marble chest,—
"Oh, father dear, mak room for me,
I fain waed find some rest."

"Away, away, thou ill woman,
An ill death mayst thou dee—
Were my coffin all the world wide,
It holds not such as thee."

Now she's gane to her mother's tomb,
And kiss'd the feet of stone,—
"Oh mother sweet, mak room for me,
My days on earth are done."

"Away, away, dear Margaret,—
Away, and let me sleep—
Thou must not stretch thee at my side,
And I downsat hear thee weep."

Now she's gane to her brother's grave,
Once dear to him was she,—
"Is there any room in thy coffin, brother,
For I fain would rest with thee?"

"There's nae room in my coffin, sister,
Save for my trusty brand,
And that should smite thee to the heart,
Had I now a fleshly hand."

This lady turn'd her by the shore,
To reach her stately tower,—
And she was aware of a babie wan
As the water-lily flower.

He wore a garland o' the green sea-weed,
And a robe o' the white sea foam—
"Now fair befal thee, babie mine,
I bid thee welcome home."

"When I was in life, Lady Margaret,
Such kindness you did not keep;
The cradle you gave was a rocking wave,
And the sea-gull to sing me asleep."

"Thou sleep'st not worse beneath the brine
Than I on my silken bed;
I canna rest for those hands of thine,
That freeze my brow to lead.

"Thou sleep'st not worse beneath the sand,
Than I amid the down;
I canna rest for thy little feet
That patter my bed arown.

"My days of youth are days of ruth,
I've mickle dread o' pine;
And sorrow's cup, which I've drunk up,
Is bitterer far than brine.

"So I will take a plunge, babie—
I'll take a plunge with thee;
We'll soundlier sleep in other's arms,
For all the roaring sea."

Now Willie was sailing his good ship,
I wot, on a simmer's day;
When up there rose a cloud i' the south,
A dark and drumlie grey.

And bowding saftlie o'er the waves,
Between that cloud and the sea,
Twa snow-white birds he thought cam on,
And marvell'd what they might be.

But when they nigh'd the stately ship,
Pale grew the pirate band,—
For there stood a lady clad in white,
Wi' a young boy in her hand.

"That shape is like my Margaret's,
As like as like may be;
But when I look on that blue swollen face,
I canna think it she.

"That neck is as white as Margaret's,
As lang that yellow hair;
But how gat ye that bludie wound,
Bound up with green sea-ware?"

"Leap down—leap down, thou false traitor,
Leap down, leap down, and see;
If thou leap'st not down to me and my babe
We'll climb the ship to thee."

The lightnings flash, and the wild waves dash
And dim grew each man's sight—
The stately ship sail'd slowly on,
Without the Pirate Knight.

* Ghostly—inspiring a fear of spirits.

† Marked with the sign of the cross.

‡ It is difficult to explain *downa* in English, as Lord Hailes justly observes: here it means—I am unwilling, and it grieves me to hear thee weep.

A GOSSIP ABOUT HORACE WALPOLE.

THERE was no spot of ground, probably, anywhere that would have so exactly suited the tastes of Horace Walpole as Strawberry Hill. It had improvable capabilities—it had memories of its own—it was in a storied neighbourhood—it was surrounded by cheap celebrities, in the way of acquaintances—it was a sort of modern antique—and it was within an hour's drive, or thereabouts, of London. This was precisely what Walpole desired. He liked to be within reach of the echoes of town, and to be able to get into the crush at a short notice. As to the country, he had no true passion for it. Perhaps it may be doubted whether he had a true passion for anything; and whether the utmost indulgence of his genius, or his affections, in any direction, ever extended beyond a *soupçon*.

Strawberry Hill fitted him also in another point of view. It was small. A large place would have bewildered him; a small one afforded him endless pretexts for the exercise of his ingenuity. Precisely in proportion as he was pinched for room, his invention expanded. And see what wonderful things he did with a few acres, and a tiny villa. He conjured up a vision of conventual architecture, a chapel, cloisters, a Gothic castle, with towers and pinnacles shooting up through the startled woods, and a sweep of verdure sprinkled with clumps of noble trees, broken by misty walks, such as had not then been seen in England, except, perhaps, at Houghton, or at Pope's grounds, or General Dormer's garden at Rousham. This method of laying out grounds was, at that time, a novelty just as strange as if a man were to go to court in his own hair. The trees used to be cut into quincunxes, coats of arms, and all manner of formal shapes. There used to be arbours and parterres and terraces and summer houses, but all minted off from the same die, and as like each as two guineas—and bore about as close a resemblance, too, to nature. When Serjeant Kite drops the broad piece into the hand of the clown he is about to enlist, the poor fellow looks at the bright thing with amazement, and then bursts out with a "The wonderful works of Nature!" The same exclamation might have been uttered, with the same appropriateness, at the first sight of one of the old gardens. The transition is almost incredible to Walpole's picturesque improvements. Fancy Mrs. Chenevix, the famous "toy-woman," called to life, and dropped under the windows of the gallery, in the shelter of the great cloister. She certainly would never have recognised the dim fields and dusky paths where she and Pere Courayer, in the cool of the swart evenings, used to discourse about French theology and rocking-horses.

In taking Strawberry Hill, Walpole had the satisfaction of having Franklin, the printer of the Craftsman, as a tenant. Franklin went with the fixtures, in one of the out-buildings, where, through the very suggestiveness of the association of ideas, Walpole afterwards established a private printing-press. Looking back upon these trifling links of personal memorabilia, at this distance of time, one is apt to suspect that they had some influence upon Walpole; that they lurked at the bottom of some of his actions, for, of all men, he was the man to work out great effects (by comparison) from little causes. He took the house from Mrs. Chenevix, who kept a toy-shop; and immediately set about converting it into a curiosity-museum! He found Franklin on the premises, and he set up a printing-press!

But it was a pleasant thing to find old political animosities thus merged in a social convention, and the feuds of the father cancelled under a lease from the son. Perhaps there was a little pride, too, in question; for Walpole was an enthusiast about his father, and was not sorry, probably, to have an opportunity of exercising a little magnanimity towards poor Franklin, who had been imprisoned more than once for Pulteney's attacks on Sir Robert. Perhaps he may have met him of a morning on the road-side, and bowed to him—a marvellous stretch of magnanimity from Horace Walpole to Richard Franklin. Even in that bow, however, there was a silent treaty of peace and gracious act of oblivion, which was quite as much as could have been reasonably expected; considering that the house of Orford had fallen from its high estate since the days of prosecution, and that it therefore required additional hauteur to sustain its artificial dignity.

Colley Cibber had lived in the house before Walpole rented it. He wr
there, but left not a solitary scratch on the rind of an oak to testify hi

little more than listening to his disquisitions, or retailing their own adventures. On one occasion he dined with Garrick, admitted that he possessed great social resources, but confessed that he liked his wife better. The Lady Diana Beauclerc was a special favourite with him. She copied some of his pictures for him, gave him drawings to embellish his cabinets, and illustrated the Mysterious Mother in a series of sketches. The secret of his admiration for *her* is apparent enough. Old Lady Suffolk used to tell him court stories about the Queen and the ministers; and Walpole delighted in a little high-life scandal, and her ladyship was not sorry to have so congenial a friend in her decline. Mrs. Clive, too, with her romping spirits, had been so accustomed to flattery all her life, that she could not do without it in the end, and was well content to purchase it from Walpole on any terms. Besides, she had a budget of anecdotes about the players and dramatists—Barry, Mrs. Centlivre, Arthur Murphy, Colley Cibber, and the rest, that must have helped Walpole wonderfully through the twilight, when it was getting too dark for him to work in his niches and china-closets. The society of these lively chattering ladies felicitously hit off his peculiarities. They took all his criticisms for granted; they were charmed with his wit; they were astonished at his antiquities; they were strictly deferential to his aristocracy; and they wanted nothing from him. Now it is quite clear that had he been surrounded by men of letters, his criticisms might have been questioned, his wit dined out, and his antiquities slurred over, while his aristocracy would have gone for nothing, and he might have been every now and then subjected to a loan. His vanity and his pocket alike flew for security to the blind Du Deffand and the deaf Suffolk.

Yet, although he thus clung to the female sex, he never seems to have entertained the least intention of marriage. He never even suspected himself of a suspicion of the kind. He admitted women, only upon sufferance and good behaviour, to a cup of tea or a game of loo, and there the matter ended. It entailed no consequences, no noises in the mornings, no disturbances with servants, no household ceremonies, no settling-days. (Oh! those settling-days amongst books and papers and pictures!) A Mrs. Walpole—Mrs. Horace Walpole—the Hon. Mrs. Horace Walpole, would have been an unintelligible individuality—an incomprehensible existence—a sort of unentity. It is impossible to imagine such a person, except by some process of mental exhilaration similar to that which led Walpole to think that he saw Lord Falkland's portrait moving out of the frame—an after-dinner incident, to which we are indebted for one of the ghostly terrors of the Castle of Otranto. If we could see one of the old starched Junos, with a pea-hen perched on her thumb, swim out of the canvas in a cloud of fawn-coloured silk, and sink to the floor in a swooning curtsey of at least twenty feet in circumference, we might begin to believe in the possibility of a Mrs. Horace Walpole—but not till then.

To speak plainly, love was not in Walpole's line. There was no room in his nature for any warmth of that kind. Love would have puzzled him out of his wits, spoiled his letters, and made him break the heads of half his teapots and Wedgewood candlesticks. Love would have put him out of humour with his gimcracks, and re-priced his catalogue of curiosities at so low an average, that he would have locked up Strawberry Hill in despair, and lost the key out of fair spite. But in love, as in everything else, he went just far enough for the slightest possible flavour. One can hardly help fancying that he was fond of watching the progress of Lady Diana's drawings—and such a name, too! Then there were the Vernons, very young, and very charming; and the Miss Berrys, who knew him from childhood. Walpole had very pensive eyes, and a face as attenuated as a poet's. May he not have had struggling wishes, scattered in the utterance by a thousand self-seeking fears, nestling in his looks when he drew a long gaze at some of these fresh-hearted divinities of his? Oh! there is no doubt he ventured upon a *soupçon* in his own light vanishing way.

But love was not in his line. He wanted cordiality for it. His sympathies were drawn into the narrowest compass. The only person in the world he seemed to care enough about to make sacrifices for was Field-marshal Conway. His attachment to Conway began in his youth, and lasted to the hour of his death. It was an unimpeachable friendship. He offered to divide his fortune (or, rather, the income of h' sinecures) with Conway when they were both starting in life; and afterwards, when Conway was in disgrace, he vindicated his characte in a very able pamphlet—one of the best of his numerous productions, in earnest in it. All this looked like a capacity for strength of feelir an exception to his whole life. There was nobody else he ever exp

whereabouts. He and Walpole are said to have [illegible] tendency to
was eighty years of age, and hale and cheerful [illegible] illustration of it
tear of his life. Walpole complimented him [illegible] in the family.
that he was thankful, at his age, not that [illegible]
at all.

An anecdotical history of Twickenham [illegible] traced to a very
liked the place because it was so crowded with [illegible] was his mother.
another. He was fond of curiosities, and the [illegible] anything, which I
a great place, even so far back as the time of [illegible] he actually assigns
of Wolsey. The celebrated Bacon lived here [illegible] any direct personal
at Twickenham Park in a style of almost [illegible] look on you," he says,
the merry Bishop Corbet, one of the [illegible] enough to shew my grati-
mansion on the Common. Some of the [illegible] was only twenty-three
notoriety upon Twickenham. Sir Benjamin [illegible] that it was doubtful
man in the early times of the Stuarts, [illegible] surprised if the depth
darkness of their self-reliance,) resided [illegible] by others to the end of
in the parish churchyard. Anthony [illegible] three-and-twenty himself,
Benjamin's poetical talents; but [illegible] at any subsequent period.
all, and it has been discovered, [illegible] he had any feeling at all,
sagacity, that Sir Benjamin was [illegible] personal enjoyments.
displayed a most respectable [illegible] her; and was an unwavering
at Whitton, lived Sir John Suckling [illegible] respect to her memory. Per-
of English poetry. The biographer [illegible] had the priority in his glory
parish register is ready to be [illegible] with fortune. There might
unless a man could be baptised [illegible] ism, and its legacies of grati-
to be wrong. Here, also, lived [illegible] love ascends to a higher and
rian Clarendon, the "infamous [illegible] -uncle to Catherine Shorter,
losopher. About a century [illegible] er, in that original spring of
place. His house still stands [illegible] of human steadfastness that
Coming down a little [illegible] were dully reflected in their
before Walpole went to [illegible] ine Shorter, a pastoral, mellow,
wrote to one of his friends [illegible] able resemblance to the popular
moonlight. Lady Fanny [illegible] spirits and better-natured ele-
opposite to him in the [illegible] in-door love alone were left to
now, or was, not very [illegible] would he have been without it?
novelist, a cousin of Lady [illegible] ectual power restrained him from
of Music. In fact, where [illegible] would have laid bare his pretensions.
or people worthy of them [illegible] care to risk his character amongst
Amongst his own [illegible] Button's. All his exploits in the
poet, who lived on the [illegible] with ladies. His forte evidently lay
and Hudson, the painter [illegible] was familiarly known and relished.
a villa next door to [illegible] of their reputation to make way
famous fellow who [illegible] ing. All this is very intelligible.
was founded, and who [illegible] use it springs with accumulated
with a specimen of [illegible] same joke, wanting the same weight
gentleman, with a [illegible] lips. Yet the petty vanity and
the Scribbleriad, [illegible] the sternness with which he held
of before, and a [illegible] men of his day; there were other
The World, edited [illegible]

But his principal [illegible] ian, he was merely stained with
Lady Suffolk, (Pope [illegible] above them, nor sunk beneath
Marble Hill, a [illegible] on, and he held to his position
Strawberry Hill, [illegible] line drawn between him and all
were both very [illegible] own genius. They could not pass
their intimacy with [illegible] would not. This was the habitual
Ragman's Castle, [illegible] authors, sculptors, and painters.
Earl of Lichfield [illegible] ing with them; never on any
"whispering gall[illegible] berry ice! His intimacy with
everything else [illegible] Gray was a man of learning—a
It is rather a [illegible] with a fixed annuity which
he possessed of [illegible] worldly man, if such an odd
he preferred the [illegible] ine poet for Walpole. He
[illegible] mummies; and being slow
[illegible] atters. There were few men

Gray,—erudite, cautious, with a fine, chaste enthusiasm, and—a private [illegible]. [illegible] was the grand point, after all; and herein lay the true secret of Walpole's [illegible]dance of authors and artists. He not only objected to their coming between [illegible] and his nobility, but he was afraid they would be a drag upon his pecuniary [illegible]. He wanted all his money for his baubles: a collector lives only in the [illegible] of men's skill—he does not want the men themselves; that would be too expensive a luxury. Walpole avows that he did not care about authors—he only [illegible] after their books; and when the books were collected, and the busts, and the portraits, he was wont occasionally to give a grand dinner, or a grander breakfast, to his grand friends, in the midst of his curiosities, to shew off his finery, and to drink in the flatteries of the generals, earls, and ladies of blood, who came to see his miraculous castle. And this was the whole use Horace Walpole condescended to recognise in the existence of the poet, the painter, or the statuary.

It would be by no means reasonable that men of fortune should be required to entertain men of genius, or to contribute to sustain them by patronage in any form. Nobody had a right to complain of Walpole's habits in this respect; but when a man builds up a staring singularity for himself, by heaping together all the specimens he can procure of the works of genius, he voluntarily draws upon himself the eyes of the literary world, and must abide the consequences. Had Walpole not been a collector, a writer, a critic, a novelist, or a dramatist, (for, constant to none, he dabbled in almost all departments of authorship, including history, biography, poetry, and fiction,) he would have been irresponsible for doing what he liked with his dinners and his champagne conversation. As it was, he provoked sarcasm and ill-will. But, in sober seriousness, his heart, to use an expression of his own, was too apt to overflow *inwardly* with prudence.

There was, in some prominent points, a striking similitude between Horace Walpole and poor Sir Egerton Brydges. The resemblance only stopped short at the graver vigilance and selfishness of the former. Walpole had a new title in his family, Brydges an old one; and there was, so far as their nobility was concerned, exactly the same difference between them as there is between pert, new-fangled pride, and staid, old family dignity. To be sure, in Brydges' case there was a little excess of energy, and a restless, horrent sensibility on the point, arising out of peculiar circumstances; but, in the main, he had a tone of ancestry about him that could not be mistaken. Then they both had a passion for printing-presses; but if the measure of their judgment is to be taken by the works severally printed at Lee Priory and Strawberry Hill, the balance is largely in favour of the former. The obligations conferred on English literature by Sir Egerton Brydges are really very considerable; Walpole conferred none. The *Censura Literaria* alone is worth more than the whole of the productions of the Strawberry Press.

A man so shut up as Walpole was, could not expect to escape calumny, whenever his conduct suggested the slightest excuse for it. The caprice with which he treated Chatterton was tortured into cruelty, and the suicide of that "ingenious youth" was laid at his door, although it did not take place for two years after Walpole had had anything to do with him. The whole facts of the case were these:—Chatterton having conceived the design of the Rowley forgeries, and executed some of them, looked about for a soft-headed patron. Walpole's notoriety as a curiosity-hunter pointed him out as the very person in all the world most likely to be easily imposed upon. Chatterton was quite right in the speculation, so far as the facility of imposition went; but wrong in calculating upon making any money of it. Walpole was flattered by Chatterton's communication, enclosing some of the fabricated specimens; and in the first gush of his vanity at having been selected as the confidential depositary of the supposed discovery, he overflowed with complaisance to his new correspondent, of whose circumstances at this time he knew nothing. "I cannot but think myself singularly obliged," he replied to Chatterton, "by a gentleman with whom I have not the pleasure of being acquainted, when I read your very curious and kind letter, which I have this minute received. I give you a thousand thanks for it, and for the very obliging offer you make me of communicating your MSS. to me. What you have already sent me is *very valuable*, and full of information; *but instead of correcting you, sir, you are far more able to correct me. I have not the happiness understanding the Saxon language, and without your learned notes should [illegible] able to comprehend Rowley's text.*" It is clear enough from this, that W really taken in, that he was incompetent to form a sound critical opini authenticity of the poems, and that he sincerely believed them to be the

anxiety upon; his affections were not expansive; they had a perpetual f
contraction; and his solitary friendship for Conway was rather an illustr
than otherwise. Conway was his cousin. He kept his attachments in
They went in and in from the touch of strangers.

If there be anything in blood, this passion of Walpole's may be trac
unexpected source. The only person in the whole world he loved wa
In one of his letters to Conway, he says, "If I ever felt much for anyt
know may be questioned, it was certainly for my mother." And he a
as a reason for desiring to serve Conway, not any merits of his, nor any
feeling, but the fact that he was related to his mother. "I look on
"as my nearest relation by her, and think I can never do enough to
tude and affection to her." When Walpole wrote this he was or
years of age; and when we find a man at that age confessing that
whether he ever felt much for anything, we must not be surpr
or intensity of his feelings should continue to be doubted by oth
his life. If he did not acknowledge to much feeling at three-a
nobody else could be expected to give him credit for it at any
Posterity, therefore, may be pardoned for doubting whether he l
outside the close circle into which he gathered up his personal

Nevertheless, he *loved* his mother, emphatically *loved* her; and
friend to Conway, through triumphs and reverses, out of respect
haps it was because she was his father's first wife, and had the
and his love—the better part of him, before he fell out with fo
have been something in this, in the early bridal enthusiasm, and
tude and devotion; but the genealogy of Walpole's love s
remoter source. John Dryden, the poet, was great-uncle
Walpole's mother. Are we not more likely to discover, in
energy and passion, the explanation of the single drop of h
lurked in his veins? The fiery powers of Dryden were
descent through the collateral branches; and Catherine Sh
and good-humoured looking woman, bearing a remarkable r
ideal of Ceres, seems to have carried off the bountiful spirit
ments of the family character. The dregs of an in-door
Horace. The inheritance was small, but what would he ha

Perhaps the consciousness of his want of intellectual p
encouraging that description of society which would have
He loved to be a wit amongst lords, and did not care to
wits. He would have cut a dubious figure at Button's
way of repartee appear to have been performed with ladies
in being the centre of a little coterie, where he was fam
He was one of those men who require the *prestige* of their
for their pleasantries,—who, unknown, are nothing.
You will laugh at a joke from Sidney Smith, because
elasticity from his established character; but the same jo
of facetious authority, might fall dead from other lips.
filagree tastes of Walpole do not wholly account for the
aloof from personal intercourse with the literary men
and meaner motives at bottom.

Wanting constitutional vigour to become a politicia
the class prejudices of his birth. He never soared a
them. He was a pensioner by virtue of his position
from whence he derived his pensions. Here was the
men who rose into estimation by the force of their
the boundary between aristocracy and merit—he
characteristic of Walpole, in his personal relations
We find him sometimes (but very rarely) corre
terms except those of the most freezing civility.
Gray shewed what sort of poetry he liked be
syllogistic man—a substantial fellow, not over-
he knew how to use to the best advantage,—a
compound be practicable in reality. He wa
could talk about Greek sculpture, Roman urn
of conception, he had great weight in such m

he scolded his correspondents,
there was always a smile at the
. There was no man who could
In most cases the repetition of a
out of which it was generated—
brought back the very atmosphere
lded new graces to it in the telling.
emion: his spirits did not mount fast
y: there was not enough of animal
But he was great in the evenings, when
or sit in the shady meadows with Lady
them! what carte and tierce! what
hat delightful malice!
om so much as the difficulties of old age. When
him start in his chair. He was only one year
mortal blow to him. "Who can one talk to without
to be old?" This was what perplexed him.
what heresies of heart and imagination he com-
mpossible," he said, in a letter to Conway, "to be
and the old cannot converse on the same com-
survive, there are few one can commence a friendship
all one's life despised their hearts or their understand-
through which one passes to the unenviable loss of life!"
man who really did not know mankind, who looked out
hard, that judged of the whole universe by the harshness
sympathy, and a little less egotism, and Walpole in his
ved and communicated delight in the society of his youngest
at was a pleasure beyond his reach.
n the earldom fell to him. In a moment a thought of
to the roll of the nobility flashed across his mind; but he
an epigram. Instead of an epithalamium, it is an

EPITAPHIUM VIVI AUCTORIS. 1792.

Late and an earldom at seventy-four!
I sought them, or wish'd them, 'twould add one fear more,
making a countess when almost four-score.
Fortune, who scatters her gifts out of season,
Much unkind to my limbs, has still left me my reason;
And whether she lowers or lifts me, I'll try
The plain simple style I have lived in to die;
For ambition too humble, for meanness too high."

Need but a small resolution, at seventy-four, to continue to the end of life! *Vale! vale!*

ON A GREEN-HOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY."

FRAGRANT and fresh, the tropical warm air
Lures into life my "bright consummate" flowers
That, newly bathed in artificial showers,
Shew to the sun their thousand beauties rare:
Here, in high pomp, the gorgeous Cactus flings
Its eastern tassel down the prickly stem,
And Fuscias spread their tiny scarlet wings,
Like hovering humming-birds in emerald bowers:
There, the tall Amaryll's pink diadem
Above that lowlier Hyacinth queenly towers,
While fair Camelias, mingling in the throng
With blushing Roses and Geraniums bright,
Pour forth an eloquent flood of silent song,
And wrap the heart in "dances and delight."

ductions of a monk of the fifteenth century. But Chatterton wanted some than this, and grew pressing. Walpole immediately gave him some— Chatterton demanded back his MSS. A delay ensued. He asked for peremptorily. No answer; for Walpole shrunk into his shell every time approached. He demanded them again in a tone of strong, and, it must natural resentment, openly declaring, "I think myself injured, sir; and know my circumstances, *you would not dare to treat me thus.*" In ten vital thrust, the MSS. were returned, Walpole meditating an acrimonious which he partly wrote, but never finished. It was extraordinary how pole discovered the cheat. His eyes were opened by Chatterton's intent Chatterton continued quiescent, and left the papers with him to enrich tion of his Anecdotes, for which purpose he intended to use them, have been a strong believer. He had great faith in cheap curiosities. Chatterton began to complain of poverty, Walpole's faith took wing, all of a sudden inspired with a complete knowledge of that ancient ture of which he was totally ignorant only a few months before. frankly acknowledged that he knew nothing about Saxon, that he Rowley's text without the help of Chatterton's learned notes, and the far more able to correct him than he Chatterton. In August—Ch been a little restive in the interval—he declares that Rowley's Spenser and the moderns, and that it is written in metre invented lo that he does not believe in its authenticity, and that he has a suspici to laugh at him! He afterwards met Goldsmith in company, and s plicity in being deceived by so *palpable* a fraud!

It was quite obvious why and wherefore Walpole fell off from Ch as he confined himself to the pure abstract question of pen and ink, the moment he threw out signals of distress, Walpole closed his co him. Two years afterwards, Chatterton, in the haughty despair disappointed spirit, terminated his life. Walpole was certainly that. He treated Chatterton capriciously—he treated him ill; but mixed up in his affairs. It is said that Chatterton never overco mortification he endured on that occasion, that his first experi was at the hands of Walpole, and that it rankled in his heart, and of all men. That might have been so; it is of the nature of the to be fragile in its contest with the world, and painfully impressi

Walpole's apology was conclusive, on the worldly side of the nothing of Chatterton, but that he was an attorney's clerk, and poems. "Might I not be allowed to plead my own discretion Chatterton's inspiration, which, by the way, he concealed from self, like a pagan divinity, under the mortal garb of an attorney' borrowed some divine poems." His whole defence is in his own cumstances:—"A lad at Bristol, whom I never saw then, befo two or three copies of verses in old English, which, he tells me and were lent to him by another person; acquaints me that torney, but, having more inclination to poetry, *wishes that I place that would enable him to follow his propensity:* I suspe dern, [but not at first, nor until Chatterton asked for a place!] it, I return it; and two years after, the youth is found dead; a warm imagination, I am accused of blasting this promising the world of the Lord knows what Iliads and Lost Paradises, have procreated in his own or any other name,—for, in truth venting great bards than of being one." The levity of this is up famously with Walpole's character. The defence, as addr pounds, shillings, and pence world, was perfect. It put the mercial aspect; the poetry was exorcised, to give the statem with the unpoetical million. Why should an attorney's clerk a stranger, so much above him in rank?—an attorney's cle was decisive.

In all these traits of Walpole's life, there is more to deplo at least it is pleasant to try and persuade oneself into that opi ing writer, when he got upon subjects that fell in with his t letters are delicious; they are even more various than Sévi terse, adjective satire of Pope; but he made up for it by inc

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down the inclined
ne. As I got far-
of light glimmering
ter and fainter. In
more distinct; I only
dactites and columnar
Adelsberg, or read of
y what appeared to be
d for a moment thought
I stumbled over slippery
ut a huge solitary stalag-
of the cave, where was an
nd this ultimately dwindled
of exactly 464 paces from
nt of the descent: the tem-
lightful draught.
s, the other ramifications of
right and various concretions,
none were so extensive nor so
for upwards of 100 paces, till

rossed the river, to examine the
without putting on my shoes and
by being bitten by a centipede,
ining.
s of these sculptures, more espe-
; and they have already been made
ravellers. The main tablet, on the
olis, which belongs to the Sassanian
three compartments, all of which have
ified the opinion of Morier and others,
culptures commemorate the triumph,
per I.) over the unfortunate Valerian.
the successes of Ardeshir Babegan over

det of the north side, representing the
n of royalty, (a ring with two streamers.)
rding to Sir William Ousely, to the asso-
er, Ardashir. The subject represented on
, caparisoned horse with globe ornaments,
if of the late possessor of the royal horse,
a head—appears to have r some

now no remains, save four

famous Persian or Fire Temple, called ... *of Memnon.* The ... appear ... rock, and ... the castle there ... fragments of walls ... are carried ... zig-zag manner.

... Shapur made me wish to sleep there, much ... of whom, I found afterwards had thrust ... the cave, and extracted therefrom sundry ... as likely to spring from such a resolve. ... and when this did not succeed, the ... animals of every description, but with ... interpreters and guides is always far more ... danger.

... going to sleep, sitting and singing after the ... of their voices, and then falling so suddenly ... the echo could reiterate the first burst, the ... melody. At length they grew tired, and ... huge stones, to get out of the way of ... beneath the overhanging sculptured tablet, and the ... the jackall, and the more dismal cry of the

... second Dalaki, and on the third we traversed ... exhibited my prowess in a ridiculous manner. ... walking along by our side, and almost within ... endeavoured to urge my jaded steed to make ... was executed with so bad a grace that the ... upon its legs, threw the unfortunate rider. ... ground immediately beneath the hyæna. The ... than its civilized foe, who, without a reason ... contempt, and without quickening a step; while I ... of strange discomfiture, to join the remainder ... for certain reasons with which I could

... the next, started with Colonel Chesney, ... the opposite coast of Arabia.

... MORE."

... HERAUD,

... INTO HELL," ETC.

If once the earth such blessing bore,
Such blessing earth shall know no more!

No more—no more—the Happiness,
That once, as with a May-morn dress,
Adorn'd the worn and common path,
Shames with its smile the frown of Wrath!
... as we grow from Child to Boy,
Something is lost that will return not;
... Hopes that light the Man to joy,
Age! in thy wither'd bosom burn not!
... doubting what we once believed,
... for that doubt still more deceived;
... more—no more—on me or thee,
... Fancy shed her sportive ray!
... more—no more—the sorcery
... with our heart-strings play—
... the dull world, from day to day,
... in coarse and wonted way;
... where dwells, as dwelt of yore,
... Wonder—O, no more! no more!

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A COUNTY DINNER-PARTY.

BY MRS. WARD.

CAN you imagine anything more stupid? The lady of some county gentleman sends out invitations to some eighteen or twenty people, all living at least five miles apart, and frequently ten: so that anything like sociability or friendship amongst them is not to be expected. At about seven o'clock in the evening, the lady and her husband meet, dressed, in the drawing-room. Carriages roll up the avenue; the hall door opens, and the effects of a December wind are felt through the house. Sir Reginald and Lady Broadlands, their eldest son and two daughters, from Broadland Court are announced. More county people follow, knowing little of each other except the amount of their respective incomes. Then comes the fearful half-hour before dinner; the cannel coal proving a real blessing, emitting light and noise in that silent assembly. The door swings open, the butler makes his appearance, and his bow, looking marvellously as if he was going to dance a minuet, announces dinner with a grave countenance, and retreats with a well practiced backward step. Lady Broadlands, in black velvet and diamonds, white crape hat and sweeping plume, is led out by the host; the rest of the ladies follow in due order of precedence: the young ladies, who have all congregated in a corner of the room, examining each other's sleeves, or trying their fortunes from a book, or a round piece of board surmounted by a miniature witch, await their fate with well assumed patience. The Miss Broadlands, fresh from "town," living illustrations of *La Belle Assemblée* for December, 18—, are led out by a couple of stray dragoons, quartered at the nearest manufacturing town, who are on the look-out—not for wives—dragoons not being connubial—but for good shooting grounds, and hunt luncheons and breakfasts.

When all the guests are disposed of, Sir Reginald leads out the lady of the house. All dinners being pretty much the same, there is no occasion to describe the soup, fish, &c.; the host talks across Lady Broadlands to the gentleman on her right, about debates, radicals, the Queen's last speech, Dan O'Connell, and the state of the country. Sir Reginald asks the hostess how "her young people are?" and then greets the gentleman opposite cordially, declaring they have not met since they dined together at the last spring meeting of the commissioners of roads. The épergne being filled with choice flowers, Sir Reginald speaks about the lady's green-house—hopes the frost wont last—wonders, with the gentleman opposite, if the following Tuesday will be a good hunting day, and wishes for a total thaw before that time.

Again he joins the lady in a benevolent conversation about the poor and the hardness of the season; from that, he digresses to the crops with his friend opposite: this leads to his tenantry; and finally, Sir Reginald works himself into a quiet sort of pet about a patch of land in an angle of his park, belonging to some farmer whom he hates, because he wont vote on Sir Reginald's side of the question—this patch having been debateable land between Sir Reginald's and the farmer's forefathers for centuries back. The host catches a distant word now and then, and chimes in occasionally. By the time they have begun to discuss the misfortunes of neighbouring railways, the cabalistic bow passes from the hostess to Lady Broadlands. Meanwhile, the young ladies and the dragoons have been getting on famously, one couple being on the same side of the table with "mamma," and the other pair having managed, by the young lady's manœuvring, to get the épergne between her beau and "papa;" the brother from Cambridge has just settled a ride to cover, on Tuesday, with the young heiress of the estate contiguous to the one entailed on himself, when my Lady Broadlands rises, with an aristocratic rustle of velvet and cachemire—she leads the way, looking like a hearse for an unmarried person; the gentlemen strive who shall gain the door first to welcome the ladies' exit, and

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children, " steps and
and you are in
over a tower of
" sweet loves!"
another " very
sweetmeats, before they retire to the

Broadlands throws herself back
in her hand to preserve her com-
with the heiress of the estate
and the piano asking each other to

and coral *negligée*, seated at a small
which she cannot see to read, though
to reach a candle from the Pembroke
is another " very respectable young
by any one, and lets you know, by the
family, and spells her name John*stone*, and

the village, who plays very well. Mrs.
invites her to all her parties, keeps her all
the carriage.

death-like silence, broken occasionally by
the dressed graces at the piano. Miss
with perhaps some agreeable valses
—the hostess bows: then there is a duet
which is heard—from the heiress.
and has been " exceedingly well

when the door slowly opens.
delightful." He squats himself
lower than he had anticipated,
and his breath. After taking
wishes her " Good night," by
has become of him," and slaps his

gravel drive: the footman walks
Broadlands, and, in a mysterious
come round;" she bends her
Sir Reginald comes, takes his
to the eldest little girl—allowed
patronizing stroke of her hair, he
ters emerge from behind " the
succeed, and exit the party, the
ly," the hostess's " own maid"
son receive their hats, and
ladies' throats, gravely observe
on both sides in honour of the
steps go flop, flop, flop—" All

clock the host and hostess find
yawning, and he opening the
surely not going to open any

present century formerly, men,
terms became common place,
speaking of Adam and Eve to

papers now. Pray, Miss Johnstone, put my letters in my work-basket, and do see that Miss Parish has a good fire in her room; close the instrument, and take Emily to bed—she will be as pale as death to-morrow; and ring the bell for Larkins. Only eleven o'clock, is it? Gracious me! I thought it was at least one—that Lady Broadlands is such a stupid, proud fool, and he *such* a bore. As for the daughters, I never exchanged a word with them—how they do flirt! I am quite worn out. What a set of tiresome people. Thank goodness, I have done with them for this year: when they give a return dinner I shall contrive to be engaged. Why, Mr. Myddleton, I protest you're asleep—!"

And the Broadlands drive home in silence. The son wishing his sisters married or in heaven. He does not like his place on the box at all; no wonder—there is a change in the weather—every prospect of frost—worse and worse! More snow coming on—no riding to cover on Tuesday. Alas for his flirtation with the heiress! alas for the chance of a hunt luncheon for the dragoons!

TO MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

BY LADY HARRIETTE D'ORSAY.

I GAZE upon thy calm, still face,
And love its lineaments to trace,
With their sweet and mournful grace.

I look into those dark, deep eyes,
Where such a spell of sweetness lies,
And tears into mine own arise.

And then I long my head to rest
Upon that fair and loving breast,
And in thine arms once more be prest.

And shedding there those bitter tears
That weigh upon my heart for years,
Breathe my few hopes, my many fears.

For thou didst also learn to weep,
A mournful vigil thou didst keep
Before thou wentest home to sleep.

Would that the flowers of spring, which bloom
Upon thy grave, shed their perfume
Alike upon mine early tomb!

Would that this world, too dark for me,
Had closed o'er my memory,
And that my spirit were with thee!

For hard on earth the orphan's lot,
And lonely the most crowded spot,
If there a parent's love is not.
My Mother!

CONTRASTS.—No. II.

THE FIRST SUCCESS.

As blooming matrons, in this fruitful clime,
With pride a train of hopeful children rear,
But oft too justly for their prospects fear,
So the young poetess adds rhyme to rhyme—
The gay, the sentimental, the sublime:
And fondly treasures them from year to year;
Yet long uncertain does their fate appear,
And patient hope must wait for chance or time.
But should her longing eyes at length discover
Her rhymes in print set forth, there ends her care—
While beats her heart with joy, she reads them over,
Calls round her friends, th' important news to hear,
Forgets what long suspense has made her suffer,
And holds the friendly book for ever dear.

THE FIRST FAILURE.

As early buds to which the spring gives birth,
Fall to the ground, where withering they lie,
So frail are they—so wintry cold the sky;
Thus doth the verse too hastily put forth—
Unpraised, unheeded, perish from the earth;
And hope within the poet's heart must die,
With every proud resolve, and purpose high,
Since all he prized has proved of little worth.
Yet, could he view with more impartial eye,
The first crude rhymes which fail'd to win him fame,
And, conscious of his powers unwearied try,
To suit the effort to the lofty aim;
Then might the world no more his claims deny,
But grant him all he asks—the Poet's name
M. Y. W

THE MASQUE "OFF" COMUS.

WITH EXCLUSIVE PARTICULARS OF THE GREAT ABDUCTION CASE.

BY CHARLES W. BROOKS.

"Unmuffle ye!"
Comus.

We extract the following paragraph from the *Morning Post* newspaper of the twenty-second day of June, 1634:—

"Perhaps, few recent discoveries have caused more discussion than the singular disclosure attendant upon the late attempt at abduction, in high life. We are in possession of the fullest details of this extraordinary affair, but it would, for obvious reasons, be premature to publish more than the following outline:—It is well known to those conversant with *haut ton*, that the Right Hon. the Earl of Comus has, for some years past, been living in comparative retirement, at his charming residence on the borders of Wildwood Forest, Shropshire, where, report says, his Lordship has endeavoured, in the pursuit of various pleasures, to forget the annoyances and embarrassments of his earlier life. It appears that the beautiful and accomplished Lady Alice Egerton, who was on a visit to her brothers, Lieut.-Col. Lord Brackley, and Thomas Egerton, Esq., at Ludlow, had, during an unattended evening walk, entered the grounds of Lord Comus. It is, not for us to go into the particulars of one of the most extraordinary cases of detention which we have ever had occasion, in the discharge of our duties, to lay before our readers. It is sufficient to say that, startled by her ladyship's protracted absence, her brothers instituted an active search for her, and that she was ultimately discovered in the company of the earl. A scene of personal recrimination and violence ensued, which terminated by her ladyship being, upon the interference of a neighbour, (the Dowager Lady Sabrina Pharc, of Lowater Marks,) restored to her relatives. It is probable that the result of the affair will speedily afford delicate food for the discussion of some gentlemen of the long robe."

The above paragraph met our eye as we were searching the files of various newspapers for the purpose of finding a precedent for the useless sacrifice of an English army to a horde of savages. Giving up the latter pursuit, we at once devoted ourselves to the illustration of the passage we have quoted; and although the Duke of Bridgwater did, according to D'Israeli, brick up and burn so many of his family papers, in order to avoid tracing that family (backwards) to a person of mean engagements, we have succeeded in developing the private history of this celebrated abduction, which attracted, at the time of its occurrence, so much attention as to have obtained, for those concerned in it, the distinction which modern dramatists reserve for gold-dust embezzlers and licensed victuallers' daughters. * * * * * *

"We must have Comus out, I suppose," said the elder brother, as he closed the door of the drawing-room upon Lady Alice, who had pleaded the agitating incidents of the evening as a reason for retiring early. "Oh! of course," returned the younger, who was pacing the apartment in considerable excitement. "That is, by the way, if he will come." "No doubt of that. He has been rather a fire-eater in his day. Besides, I hinted the thing to him." "What did he say?" demanded Tom Egerton. "He asked for a moment's reflection." "Ah! to get a second's advice." "Truce to your college quips. He then said he would be at home in the morning." "Meaning, of course, that he would come out in the afternoon. Shall I arrange the matter for you, Brackley?" "No, Tom; one can scarcely ask him to meet the whole family; he will think we mean to avenge ourselves in platoon. I have sent for Wotton." "What! Sir Henry?—your friend, 'as much at command as any of longer date.' Well, for drawing a bill he would be invaluable, but as for drawing a sword—" "He will answer my purpose," said Lord Brackley. "Very well;—then too it, Hal. By the way, what did your man mean about snatching Comus' wand?" "Oh! one of his provincial antediluvianisms. He knew that Comus was Lord Chamberlain some years ago, and fancied him so still, and that the Court ought to take away his office for this affair." "Alice doesn't seem so much shocked as she might be." "Why, no—you see, Comus has the tongue of Belial, and she is but a girl. However, her education has been very careful,

and I have every confidence in her talking with proper indignation, for a week, at least." "Who, and what is the earl? He is one of those people about whom everybody must know so much that nobody knows anything." "Faith!" said Lord Brackley, "I can tell you nothing, except that he is a fellow of first-rate talent, has an enormous fortune, and is, as you saw, about forty. He ran wild as a youth, and don't seem to walk tame as a man. He loved pleasure once, and as you see, he piques himself on his constancy. Beyond this I know very little; they tell all sorts of stories about labyrinths, and rooms without doors, and prison chambers, and so forth, but the devil can be scarcely so black as he is painted, especially as the portraits of Comus must be compositions, for he sees nobody." "And seizes everybody?" "Pooh!" said the military brother; "there are so many ways of telling things. Suppose, instead of this Nessus and Dejanira business, people should say that the view of Wildwood is very striking; that Alice, who is very pretty, has a natural taste for sketching, and that, while taking the front of the house, she turned the flank of its host—" "Clever, rich, and handsome. Well, if Alice—" "Just so; and that is why I sent for Wotton, who, you know, does not use hair triggers." "I wish," said the younger brother, "that if, after all, there should be a duel, you would let me fight it." "You are as welcome as possible; only, if you fire, for the sake of the house, remember your part, and—" "Miss—fair-brother." "Exactly. And now to knit up the ravelled sleeve of care." "With some hairs of the dog that bit us yesterday—the hair of which we knit nightcaps at Oxford." * * * *

"Jernegan," said the Earl of Comus, as he alternately sipped his claret, and dozed over the last new tragedy, which latter thing his exclusive lordship would have disdained to do, had he known how many imitators he had. "My lord," said the ready valet. "What was that scuffle I heard under the window? I should have looked out but that I forgot I wanted to know." "The gamekeeper had caught a reporter, my lord, in the shrubbery." "A what?" said his lordship, yawning. "A reporter, my lord." "When will it be fit to eat?" "I beg your lordship's pardon." "Are you deaf? If it is fit to eat, tell Juicekosea to dress it up for Sunday." "I beg your lordship's pardon, the reporter came to do the same thing for your lordship. He writes in the newspapers, and came to find out all about the little affair of this morning, for the *Plebeian's Pill for the Proud Peerage*." "How do you know?" "We found these papers in his pocket, my lord." "Further off, if you please;—the *eau de Cologne*—so—I can see. What's that drawing?" "It represents the scene in the wood, my lord, and these letters are the references:—*a* Lady Alice; *b b* the two brothers rushing in with drawn swords; *c* Lord Comus, as he appeared handing *d* the draught; *e* Mademoiselle Euphrosyne; and so on, my lord." "Damn him, put him in the pond," said Lord Comus; "and if you can't keep the thing quiet, write for the coroner, and send a haunch of venison with the letter." "Immediately, my lord;" and Jernegan left his lordship to the tragedy heroine's whine and his own.

Presently, he re-entered, waking his lordship.

"Well, what next?" "We've drowned the reporter, my lord." "And you dare to wake me to tell me that?" "No, my lord, I wouldn't have ventured; but Mademoiselle Euphrosyne has commanded the carriage and four, with five outriders, to be ready in six minutes; and your lordship's orders were—" "I know, I know. This is the way a quiet man is worried to death. I'll end all this. Obey mademoiselle, Jernegan; and when she has been gone a quarter of an hour, let me know. Draw that writing table here."

When Mademoiselle Euphrosyne had proceeded a few miles, the carriage stopped. As she rose, in a rage, to ask the reason, the following note was flung upon the seat, by her side:—

"DEAR EU.,—Keep the carriage, the horses, and the men you have taken, and accept the enclosed thousand pounds, as the amicable termination to all acquaintance between your fascinating self and the bored COMUS."

* * * * * *

The Earl of Comus and Sir Henry Wotton were announced by Lord Brackley's servant.

"I expected this," said his lordship, hastily, and falsely; but as he was sufficiently old in the world to retain the command of his countenance, there was no harm in the falsehood. "So did I," said Tom Egerton, with equal haste and truth; but as his widened eyes and parted lips shewed that he was taken quite by surprise, his conduct wr highly reprehensible. "My dear Brackley," said Lord Comus, who had made himse up extremely well, and looked the youngest of the party, "do not wonder at my visi or, at all events, allow me to anticipate the expression of your wonder. Our good frien

Sir Henry, tells me you want me to meet you." "At least," said Sir Henry, wisely, "Lord Brackley told me he did."

The two noblemen exchanged glances which considerably facilitated the negotiation.

"Now, my dear Brackley, I need not say to you that I have been, unfortunately, engaged in one or two of these things, and that they are not desirable, by any means, especially here, too, where everybody can identify me—they—" "The House?" said Brackley. "Exactly—would hardly acquit you of shooting a man with no Christian names—" "Why—" "And so—unless you insist—I—but may I see Lady Alice for five minutes? I may at least apologize to her, though I must not to you. You will not refuse me?" "I think—" said Tom. "Pardon me, dear Egerton," said Lord Comus, "but you collegians never think; no arrangements have been made by nature for enabling you to do so." "I think—" said Sir Henry. "Pardon me, dear Wotton," said Lord Comus, "but a knight, if he *can* think, must not, in the presence of two noblemen." "I think—" said Lord Brackley, but the door opening saved his lordship further progress in the falsehood. "And I think," said Lord Comus, "that here is Lady Alice to spare us all pain and trouble, except what are caused by her own beauty."

He took her hand;—she would, doubtless, have snatched it from him with regulation wrath, but that he had drawn her into the embrasure of the window before she could recollect the correct form in such a case.

The conference was soon terminated, and the Earl of Comus led forward the Countess elect to receive the congratulations of all parties.

"There is only one thing," said Alice, looking down at her tiny foot. "I scarcely know whether I ought to mention it—" "Speak out, dearest," said the magnanimous earl. "Your lordship is said to have led rather an eccentric life. I hope—that is, I suppose—that—" "Ah!" murmured Lord Comus, pressing his exceedingly white hands upon his heart, "early love, blasted hopes, bitter disappointments, hatred of the world, temporary excitement, purchase of forgetfulness, &c. &c. &c." "I am satisfied," said Alice; "except that I think, in the course of our—in the course of yesterday, I saw—" "Saw?" inquired his lordship, tenderly. "There was a—a young person, whose manners—" "Oh! Mademoiselle—I mean Madame Euphrosyne—a mere bachelor's housekeeper—nothing more; but she has left me." "For good?" said the idiomatic collegian. "Why, I don't think that probable," said Lord Comus, with a smile; "but, at all events, for ever." "Then," said Alice, "I have no more to say."

And when a lady admits that she has no more to say, and, after such an admission, is consistent enough to say no more, it is usually time for her biographer to stop. But, without going into the question of epitaphs, we will add that the prophecy of the *Morning Post*—as to the "result of the affair speedily affording delicate food for the discussion of some gentlemen of the long-robe"—seemed to have been falsified. The other day, however, in wandering through the fairy labyrinths of Strawberry Hill, we discovered a richly chased gold pap-boat, with the story of Circe (a maternal ancestor of the Comus family) embossed on its sides. Annexed was a pedigree, setting forth that the first nine sons of the Earl and Countess of Comus were severally and respectively nourished from that elegant vessel. So that the early males saved the *Post*.

OUR STALL AT THE OPERA.

It will be easily admitted that times are changed; and that so, in like manner, is what was called the taste of the town; when we find that the deep, earnest, sublime music of Handel and Mozart is appreciated, and night after night, throughout a season, applauded by crowded audiences consisting of the humble classes of society; while the clattering noise of Donizetti is provided constantly as the appropriate entertainment for the ears of the higher classes; who, not very long time since had a monopoly of musical taste and enthusiasm, of musical knowledge and critical power, and finally, of a capability of a pure and lofty musical enjoyment. The frequenters of our national theatres are, now-a-days, delighted with "Acis and Galatea," and

the "Marriage of Figaro;" the frequenters of the Italian Opera are devoted to the enjoyment of such productions as "Gemma di Vergy," "Lucia di Lammermoor," and "L'Elisir d'Amore." Byron's story about the critical taste of the Lady Mayoress is no longer an acclimated fact, further than belonging to the feelings and manners of bygone days. "Rot your Italianos! give me an English ballad." A Lady Mayoress in our time might still feel—"Rot your Italianos! leave them to the West end and your high folk—but give me something of Handel's, of Weber's, of Mozart's, of Beethoven's." In a word, within the last few years, musical taste has stepped beyond the pale of aristocracy, in which it was so long imprisoned, and is walking abroad amongst the people.

Under what auspices, authority, or influence, it can be that the works of one of the worst composers in the whole list, ancient or modern, should be performed on the boards of the Italian Theatre, to the exclusion of all other pieces in the repertory of the lyric drama, we do not pretend to understand, but certainly we feel it to be a course of proceeding which deserves reprehension, and should not be suffered to pass without indignant notice. If there were any deficiency in the vocal strength of the company, there might be, perhaps, some excuse for giving such paltry, characterless music as that of Donizetti; but the company, on the contrary, is rich in talent, and capable of playing any opera in the lyric repertory, in which the great burthen of the performance does not weigh upon the first woman, as in "Semiramide" or "Otello," and require, at the same time for their vocal execution, the very highest abilities and powers. To make the operatic company complete, and superior to that of any theatre in Europe, we only want a Grisi; that want, before the end of the season, we trust to see supplied. (We may calculate on the reappearing star, it is presumed, about the middle of June.) And, meanwhile, the want only affects certain dramas; and, therefore, and even as it is, with Moltini, Persiani, and Lablache, Ronconi, Mario, and Guasco, we have a right to expect the best music. At least, we have a right to look for it upon occasions. One may remark in the works of our old dramatists, that there are scenes where the poet addresses himself to people of sense and taste and feeling, and others, often alternating with the former, in which he directs his efforts altogether to tickling the ears and drawing forth the applauses of the groundlings. This may supply a hint, which the manager of the Italian Theatre might adopt with advantage. On some nights, let there be the barbiton of Mozart, for those who love melody and music; on others, the clattering cymbal of Donizetti, for those who prefer noise and crashes.

"Gemma di Vergy," we observed last month, is very bad; perhaps, "Lucia di Lammermoor" is not intrinsically worse, but it is more offensive. Of "Gemma" we know nothing; and the composer and the writer of the libretto are alike determined that our ignorance never, through them, shall be enlightened:—a more stale, flat, and unprofitable affair, full of sound and fury signifying nothing, was, perhaps, never heard. But there is no sacrilege about it. Horrible, however, is the desecration of Scott's most exquisite "tale of tears," alike in the libretto and in the music of "Lucia di Lammermoor." When the composer has genius he translates the poetry of a story into music: — bear witness, "Don Giovanni!" bear witness, "Der Freischutz!" But throughout the whole of "Lucia di Lammermoor" there is not a single gush of poetry, not one ray of genius—no terror, no pity! The notion that Donizetti seems to have of terror resolves itself into the crash of the cymbals; of pity, into the dissonant shrieks of the orchestra. Never was there a story wrought with the most consummate art and power so brutally marred;—a fatidical story, which, if properly cast in the mould of the lyric drama, and dressed in the language of Æschylus and Sophocles, might have been played of old to the rapture of an Athenian audience. We sicken at the profanation. "L'Elisir d'Amore" is a poor thing; but here the story and the music are worthy of each other. Donizetti should try no higher flights.

We turn to a more agreeable task. The singers are excellent. The astounding Lablache—a Pantagruel amidst a company of singers—is again amongst us; so is the sweet-toned, fascinating Mario, and the gentle, graceful, charming Persiani. Ronconi has taken the place of our old and much-admired favourite, Tamburini. In personal appearance and histrionic power, Ronconi falls extremely short of his accomplished predecessor. But the voice is excellent—in fact, leaves nothing to desire: it is of vast compass, infinite richness and flexibilty, and the style of singing is beyond all praise. There is in the stream of tones *et facundia et facilitas*; in the mode in which they are poured forth, the quietude of consummate art and power. In a word, Ronconi is a perfect musician and a delicious singer.

MR. LEVER.

THE CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER. CHARLES O'MALLEY, THE IRISH DRAGOON.

THERE are few finer and truer creations than Shakspeare's Mercutio—the high-hearted gentleman of quaint and joyous fancies, and of an abundance of animal spirits that can neither flag nor fail—the impersonation of hope and health, of lofty courage and generous impulses—the being too self-satisfied, too quietly assured of the physical and moral supremacy of his position amongst the herd of men—too conscious of his truth and worth to await the tardy operation of a motive. Motives are for common clay; the Mercutios of the world, (how happily the name doth symbolize the character!) ere the sorrow which experience is sure to bring hath stricken on the heart—ere time hath reduced the current of the blood, or the irritability of the brain—ere the wings of the spirit, in a word, have become clogged with the earth to which it is allied, the Mercutios of the world will act upon impulses. From some idle brawl, in which, however, honour is at stake—from some paltry cause or other, which gives back dust to dust—the fiery dust which, in the particular, can inform the universe, to the common dust with which the breeze may sport, your Mercutio evanishes from the view.

"His gallant spirit hath aspired the skies."

This is at once his brief epitaph and his whole history. And thus it is best; for at such time, and under such circumstances, should Mercutio die. Let him live on, he may be Alexander—he may be Diogenes; but with the first touch of real care he has ceased to be Mercutio. For in Shakspeare's own words, his admirable creation is

"A violet in the youth of primy nature;
Forward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting;
The perfume and suppliance of a minute—
No more!"

There is no character of the exquisite tale of love and sorrow in which the genius of Shakspeare shines so conspicuously as in this of Mercutio, brought as it is into such full light by contrast with the gloomy, felon-hearted Tybalt. Romeo, the ill-starred man, Juliet, the incarnation of passion in woman's first and delicate youth,* are evocations of

* The best gloss upon the character of Juliet is to be found in the "Memoirs or Confessions of Madame Roland," one of the most interesting works in existence, psychologically and physiologically considered. Here is one more instance of the all-pervading power of Shakspeare's genius. He who of old had been of either sex was not more cognizant of the passions of both than Shakspeare.

real beings from the realms of shadow. They have individuality; but Mercutio, all true and real as he too is in the abstract, is the type of a class—an idealization—an idealization capable in its outline of being constantly adjusted to actual life, and so,

"Taking all shapes, and bearing many names."

All men who have lived in free communion with a number of their fellows, as in schools, in colleges, in Inns of Court, in the army, have known their Mercutio—the gay, the convivial, the chivalrous, the affectionate, the single-hearted, the utterly reckless of all consequences which may result to mere self, from the effectuation of his impulses. But what has this to do with Harry Lorrequer, Charles O'Malley, and Mr. Lever, the gentleman who breathed into these personages, and bade them live? What has scarlet to do with the sound of a trumpet? In a particular brain they strike the same nerve of sensation—a blind man's notion (*teste* John Locke) of the colour scarlet was the sound of a trumpet. Now, for ourselves.—The moment we had placed ourselves in our chair of criticism, and determined to say a word or two about the works of Mr. Lever, the memory of Mercutio usurped our mind. Mystically it was, no doubt, and therefore we yielded to it. *Suivez vos inspirations*, say your backers at ecarté. Good! but even in higher matters, we are prone to feel with Napoleon as to the inestimable value of inspirations, and to fancy, in some sort, with Sir Thomas Browne, that they are—

The courteous revelations of good spirits.

Certainly when we have them—and what human clod is there so dull and brutish as not at one time or other to have been conscious of them?—we are nearer heaven. Accordingly, we have suffered our imaginations about Mercutio as they rolled athwart our brain to gush forth, under the analogical impression that the individual of whom we proposed especially to treat was a species of auctorial Mercutio. We say auctorial, because of Mr. Lever, personally we know no more than of any other gentleman Wedge or Screw or Pulley, whose name may happen to express a mechanical power. No offence, however, "no offence, Hal!"—We should like to know him, because we have no doubt he is a most agreeable companion. We judge from his books, in which there are evidences of the highest and heartiest spirits, and an invincible earnestness of joviality, combined with those deeper traits of feeling and touches of enthusiasm, which in the better brothers of the convivial craft and mystery invariably belong to them. We have no doubt that the Harry Lorrequer and Charles O'Malley are no less the children of Mr. Lever's emotions and sensations than the children of his brain; and to the same measure of liking which we mete forth to the ideal creatures do we accordingly hold that the author is entitled. Harry and Charley are rattling, rollicking, honest, honourable fellows—not nice to a shade, it is true, any more than Sheridan's Charles Surface, upon mere matters of money or straightlaced morality—but, in a word, such gay and gallant fellows as every regiment in her Majesty's service, horse, foot, and artillery, can boast; they are, without the least exaggeration or caricature, young Irish officers, the sort of good-humoured, dashing fellows we have all known, and in Mr. Lever's pages cannot fail to recognise. We are decidedly of opinion that, with the exception of Richard Lovel Edgeworth, he understands and has depicted the Irish character in all classes of life better than any other author, dead or living; Edgeworth and he, in point of fact, are the only two who thoroughly understood and were capable of drawing the Irish gentleman, whose differences and properties are of the subtlest character. It is much easier to depict the peasant, even without caricature, and in this Lady Morgan and Carleton have succeeded eminently; but the gentleman was above their powers of moulding—it requires education, fancies, feelings, and habits of another order. Mr. Lever paints what he himself is, and what he has known intimately and familiarly from childhood. The plan he adopts is the simple one of giving passages in the lives and fortunes of his heroes. The regular novel, when executed after the manner of Tom Jones or the Bride of Lammermoor, is a consummate work of art, which demands both time and genius; Mr. Lever must at least live and study books and men for many years before he can hope to succeed in such a work. We hold him wise, accordingly, in not attempting it; and this is a wisdom which does not fall to the lot of every author. When a man has succeeded in one of the lower walks, he is very apt to imagine that therefore he can succeed in one of the higher; and even preposterous failure rarely serves to eradicate the vain notion from his mind. It is even as with actors and painters *et hoc genus omne* of people who, morally as well as physically, exist upon

"The fickle breath of popular applause."

Liston, to this day, regards himself as a much injured Othello, and John B- convinced his talent lay in genteel comedy; we saw him perpetrate Colonel M- saw him, in the Homeric phrase, with our eyes. The fact requires the same pleonastic asseveration. Nothing can be more true than the precept of Horace

[illegible]

[illegible] ficulties and disadvantages, [illegible] in sings—

[illegible] rrequer" in one London [illegible] generously directed [illegible] and deserved popularity. [illegible] y.—Mr. Lever's exist- [illegible] a due account of the [illegible] assigned him. It [illegible] whose works have been [illegible] elf, whose approval [illegible] to be confirmed, [illegible]

[illegible] Charles O'M[illegible] there is [illegible] the [illegible] of the fox- [illegible] condemn[illegible] whole affair. [illegible] did, in [illegible] of a [illegible] knew nothing whatsoever [illegible] en to a ha-ha, one side of [illegible] grey, or green, it would [illegible] built bridges in Conne- [illegible] brick seen in Galway. [illegible] The incidents of a

[illegible] worthy successor in

Galway fox chase, faithfully narrated, are sufficiently strange and picturesque in themselves. Then, again, the whole of the scenes in T. C. D. are ridiculously impossible, and the stories about Dick Martin stale *ad nauseam*, and the version of them is the least good with which we are acquainted. When Mr. Lever, however, gets his hero abroad, he exhibits something of a soberer judgment, though still everything has the highest colouring. We do not, nevertheless, seriously object to this; it is only like the agreeable rattle of the pleasant fellow *par excellence* of the party, who is allowed, with universal consent and approbation, to "draw the bow" as he listeth, seeing the whilst, that in the ears of the jovial and excited company he "discourses most exquisite music." There is much of fun and frolic in the adventures of Charles O'Malley, during the Peninsular campaign, and some of the battles are described with a pen that would not disgrace the hand of an historian.

Mr. Lever has commenced a third work, "Our Mess," which promises to be quite equal to its predecessors. It opens in rattling style. He has also recently assumed the editorial chair of the *Dublin University Magazine*, and we beg to offer him our best wishes on his accession. We know not whether the Magazine in question found it necessary to exclaim, with Falstaff in the play, "Have you any *levers* to lift me up again, *being down?*" but if it were so, no more effectual *Lever* than that selected could have been brought to bear upon a discriminating public.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Teach me to forget" has been, ever since the great Byronic flood began to flow in its full force, the key-note of many a bard, whose object in writing we must assume to have been, not so much to forget as to be forgotten. "Teach me to remember" is a newer maxim in verse, however prose may have buried recollection under a heap of heavy "helps to memory." We hail, not simply with cordiality, but with enthusiasm, the appearance of poetry in a new character; with a new object; with a purpose in which, foregoing not the least of her old delights, a great practical end may be attained. The "*Chronicles of England, a Metrical History*," by George Raymond, is the novelty to which we refer. It is among the very few books that are perfectly original in their design; and the execution is so admirable, the difficulties are so entirely mastered, the freedom from all unprejudiced objection is so complete, that in this respect also the work belongs to a very rare and valuable class. It is a book for the old, as well as the young—for the dry-minded student and the feeder on poetic dainties—for the clerk, "foredoomed his father's soul to cross"—and the father who never penned a stanza. "Wit, and poetry, and Pope," had escaped some worldly execration, had they devoted themselves to the end here served; nor can the highest estimate of their powers fall below the lofty themes of our poetical historian. Mr. Raymond has presented to us, in the form of literature which is most attractive, the history in which Englishmen are most interested; he has related in the language most likely to fix itself in the memory, the events which it is most important to us to recollect. He has rendered a service while conferring a delight, and has stored remembrance with historical truth, while winning us with the harmonies of poetry. The schoolboy lessons in Goldsmith, and the after-life references to Hume, forgotten, perhaps, the next hour, how vividly will these chronicles call to mind; and the facts thus re-summoned to recollection will, by the very form and charm of the narrative, be impressed there for years or for ever. "Verse," says Mr. Raymond, with truth and eloquence, "is that form of language which is the first beloved of memory in its dawn, and the latest which attends it in its journey to decline; it is the earliest shoot, and of the longest duration;" and referring us to our schoolday associations, he shews that verse is the ally whose intimacy has experienced the least interruption. "Matter of a higher quality," he observes, "may have been long forgotten, while the versification of inferior subjects is accurately retained. Like bearded grass, it has crept up the sleeve of fancy, whence no power can dislodge it." The very image here employed, so exact, and yet so fanciful, betokens the poetical feeling and the truth of application with which Mr. Raymond has written his history; wherein the imagination, though ever keen and quick, never once flies from the subject or dresses it in false effects—in which the smallest fact related is always distinctly put, without being trivial or dull—whose least significant line contains, in the compactest shape, a weighty matter—and where, indeed, poetry comes forth a "true thing," which the understanding of an Audrey might embrace, and which the poet who created her might enjoy. It was with pleasant surprise that we read these chronicles. Once familiarized to the manner charm of the simple, flowing, and yet powerful versification, carried us on, and it w until we turned back and retraced the events of a reign, that the fulness of each astonishing terseness, with the grace and freedom of the narrative, was d verse is very rarely harsh—it has strength generally, and sweetness ofte mulation of rugged names and titles, of seemingly impracticable dat references, is so continuous, that every passage must have involved a

than the ingenuity which surmounted it. This may be said with little hazard, that so much, whether of history or fable, was never before recorded in so few words. No link in the chain, that connects the age of William the First and William the Fourth, is omitted; no leading event, no necessary character, is unchronicled; and respecting both, there are many passages whose beauty claims the remembrance modestly demanded for their subjects only; of such is the tribute to Raleigh, (and here we literally exemplify the success of Mr. Raymond's design, for we are quoting from recollection:)—

> "And thus to death is gallant Raleigh cast
> On a forced sentence, thirteen winters past:
> The admiral, the statesman, and the sage,
> Th' historian, bard, and censor of the age;
> A light in all; in some, the leading star:
> The guide in science, and the chief in war:
> The new world's chart to Europe he unroll'd,
> And dying, left a record of the old."

The events of the reign of the last two Georges are vividly related; the difficulty may be easily imagined. It is not so easy for the reader to conceive the curious research which the notes display; they are many and interesting; fit accompaniments to the history they illumine. The book is a Book for Everybody.

A true love-story is a story that speaks for itself, interpreting its own joys and sorrows intelligibly to all; and although there be but one single leaf-blotting tear left in one's dry nature, out it is sure to drop on the pages of such a tale. But "*Sir Henry Delmé: a Love-Story*," (the title of two neat, light London-looking volumes before us,) may seem to demand a word of explanation, and this is readily supplied by the word "Sidney" on the title page; the volumes are the product of Australia! the publisher is Evans of "George-street," and the work is printed at the "Herald Office." In Australia, everything natural is wonderfully unlike everything natural elsewhere; but no such peculiarity appertains to a Sidney printing press, which performs its functions with as much clearness, elegance, and exactitude, as though it flourished in the vicinity of Charing Cross. The author's tone and subjects are in conformity with this European principle of printing rather than with any wild, aboriginal, out-of-the-way style of story, to be picked up in "the bush;" there is nothing about the loves of the kangaroos in this work. We have but a momentary glimpse of Australia, in the last scene but one, where the hero of the story, Sir Henry Delmé, is seeking balm for his love-wounds in the study of the ornithorynchus and a collection of marsupial anatomies; but the chief scenes of the tale are in England, adorned with smart, sportive, animated sketches of fashionable dinners and musical parties;—in Malta, in Naples, in Bologna, where we have apostrophes in profusion to the mighty marvels of art, eloquent descriptions of external nature, and incidents of travel related in a style that can never tire—for everything in this story is introduced on what is called the "touch-and-go" principle, including even the hearts of the principal characters—nay, their very existences—so quickly does death follow in the footsteps of love. Of two brothers, one is the idol of a beautiful and devoted Greek girl, whom he follows to the tomb the instant he has rendered atonement to her by making her his wife; the other, more jealous of his family honour, hesitates to wed a portionless beauty until he finds too late that the seeds of decay are in her bosom and the sting of remorse in his own. There is a third pair of lovers, however, whom we leave surrounded by the best of all possible company, a group of smiling, rosy, romping children. But it is not so much for the characters, although gracefully drawn—nor for their fate, although it is touchingly told—that the reader will care so much, perhaps, as for the easy and sometimes brilliant pictures of society, the poetical aspirations, and tender yet earnest sentiment, that are liberally diffused over these agreeable volumes. We have heard the work attributed to Major Christie, who holds, or held, an official situation in Sidney.

Amongst the books of poetry is a volume, entitled "*Solitude, and other Poems*," by Mr. George Wingfield. It contains several imaginative and graceful poems, shewing that the writer is in no small degree a master of his own tongue, and has sought his inspirations at the true fountains—namely, those that have supplied the intellectual thirst of mankind under the auspices and at the stroke of the old Grecian prophets.

We have to acknowledge No. I. of the "*London University Magazine*," a publication undertaken, we believe, by a knot of youthful aspirants to literary renown—a mark which some of them are likely enough to attain—in especial, the author of the spirited translations of "The Fisher" and "Rechberger," and of the able and high-toned sketch of Sir Philip Sidney. The "Letters of Ismene" are also conceived and executed in the best classical spirit. This writer *must* distinguish himself. Fame is within his grasp. There is great freshness and force about the whole Magazine; and the only paper to which we object, and which hangs like a millstone about the neck of the others, is the lengthy and stupid article on "Childe Harold and the Excursion." Such criticism is as much out of date as out of place. Byron will never be deposed for Wordsworth, whatever the idolaters of may think.

An excellent map of *Affghanistan*, accompanied by a pamphlet, affording every information as to the country, has just been published by MR. WYLD, of Charing Cross, and will be peculiarly acceptable at the present moment.

CHARLES MATHEWS *NOT* "AT HOME."

BY MR. BULLER OF BRAZENNOSE.

[MR. BULLER is always welcome, whether in caustic prose or classic verse. The letter accompanying his present poem is of too private a nature for publication, and we can only give an extract from it, referring to Father Prout, who, we hear, is smarting under his castigation of last month, and meditates a rejoinder. "The Padre is breathing vengeance, I am told," writes Mr. Buller; "but I agree with you, it is best to content ourselves with one tarring and feathering, since our friends agree that the plumage sticks on appropriately; and to let him peck away without further molestation." Our real offence in the Padre's eyes was not the production of "*Jack Sheppard*,"—in the silly hue and cry against which he ought to have been the last to join—but because we ventured to say we preferred Mr. Buller's polyglot verses to similar effusions of his own. At all events, this is the motive he assigns for his conduct, but we suspect it lies a little deeper. We were not, however, alone in the opinion. The public agreed with us. We will also back his countryman, Ned Hyde, against him for scholarship. But we have already wasted too much time and space upon him, and sincerely trust we shall not have to waste more.]

I HAVE heard of Charles Mathews, the
Monarch of Mimes,
And one of the pleasantest men of those times
When people laugh'd more than at this
time of day,
A tale which I'll tell as I can, in the way
Which my own pleasure suits,
When I draw off my boots,
Don my slippers, and search in my box of
cheroots
For some incense to Momus, in hopes that
he may
Inspire an old obsolete bachelor's lay.
Charles Mathews, one morning, was making
a call
On a lady, who sat at her ease in her shawl;
Her fat little two-year old boy on the rug,
With his puppy and kitten, lay cosily snug;
A family trio, united as brothers,
Encroaching no whit on the converse of
others:
Charles just had got through
His "how d'ye do?"
And the meteorology which doth ensue,
To give Englishmen time to concoct somewhat new,
When the butler or sub,
Announced Mr. Bubb,
A very great man, who loath'd more than a
grub,
A player, or poet, as creatures unclean,
And almost as bad as a bishop or dean;
For observe, (though I lack Dr. Evans's
prism,
To define the particular hue of his schism,)
That the great Mr. Bubb, was a great
bouncing B
Among one of the three,
Great associated De-
-nominations, who are, as seceders agree,
When they sum up in books their distinguishing features,
Most strongly addicted to preach to their
preachers,
And christen, (or Judaize rather,) poor
babies,
In solemn defiance of euphony—Jabez,
Instead of the good apostolical names,
Which our church so delights in, John,
Peter, or James;
Besides other eminent characteristics,
Which 'tis not my purpose to note in these
distichs.
To resume, sirs,—the lady presents with due
grace,
Our Roscius to Bubb, who by chance knew
his face,
And instead of politely returning his bow,
Drew up, and look'd at him, I can't tell you
how,
But suspect it extremely resembled the
view
Which a Father-Inquisitor takes of a Jew,
Whom he'd fain roast a "few,"
Or tickle with two
Or three sharp little turns of the thumbikin-
screw,
When the mob of Madrid wants a stimulus
new,
And his Catholic Majesty somewhat to do,
And the Toreadores can't get up a battle,
By reason of murrain among horned cattle.
The lady's cheek blush'd and grew somewhat the hottest,
At witnessing this very dignified protest,
Which was clearly misplaced,
And in very bad taste,
At a lady's fireside, by her own presence
graced,
Especially too, as his object of scorn
Was a gentleman bred and a gentleman
born,
Whose high private merit, and classical wit,
Had tempted archdeacons incog. to the pit.
To relieve the poor lady's embarrassing
puzzle,
The man of the class which Box designates
"Muzzle,"

Suggests, "Ma'am, the dressmaker's waiting below,
And will only detain you a moment or so!"
"Excuse me!" she cries, and set off in a trice,
Much hoping her exit would soon break the ice
'Twixt the ill-sorted pair, who were left there perforce,
To play a duet without other resource.
Charles Mathews, not so much annoy'd as amused,
Stroll'd off to the window, from which he perused,
—It might have been Punch, with old Nick in his clutch,—
But whatever it was, it does not matter much;
Mr. Bubb, who perceived he was laid on the shelf
In an awkward position induced by himself,
Mused awhile, in a somewhat irascible vein,
How he'd like to prescribe for play-actors profane,
Bread and water as drastics,
And Brixton gymnastics,
When England should name him her Histriomastrix:
Then, feeling a fit of the fidgets, pays court
To the fat little boy on the rug, for support,
And slowly propounded this question of state,
Giving all that he utter'd due pathos and weight—
"My good little child, do you love best to pat,
That nice little dog, or that nice little cat?"
But he opens both eyes,
With indignant surprise,
When the good little child, to all semblance, replies,
With a twang fit to make any godpapa jump,
"I'll be bless'd if I know or care which, my old trump!"
O! for Cruikshank, to shew
This charming tableau!
Two gentlemen station'd by window and fire,
One curbing his laughter, one bottling his ire,
And the fat little boy, with his curly white head,
Seeming wholly unconscious of what he had said,
And returning the frown, which had surely struck dumb
A whole "Conference," simply by sucking his thumb!
Now back came the lady—"Excuse me, but I
Am driven to a minute," said Mathews—"good bye."
His back scarcely turn'd on them, out burst the storm—
"I have, madam, a harassing task to perform—"
"Good heaven! you don't mean my husband is ill!"
"Far from it—I trust that he long may fulfil
A father's best duties, and well may he speed,
But I fear that his task will be arduous indeed.
That sad little boy—I am shock'd and distress'd
To remark it—observed that he wish'd himself *bless'd*
(A word which the vulgar use always reversed,
And mean to say cursed—
I fear, ma'am, the worst
Of that flaunting young woman by whom he was nursed)
If he knew or cared whether the dog or the cat
Were his favourite playfellow; nay, worse than that,
He called me a *trump*, ma'am! A TRUMP!"
—"Mr. Bubb,
If I really could credit this tale of a tub
You have chosen to tell me,—this solemn harangue
About a mere catchword of idle street-slang,
Proves the taste, pray excuse me, for captious dictation,
Which many have told me you make your vocation.
Don't imagine I mean an affront when I say—
I shall manage my nursery just my own way.
But, truly, this vision of yours is quite wild;
You might just as well tell me that innocent child
Address'd you in Coptic, or Hebrew, or Greek,
For, it happens, he's backward, and cannot yet speak:
You have alter'd your nature, and taken to fun—"
"Oh! madam, my duty's perform'd, and I've done."
"I hope so," she answer'd; and then, without more
Disputation, she quietly shew'd him the door.
I suspect that she very soon solved the enigma,
And, as far as truth went, relieved Bubb of all stigma;
At least, when our Roscius dined next at the house,
And took wine with the lady, while carving the grouse,
She whisper'd—"His pointed ill-breeding to you
Deserved a rebuff, yet 'twas hard on me, too;
However, I certainly aided the jest,
Forgetting your powers as a ventriloquist."

TRUTH AND RUMOUR.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

As Truth once paused on her pilgrim way,
To rest by a hedge-side, thorny and sere,
Few wanderers there she charmed to stay,
Though hers were the tidings that all should hear.
She, whispering, sang, and her deep rich voice
Yet richer, deeper, each moment grew;
And still, though it bade the crowd rejoice,
Her strain but a scanty audience drew.

But Rumour close by, as she pluck'd a reed
From a babbling brook, detained the throng;
With a hundred tongues that never agreed,
She gave to the winds a mocking song.
The crowd with delight its echoes caught,
And closer around her yet they drew;
So wondrous and wild the lore she taught,
They listen'd, entranced, the long day through.

The sun went down: when he rose again,
And sleep had becalmed each listener's mind,
The voice of Rumour had rung in vain,
No echo had left a charm behind.
But Truth's pure note, ever whispering clear,
Wand'ring in air fresh sweetness caught;
Then all unnoticed, it touch'd the ear,
And filled with music the cells of thought.

THE FIGHT OF THE FIDDLERS.

IN THREE PARTS.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

PART III.

THE BATTLE.

"CHEER up, cheer up, Edith! cheer up, cheer up, Mary!" cried Ranulph, Earl of Chester, rushing in, fully armed, to rest for a moment or two in the ladies' bower of Rothelan. "What! faint hearts—faint hearts and white faces? No fear! no fear! It is these blubbering girls of yours who keep round you, like a flock of sheep, that sink your hearts down, and make you think the castle's lost before it's well beleaguered. Whip me such whimperers! Why, there's that great gaping girl, Margery, with her eyes as red as the inside of a baron of beef, and her mouth wide open, as if all her courage had just jumped out of it;—why, girl, if there was a hole as big as that in the castle wall, we should have all the Welshmen in. Come, get thee gone! fetch me a cup of sack and a nuncheon of bread; this exercise makes one hungry,—One should have a siege, or a battle, or a tournament, or something of that kind, at least every month, to keep one's spirits up and one's limbs active. I am growing old now and creaky, Edith, and must be roused every now and then. What a pity you wern't a boy, now! You'd fight in my stead!"

"Would to Heaven I were!" cried Edith, a gay, light-hearted, pretty girl, fit to make a capital soldier's bride of; "but, my dear father, it's hopeless now! I have prayed to St. Hilda, the last three years, to make a boy of me; but it's all in vain—Girl I am, and girl I must remain. But I can fight for you, for all that, if you will give me a bow and arrow; I can wing a shaft as well as any archer on the walls!"

The good Earl laughed, and kissed her cheek, saying, "Get thee gone for a saucy hussy! I don't love thee a bit. What a life thy husband will have

Suggests, "Ma'am, the dressmaker's wai-
ing below,
And will only detain you a moment or
so!"
"Excuse me!" she cries, and set off in a
trice,
Much hoping her exit would soon break the
ice
'Twixt the ill-sorted pair, who were [illegible]
there perforce,
To play a duet without other resources.
Charles Mathews, not so much annoy'd [illegible]
amused,
Stroll'd off to the window, from which he
perused,
—It might have been Punch, with old [illegible]
in his clutch,—
But whatever it was, it does not [illegible]
much;
Mr. Bubb, who perceived he was laid [illegible]
shelf
In an awkward position induced by him[illegible]
Mused awhile, in a somewhat [illegible]
vein,
How he'd like to prescribe for play[illegible]
profane,
Bread and water as drastics,
And Brixton gymnastics,
When England should name him [illegible]
triomastrix:
Then, feeling a fit of the fidgets, [illegible]
To the fat little boy on the rug, [illegible]
And slowly propounded this [illegible]
state,
Giving all that he utter'd due [illegible]
weight—
"My good little child, do you [illegible]
pat,
That nice little dog, or that [illegible]
cat?"
But he opens both eyes,
With indignant surprise,
When the good little child, to all [illegible]
replies,
With a twang fit to make [illegible]
jump,
"I'll be bless'd if I know or [illegible]
old trump!"
O! for Cruikshank, to [illegible]
This charming tableau!
Two gentlemen station'd by [illegible]
fire,
One curbing his laughter, [illegible]
ire,
And the fat little boy, with his [illegible]
head,
Seeming wholly unconscious [illegible]
had said,
And returning the frown, whi[illegible]
struck dumb
A whole "Conference," simply [illegible]
his thumb!
Now back came the lady—"[illegible]
but I
Am driv'n to a minute," said [illegible]
"good bye."

[illegible] encourage these
[illegible] to fight them—
[illegible] my castle! Oh!
[illegible] the vermin. Come,
[illegible] of Roger Dutton?—
[illegible] with his lance in the
[illegible] that Rothelan
[illegible] has his foot in the

[illegible] that you and the King
[illegible] Chester Castle during

[illegible] cried the Earl, with a
[illegible] Roger Dutton, at the
[illegible] gay Roger is a good soldier.—
[illegible] You must shut your mouth,
[illegible] so sadly, Mary? Yours used
[illegible] soldier, and you must have
[illegible] he was always in the heat of
[illegible]?"
[illegible] a sad tone, "when my father
[illegible] to escort me, and I know

[illegible] the fool in the fair. He
[illegible] with thirty knight's fees
[illegible] more, at a pinch, be-
[illegible] from old De Lacy's

[illegible] truth may as well be
[illegible] since he sent away four
[illegible] of the tenants round
[illegible] between Worcester and

[illegible] which, though common in
[illegible] must not be repeated
[illegible] a terrible blow to his
[illegible] the large silver cup,
[illegible] brow and thoughtful
[illegible] lips, and when within a
[illegible] last drop, and then
[illegible] will get into a sack
[illegible] only thing to be done.

[illegible]—"
[illegible] me here, like a pard
[illegible] through the bars, and
[illegible] horse, if we do not

[illegible] Mary. "A thou-
[illegible] any news from

[illegible] At the hour of
[illegible] and one on foot.
[illegible] with a long knife in a

for I watched them from the turret; one of the fellows on horseback, though he got well nigh through them all, was tumbled off his horse at an arrow in the shoulder; but the other—I could not well see, but I think it was the lad Gregory—made his way in spite of them, and though they gave chase on the beastly little lizards that they ride, he was full two hundred yards before them, when they passed over the hill."

"A lad!" cried Edith, "why, he's full forty, my dear father."

"Out!" cried the Earl, "that's a lad to me, you saucy wench. I'm right glad your mother is not here, Madame Edith—she would be in a fine fright. But you have a stout heart."

"Not so stout but you may have to cut the string of my boddice," said Edith, "if you make such a terrible noise as there was upon the walls just now."

"Well, well, go to!" cried the Earl; "I have not time to gossip more with you. I must go and see what they are about. But take heart, take heart! There is no danger—they never can get in—they have no ladders or machines of any kind. Out upon it! we will throw the walls down upon them first! 'Tis but by starvation they can take us.—Ho, Barnaby! without there! look to the provisions and see there be no waste! What have ye got, man?"

"There are two cows and a bullock," said the man, "three pigs and an old sow, besides the fowls that the Lady Edith feeds in the morning: then we have bread enough for one day, and corn enough for another. The beer-cellar is half full, and there are three barrels of sack and a pipe of malvoisie. We can last well nigh for a week, my lord, without touching the horses."

"That'll—that'll do!" cried the Earl, "long ere that we shall have help;" and away he went to the battlements, where, somewhat to his surprise, he found no farther show of immediate attack, the Welshmen still surrounding the castle on every side, but keeping carefully beyond the ordinary flight of an arrow.

"Why, what are they about?" said the Earl to one of his old knights.

"'Pon my life, I don't know, my lord," replied the other; "they seem tired of it, and are drawing off for the night."

"Pooh! nonsense!" cried the Earl, "it is not near nightfall."

"Within an hour, my lord," replied one of those who stood near; "'tis well nigh eight."

"How quick the time goes when one's busy," observed the Earl; "but who has got the sharpest eyes here? Let him run up to the top of the tower, and see what they're doing there—those men, I mean, far up the hill."

"The Lady Edith has the sharpest eyes," said a young gentleman near, who was never sorry to put himself in any sort of communication with his lord's daughter;—"don't you recollect she saw the heron when none of us could see it?"

"Well, call her! call her!" cried the Earl; "as they are not shooting any longer, there is no danger."

Away ran the youth, and in a few minutes more Edith and Mary and the whole host of maids crept out upon the battlements, with faces somewhat pale and wan, indeed, notwithstanding all the assurances of the young gentleman who had been sent to fetch them, that there was no risk of any kind.

"Come hither, Edith, come hither!" exclaimed Earl [illegible], "run to the top of the tower, and see what your sharp eyes [illegible] those white-shirted Welshmen on the hill just under six hundred of them, all gathered together? Go [illegible] out what they are about;—make your eyes of use to [illegible]

Edith turned to obey, while the young gentleman who stood nigh said something about compensation, and eyes, and piercing hearts, and other things of the same kind, which made the lady give him a scornful look, and made the old Earl himself laugh heartily.

"These young fools!" he cried—"well a-day!—get thee gone, Edith! get thee gone! Why how now young Cholmondeley, you are not going too? Stay here, every one but Edith! Mary, you may go if you will; but that is enough."

Ladies are always fond of hunting in couples, and Mary accompanied her cousin up the numerous steps of the watch-tower, taking that opportunity of reading her own heart a sad homily upon all the consequences of her jealous passion, and asking herself how far the punishment would be carried. It was indeed an edifying and instructive lesson which she gave herself, and one which might also be not without its effect upon the reader, if we could relate all the reproaches which she addressed to herself, step by step, as she went up the stairs. But, dear reader, we have not time, and as those stairs were long, we must lift her and Edith to the top of the tower at once; and there they stood gazing around them over the wide spread hills and shady forests which at that time formed the principal feature of the fair principality. While Edith, however, fixed her eyes upon the spot to which her father had directed her attention, and easily discovered, though with no slight terror it must be owned, what the assailants were about, Mary's heart turned towards Chester, and her safe and happy home; and, as is so frequently the case, her eyes followed the direction of her thoughts. There she stood, then, leaning over the battlements, and, like sister Anne in the fairy tale, looking out to see if any one was coming. The road to Chester was clear enough before her eyes, and she could see it rise up over the neighbouring hill—lose itself in the wood upon the top—issue forth again in the valley beyond—and once more ascend the side of a steep but naked mountain.

Her eyes were little less good than those of her cousin, and, after gazing forth for about two minutes, she first gave a start, and then felt a strong inclination to clap her hands; but smothering her emotions, whatsoever they were, she demurely turned to her cousin, saying, "Well, Edith, have you found out what they are doing?"

"Making ladders, I think," said Edith, in a sad tone.

"Poor thing!" said Mary, with a saucy smile; "many a one will get a broken neck from those ladders, if they make them."

"How can you talk in such a way, Mary?" cried her cousin; "we are more likely to get our throats cut than they their necks broke. Why if they make enough of them they will soon be within the walls."

"We must keep them out, Edith," replied Mary, "but come, let us tell your father. You go down first, Edith; I wont lead the way down that narrow black staircase."

Edith accordingly began to descend, but Mary lingered for another moment to look once more in the direction of Chester. But this time she could not restrain herself, and clapped her hands together, with a look of joy, ere she followed her cousin down to the walls.

"Why how now—how now, girls?" cried the old Earl, who was standing [illegible] with his young friend—"what different faces you bear. Here comes [illegible] God wot! and Mary, who was looking as sad and as [illegible] days old, is now as merry as a garland girl. Come, [illegible] what have you seen, Edith? What are the Welshmen [illegible]

[illegible] replied Edith.

[illegible] the Earl; "we shall now have to fight

for it, indeed. But what makes you so saucy, Madame Mary? Do you want to be a concubine of Rice ap Griffith or Jorworth ap Jones?"

"Here, listen to me, Earl of Chester, and uncle mine," replied his niece, pulling his arm; "bend your head, bend your head! It is for your ear alone;" and as the good old Lord bowed down his head, she whispered something that soon produced a marvellous change.

"By the toe-bone of St. Ursula, which was sent me by the Abbot of Clairvaux!" exclaimed the Earl; "but it can't be true, girl! it can't be true!—the messenger only went at nine this morning—it can't be true, I say!"

"But it is," replied Mary; "three hours for him to go, and six hours for them to come, and two or three hours to get ready;—there's plenty of time, Earl of Chester."

Without more ado the old man ran up the stairs of the watch-tower, followed by the young gentleman whom he had stopped from going with his daughter and her cousin on the former occasion. Shading his eyes with his hands, the Earl gazed forth, exclaiming, before he had time to judge at all, "I can see nothing—it's all nonsense—the slut's deceived herself—Ha!—What—There does seem something like the glance of a spear-head!"

"Yes, my lord—yes," cried the young man; "I see them as plain as possible. They are coming down in force. Why, don't you see? It's an army—there are four or five thousand men—enough to drive all the Welsh into the sea."

The old Earl waved his hand, and gave a shout of joy, and then running down, he caught Mary in his arms, and kissed her half a dozen times. After which, he performed the same ceremony in regard to his daughter; his young companion being very well disposed to go through the same process, but not exactly venturing to do so.

The Earl was too old a soldier, however, to allow joy, and the prospect of relief, to put him off his guard, and though he suffered the news to spread amongst his soldiers, in order to give them encouragement and support, yet he cautioned them to watch with redoubled vigilance during the night. Nor did he alone hold out their own safety as a motive for activity and care, but he shewed them that they must be ready at a moment's notice to co-operate with their allies without, immediately the attack upon the enemy had commenced.

A man was also sent up to watch the advance of the relieving force, but the hopes and expectations of the little garrison of Rothelan were sadly diminished just before nightfall, by a report that the troops which had been seen coming, had marched away up a valley to the right, from which there was no possible means of reaching the castle without retreading their steps. Apprehension rose, as joy and satisfaction diminished, and it became a question, eagerly argued between the walls, whether the multitude which had been seen approaching, consisted of friends or of fresh enemies. Balancing between hope and fear, deep anxiety hung over the besieged household of the Earl of Chester for several hours after nightfall. The Earl himself visited every part of the walls, encouraged the soldiers, and assured them that there could be no doubt help was at hand, and that, at all events, the Welsh could not attempt to scale the battlements for many hours. All was quiet in the distance; the enemy lay tranquilly at about a couple of bow-shots from the castle on every side; and, after some wild singing and harping, seemed to give themselves up to the arms of slumber. As the sturdy old Noble made his solitary round, the moon was shining brightly, throwing his long shadow upon the planks of the drawbridge, when he walked across, to shew himself at the barbican.

"Well, Walter," he said to a sturdy old soldier, who was placed as warder to keep that *important* post, with about a dozen of your [illegible] and more active

men, one half of whom were sleeping, and the other in the tower above—
"Well, Walter, how goes your watch?"

The bluff Englishman, without any want of real respect, sat still on the bench behind the closed gates, polishing away at a lance's head, without thinking fit to rise even at his lord's approach.

"All goes well, my lord," he replied, looking up; "the thieves will not win the barbican easily—they know it, and will take two or three thoughts ere they begin the attack."

"Hark!" cried the Earl—"there was a step."

"Some of the fellows above," replied the warder.

But just as he spoke, a hard, but dull sounding blow, was struck upon the gate, and, springing upon his feet, the soldier took a step towards a small slit in the heavy wooden door, formed as a sort of loophole to see through, but guarded by two strong iron bars. The old Lord was there before him, however, and the moment after he exclaimed, "Here, Walter, open the wicket! here is a single man without."

"Let me see, my lord—let me see first," cried the sturdy soldier; "you're old, and your eyes are dim; there may be more behind him."

Thus saying, he put his face to the aperture, and asked, "Who are you, my man, and where do you come from?"

"Hush!" said the Earl, pulling him back by the arm; "he may bring secret tidings. Open the wicket, I say, there is no one but himself."

At the same moment, the word "Chester," pronounced from without, satisfied the warder; and taking down the large key, he turned it in the lock, removed bolt, and bar, and chain; and while the Earl called for a light from above, opened the door just wide enough for one man to pass through.

As he did so, with a swinging air and unsteady step, in rolled a strange-looking being, in habiliments not of the newest or most harmonious kind, with a cloak in tatters, a hood displaying a large hole on the top, heavy shoes, and loose linen stockings bound round his legs with thongs of leather, a long staff with a leaden head in his hand, a viol and bow upon his back, two long Welsh knives stuck in his girdle, and a large black leathern bottle under his arm.

"Who the devil are you?" cried the Earl, holding a torch, which his people had just brought him, to his strange visitor's face. The expression which it bore was that curious mixture of fun, enthusiasm, folly, and sadness, which can only be produced by a very near approach to complete intoxication.—"Who the devil are you, and what do you want?" exclaimed the Earl.

"Tell ye in a minute, old cock!" cried the man, clutching his viol from his back and putting it to his shoulder, while at the same time he began to sing—

"Roger Dutton's going to fight
In his doublet and his hose—
Who is wrong and who is right,
No one cares, and no one knows.

I'm one of Roger Dutton's soldiers, Lord bless ye! come to save Saint [illegible] the good Earl of Chester, you jolly dog! only you see, we found [illegible] of mead, as we came through the village, and what [illegible] we had in our bottles, we all got so drunk, that [illegible] fight to-night, but penned us up all in the valley, [illegible]

Roger Dutton's going to fight
With the fiddlers and their crew;
[illegible] the Welsh to-night,
[illegible] them black and blue.

Long live Roger [illegible] Roger Dutton!—he [illegible] old corny!"

"How did you come here, then?" exclaimed the Earl. "Take him, Walter and Fitzhugh, and pump upon him till he's sober; then bring him to me in the hall. We must find out what all this means."

The Earl's orders were soon obeyed; and a considerable portion of cold water, poured in a continuous stream upon the unfortunate fiddler's head and face, so far restored him to sense and discretion, that when brought into the presence of the Earl again, he was enabled to give something like a coherent account of Roger Dutton's proceedings.

"By the Lord!" cried the Earl, when he had heard the whole story—"the boy's mad; but it's a gallant sort of madness, after all. Seventeen hundred fiddlers and harpers and mountebanks and tumblers——"

"And cobblers—my lord, and cobblers!" interrupted the man; "we have a great show of cobblers amongst us, and every cobbler brings his awl."

"And this is all he's got to fight an army of Welshmen with," said the Earl, thoughtfully. "Well, great things are often done with small means, and clean work comes out of dirty hands, they say. But how came you to stray away from the rest, my man?"

"Why, I was sent," replied the fiddler. "I was the soberest and most discreet of the whole host; so gay Roger sent me to find my way here, and tell you that you would be delivered to-morrow, or he'd be food for the ravens."

"He's a fine fellow, by Saint James—he's a fine fellow!" was the reply.

"You see I can speak some Welsh, my lord," continued the man, "and so I feigned, when I got in amongst the Welshmen, to have come in from the country, just to see what they were about; and I sat down in one of their rings, and played them a tune, and sung them a song. It wasn't 'Roger Dutton's going to fight;" but then they would make me take some more mead, and I got fuddled, and fell fast asleep. I woke, by knocking my nose against the strings of my viol, and finding them all sleeping around me, I filched a knife or two, just for the sake of companionship, and then came on here the best way I could."

The fiddler's story was quite true. Roger Dutton had commenced his march a little after two o'clock; and about six, they fell in with some cart-loads of mead, which were going to the camp of the besiegers. Neither the mead nor the drivers were suffered to escape, and this fresh supply of liquor, in addition to a quantity of strong drink which they had brought with them in bottles, so completely intoxicated the greater part of his host, that gay Roger Dutton dared not risk an encounter with the enemy that night. Happily for himself, the thick forest that lay between him and Rothelan sheltered him from the Welshmen; and, aided by the sober part of his force and his men-at-arms, he herded the rest in the valley, though it was not without great trouble that he prevented them from straggling about in such a manner as to give intimation of their proximity to the enemy's forces. Night, however, came on, just as he was struggling with these difficulties; and after some brawling, and some singing, and finishing the rest of the strong liquors which they brought with them, man after man fell under the influence of the drowsy god, leaving Roger Dutton, and a hundred and fifty of his more temperate or stronger-headed companions, to keep an anxious watch during the hours of darkness.

Anxiety to relieve the mind of Mary de Lacy, however, certainly induced Roger Dutton to commit a very imprudent act, in choosing out of the few who could speak Welsh, a messenger to bear the news of his approach to his friends in the castle. The result was better, as we have seen, than might have been anticipated; and it certainly is a fact, that we very often

[illegible] and heedless proceedings, which any one might be [illegible] produce the most disastrous consequences, suc[illegible] and wisdom are baffled and disappointed.

[illegible] at that season of the year, night tucks up the tail [illegible] sweep the face of the earth for [illegible] and his weary watch was ere long relieved, by seeing [illegible] Allan, the harper, soon roused the [illegible] had been their great allies from the first, and [illegible] who lay stretched amongst the fern and heath, [illegible] a great number of the slumberers by sundry cuffs and [illegible] of the most tender or delicate description. [illegible] at length, rubbing their eyes, stretching their [illegible] and gazing around them with a [illegible] and wondering air. As few, however, of the men there [illegible] above one or two nights together in the same bed, their [illegible] especially as one or two mellow voices [illegible] with which they had marched along, of—

"Roger Dutton's going to fight
[illegible] and his hose—
Who is wrong and who is right,
No one cares, and no one knows!"

bringing back again immediately to their recollection the business in which they engaged.

"Hurra, hurra, for gay Roger Dutton!" cried several voices, but several continued to stretch and yawn; and one man, who had an awful headache from the quantity, quality, and variety of his potations, thought fit to declare that he should like something to eat.

"By the back-bone of Judas, you must fight for it, then," exclaimed Allan, the harper; "but you will very soon have an opportunity of roasting a whole Welshman, if you like, and eating him, too—nobody will stop you."

"Ah, we shall find plenty of provisions in Rothelan," cried Roger Dutton, "of a better quality than that. Never fear, never fear! Let us drub the Welshmen but for the sake of an appetite, and then we'll have breakfast, and set the wine-tap running."

"Hurra for Roger Dutton!" cried a dozen voices.

"Roger Dutton's going to fight!" sung forth another.

"Beat your drum, Hal!" cried a third.

"Some one has stolen my hood!" exclaimed a fourth.

"It has crept away by itself!" cried a companion.

"The wind has blown it to pieces," rejoined another, with a laugh.

"No, no—there it is!" cried one of the fiddlers; "don't you see Tom has got it on a pole, and made a banner of it."

"It's the fiddler's banner—it's the fiddler's banner!" cried a number of voices.

"The barber's, more like," was the reply; "for it's mounted on a pole."

"Let each trade have its banner!" cried a cobbler; "here goes my apron upon Timothy's pike! The cobblers for ever!—we'll be the first in the fray!"

"Not before the tumblers!" answered another. "Martin, lend me your spear—my cloak shall serve our turn, and our banner shall be up first!" and running the sharp point of the spear through and through the cloak, he raised it high in the air.

Up went the cobbler's, the moment after, and a number of similar ensigns were display[illegible]ous parts of the ground. The drums beat, the fiddles

sounded; Allan, the harper, took up his song; and once more the wild and ludicrous procession, headed by Roger Dutton, with his ten men-at-arms, regained the high road, and marched on into the wood.

About a mile, or a mile and a half, remained to be traversed; and this, to say the truth, was the most dangerous part of the whole affair. The Welsh, as brave as lions when not taken by surprise, were famous for fighting in their woods, and laying in ambush for their enemies; and many a gallant army of Englishmen had thus been cut to pieces by the daring and skill of the native Britons. Such, however, was not destined to be the fate of Roger Dutton and his motley crew. The Welsh had not attacked Rothelan without being well aware that there were no troops to spare in Chester Castle, but, with the usual improvidence of barbarous armies, they had taken no precaution of any kind against surprise. They were all busy in various occupations, preparing for their own assault upon the walls, when suddenly a wild flourish of drums, trumpets, and all manner of instruments, burst upon their ear from the neighbouring wood, and then for the first time apprehension seized upon them. Hurry and confusion on the part of those who first heard the sounds produced doubt and dismay in the rest; and though eleven horsemen were all that appeared at first, yet a panic began to manifest itself, which increased in a terrible degree, when a multitude of men, whose arms and equipments they could not at all distinguish, was vomited forth from the wood on the hill side, with almost as many banners and ensigns as if it had been a royal army.

Roger Dutton's practised eye instantly discovered the effects of panic, even in the irregular troops of the Welsh, and shouting to his followers to run as fast as they could, in order to make the attack before the real character of his force could be discovered, he put his horse into a quick pace, and charged the enemy, followed by his ten men-at-arms, with their levelled lances.

With wild shouts and yells of every kind, with every sort of arms under the sun, but all rushing forward with the fury of demoniacs, the wild multitude behind him spread out over the hill side, and swept on in a long irregular line. Such a scene was never, perhaps, beheld by the eye of mortal man; and the Welsh, taken by surprise, thunderstruck, not knowing what to think, began to fly in every direction, in spite of the cries and remonstrances of their chiefs.

About two thousand men, indeed, kept together, and received Roger Dutton with a flight of short arrows, one of which wounded him in the arm, and another drove his horse almost mad with pain. Plunging into the midst of them, however, he smote down one or two with his lance, and then betaking himself to his long heavy sword, struck here and there around him, as his charger reared and plunged amongst the enemy. He and his little group of companions were soon surrounded on all sides, but at that moment one of the fiddlers saw his perilous situation, and shouting aloud, "Look to Roger Dutton—look to gay Roger Dutton! and down with the Welshmen!" a large body of the rabble poured on to his assistance, hewing their way with bills and hooks and guisarmes and swords, scattering the enemy to the right and left.

Though broken and dispirited, the Welsh might still have continued to fight against a body even more irregular than themselves, but at that instant the gates of Rothelan were thrown open, and thundering over the drawbridge came the old Earl of Chester, at the head of fifty men-at-arms. Animated by the sight, fiddlers, tumblers, cobblers, mountebanks, seemed inspired with almost superhuman courage: a tremendous effort was made upon the only body of enemies that still held firm, and after scarcely a minute's resistance, they were routed and flying from the field.

In about half an hour after, Mary de Lacy and her cousin Edith, standing under the arch of the barbican, saw the wild procession of Roger Dutton's strange army, winding down from the pursuit. At its head, or rather nearly at its head, came the young gentleman himself, on the right hand of the old Earl. But before them went Allan, the harper, stained with blood up to the very ears, accompanied on his right and left by the drummer and the fiddler, and still as he came he sung—

"Roger Dutton's won the fight
In his doublet and his hose,—
Who was wrong and who was right,
Ladye Mary cares and knows."

In five minutes more Roger Dutton sprang to the ground, and clasped Mary de Lacy in his arms.

"But you are wounded, Roger!" she cried with terror, seeing the arrow still sticking in his shoulder. "You are hurt!"

"Not too much to be married on Wednesday next, Mary dear," replied Roger Dutton. "Ay, I have your father's promise, Mary; and now I claim yours as my guerdon."

"It must not be refused," said Mary, with a deep blush.

"And what guerdon shall I give you," cried the old Earl of Chester, "for delivering me and mine in our utmost need?"

"I have but one boon to ask, my lord," replied Roger Dutton, "which is, the power of protecting these poor fellows, who have done such good service this day. What I claim from your lordship is, that you give to the Duttons of Dutton, for ever and a day, the rule and governance of Chester fair; for had I not in behalf of the people of that fair violated some bad laws, and set at defiance some wicked judges, you, my lord, would not have had so many stout hands to strike with Roger Dutton for the deliverance of Ranulph, Earl of Chester."

"It is yours, my dear, gay, wild, reckless, gallant friend," replied the Earl, grasping his hand. "It is yours, and the charter shall be drawn out immediately."

That charter, reader, was still in force within a few years of the present time.

Six days after that of which we have just spoken, the great hall in Chester Castle was in one blaze of light, and all the lords and ladies and noble gentlemen of the neighbouring country stood around. It was approaching the hour of midnight, and the Countess of Chester, who had been summoned from some distance, took by the hand her niece Mary, saying, "It is no use lingering, my child."

Trembling and blushing, Mary, now the bride of Roger Dutton, suffered her aunt to lead her to her father's presence, and kneeling at his feet, in her bridal attire, she besought his blessing ere she retired to her chamber.

"Two questions, ere I give it you, Mary!" cried the bluff old Lord. "Will you ever be jealous again?"

Mary looked up, with one of her merry glances breaking through her timidity, and replied, "Not if I can help it, my dear father; but I got the temper from you."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the old Lord. "Will you ever give way to one of your violent passions again?"

"No, never!" cried Mary, earnestly, though with a smile; "Never! For the rest of my life, I will be a very lamb."

"And so at last, every Dutton will have his mutton!" said Allan, the *Harper.*

THE MISER'S DAUGHTER.

A Tale.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

DANGEROUS POSITION OF RANDULPH.—HIS FIRMNESS.—PUNCTILIOUSNESS OF SIR NORFOLK SALUSBURY.—THE JACOBITE CLUB SURPRISED BY THE GUARD.—THE FLIGHT AND PURSUIT.—MR. CRIPPS'S TREACHERY.—HIS REFLECTIONS.

RANDULPH'S bold declaration had well-nigh cost him dear. Cries of "spy!" "traitor!" "Hanoverian!" "down with him!" resounded on all sides; the landlord rushed to the door and placed his back against it, to prevent any attempt at egress in that way; while Sir Norfolk Salusbury, plucking his long blade from its sheath, and making it whistle over his head, kicked a chair that stood between him and the young man out of the way, and bade him, in a stern tone, defend himself. The confusion was increased by the vociferations of Mr. Cripps, and by an accident caused by Sir Bulkeley Price, who, in hurrying round the table, contrived to entangle himself in the cover, and dragging it off, precipitated the bottles and glasses to the ground, drenching the lower limbs of his brother baronet in the contents of the fractured bowl. The only two persons apparently unmoved in the midst of this uproar, were its author and Cordwell Firebras. The latter made no hostile display, and did not even alter his position, but kept his eye steadily fixed upon Randulph, as if anxious to observe the effect of the incident upon him. The young man maintained his firmness throughout. He retreated a few steps towards the wall, and put himself in a posture of defence. The nearest of his antagonists was Sir Norfolk Salusbury; but seeing the others press forward, the chivalrous Welsh baronet declined commencing the attack.

"Singulatim!—one at a time, Mr. Travers," he cried. "Ne Hercules contra duos. It shall never be said that any man, however unworthy of fair treatment, fought against odds in the presence of a descendant of Adam de Salzburg. Stand aside, therefore, sir,—and you, Father Verselyn,—and leave him to me, or I must relinquish the right of combat which I have in some measure acquired, as being the first to claim it, to you."

"Let the young man swear to keep silence touching all he has seen and heard, or he shall not quit this room alive," rejoined Travers.

"Trust him not, trust him not!" cried Father Verselyn; "his oath will not bind him. Fall upon him altogether, and slay him! That is the only way to ensure his silence and our safety. I will absolve you of his blood. The imminence of the danger justifies the deed."

"Proh pudor!" cried Sir Norfolk, sternly. "That would be trucidation dedecorous and ignave; neither can I stand by, and see it done."

"Nor I," cried Sir Bulkeley, who had by this time recovered from the embarrassment occasioned by the accident. "I disapprove of Father Verselyn's counsel entirely. Let us hear what the young man has to say. I will question him."

"Haudquàquam, Sir Bulkeley," replied the other, gravely. "I gave

you precedence on a recent occasion, but I cannot do so on the present. I claim this young man as my own,—to interrogate, to fight, and, perchance, to slay him."

"Fight him as much as you please, Sir Norfolk, and slay him if you think proper,—or can," rejoined Sir Bulkeley, angrily; "but you shall not prevent my speaking to him."

"Sir Bulkeley Price," returned Sir Norfolk, raising his crane neck to its utmost height, "I pray you not to interfere between me and Mr. Crew, otherwise——"

"Well, Sir Norfolk, and what then?" cried the other, his hot Welsh blood mounting to his cheeks, and empurpling them more deeply than usual. "What then, Sir Norfolk?"

"I shall be compelled to make you render me reason for it," replied the other, sternly.

Cordwell Firebras now thought it time to interfere.

"Gentlemen," he said, advancing towards them, "we have plenty of other quarrels to settle without disputing among ourselves. I brought Mr. Randulph Crew here, and will be responsible for his silence."

"What saith the young man?" demanded Sir Norfolk. "If he will oppignerate his word for taciturnity, I will take it."

"So will I," added Sir Bulkeley.

"I thank you for your good opinion of me, gentlemen," returned Randulph. "I have been, almost unwittingly, a party to your counsels, and ought perhaps to have declared my sentiments sooner. But I hoped the meeting would pass off without rendering any such avowal necessary, in which case, though I certainly should never have joined your club again, the secret of its existence would have rested in my own bosom,—as it will now, if I am suffered to depart. I could not avoid expressing my disapproval of a toast which, in common with every loyal subject of King George the Second, I hold to be treasonable."

"You cannot be the subject of a usurper, young man," said Firebras. "Your allegiance to King James the Third is unalienable."

"Compel him to vow allegiance to his rightful sovereign, Mr. Firebras," interposed Father Verselyn.

"I will sooner lay down my life than comply," cried Randulph, resolutely.

Firebras looked slightly disconcerned; and Sir Norfolk, who had lowered the point of his sword, again raised it.

"It is in vain to reason with him, my son," whispered Verselyn. "Our safety demands his destruction. If he goes hence, we are denounced; and an irreparable injury will be done to the good cause."

"I have promised him safe-conduct, father," rejoined Firebras; "and, at all risks, I will keep my word. Mr. Randulph Crew, you are at liberty to depart. You give up all hopes of the miser's daughter?" he added, in a deep whisper.

"I must, if she is only to be purchased in this way," replied Randulph, in the same tone.

"Take time to consider of it," rejoined Firebras. "I will find means of communicating with you to-morrow. Landlord, attend Mr. Crew to the door."

"You are wrong in letting him go," cried Verselyn. "You will repent this blind confidence. Sir Norfolk, I entreat you to interfere—Sir Bulkeley, I appeal to you."

But they both turned from him, and sheathed their swords; while the landlord, having received a sign from Firebras, obeyed his instructions.

As soon as Randulph was gone, Firebras addressed himself to the two baronets:—"I hope no unkindly feeling—none, at least, that cannot easily be set to rights, subsists between you, gentlemen," he said.

"I shall never quarrel with my good friend, Sir Norfolk, except about a matter of punctilio," replied Sir Bulkeley, who was as easily appeased as roused to anger.

"And I ought never to quarrel with one who knows how to make so handsome a concession as Sir Bulkeley Price," replied Sir Norfolk with a gracious bow.

"Then the storm has blown over," laughed Firebras. "I feared this more than the other."

A long discussion then took place among the members of the club, as to Randulph's introduction to it, and Firebras was severely censured by Father Verselyn, for admitting the young man without testing his political principles.

"I do not repent what I have done, father," returned Firebras, "because I am satisfied no harm will come of it; and it was an attempt to gain a very useful ally to our cause. He is a brave lad, as his firmness during this affair proved, and it would be a great point to win him over. Nor do I yet despair of doing so."

"I hope we have seen the last of him," muttered Verselyn; "and I beg it may be borne in mind that it was against my advice that he was suffered to depart."

Cordwell Firebras darted an angry look at the priest, but he made no reply; and the cloth having been replaced by the landlord and Mr. Cripps, the former proceeded to fetch a fresh supply of flasks and glasses; after which, the company once more gathered round the table, and began to discuss anew their projects. Midnight arrived, and found them still in deep debate, when a quick and continuous knocking was heard at the door.

All instantly started to their feet, gazing at each other in alarm.

"We are betrayed," said Firebras, in a deep whisper.

"We are," replied Father Verselyn; "and by the spy you introduced among us."

"It is false!" cried Firebras, angrily. "But this is no time for dispute. We must provide for our safety. Who is it, landlord?" he cried to the host, who, on the first alarm, had rushed to the door, and opened the reconnoitring-hole within it.

"O lord! we're all lost!" rejoined the landlord, closing the trap-door, and returning to them with scared looks and on tiptoe, as if afraid of the sound of his own footsteps.

"Who is it—what is it?" demanded Firebras.

"A dozen grenadier guards, headed by their captain and lieutenant, come to search the house," replied the landlord. "They're mounting the stairs now."

"Zounds!" exclaimed Sir Bulkeley, "this is awkward!"

"There is nothing to fear," said Firebras, calmly. "We have plenty of time for flight."

"Yes, you can fly, gentlemen, but I am ruined," exclaimed the landlord. "I can never return to my own dwelling!"

"Pshaw! you shall never be the worse for it," replied Firebras.

"But what will become of me, if I am taken?" cried Mr. Cripps, feigning a look of despair. "I am sure to be the worse for it."

"Silence!" cried Firebras, authoritatively—"Don't you hear them?—they are at the door. Be quick, gentlemen. Not a moment is to be lost."

While this was passing, Father Verselyn hurried to the lower end of the room, and mounting a ladder placed against the wall, passed through a trap-door in the ceiling above it. The landlord, Mr. Cripps, and Mr. Travers, next ascended; then Sir Bulkeley followed; then Sir Norfolk, whose equanimity not even the present danger could disturb;—while Firebras brought up the rear.

"'Sdeath! Sir Norfolk," cried the latter, as the baronet slowly scaled the steps before him—"move on a little more quickly, or we shall certainly be captured. They're breaking open the door. Don't you hear them?"

"Perfecté," replied Sir Norfolk, coolly. But he did not on that account accelerate his movements.

Knowing it was in vain to remonstrate, Cordwell Firebras waited till Sir Norfolk had worked his long frame through the trap-door, which he did with the utmost deliberation, and then ran up the steps himself, with much more activity than might have been expected from a person so weighty. Just as he was quitting the ladder, the door was burst open with a tremendous crash, and two officers of the guard rushed into the room, sword in hand, followed by a dozen grenadiers armed with muskets, on which bayonets were fixed. Firebras's first object, on securing a footing on the floor of the garret above, was to try to draw up the ladder, and he was assisted in the endeavour by Sir Norfolk; but their design was frustrated by the foremost officer and a tall grenadier bearing a halbert, both of whom sprang upon the ladder, and kept it down by their joint weight, and all those above could do was to shut down the trap-door before it could be reached by their foes. A dormer window opened from the garret upon the roof of the house; but an unexpected difficulty had been experienced by the first detachment of fugitives in unfastening it. All ought to have been in readiness for an emergency like the present, and Sir Bulkeley and Mr. Travers bitterly reproached the landlord for his negligence. The poor fellow declared that the mischance was not his fault—that he had taken every possible precaution—and, in fact, had examined the window that very morning, and found it all right. At length, it was forced back; and all but Sir Norfolk and Firebras got through it. They were detained by the necessity that existed of guarding the trap-door. Unfortunately, there was no bolt on the upper side of it, so that they had to stand upon it to keep it down, and this plan being discovered by the officer below, he ordered two of his men to thrust their bayonets through the boards, while the tall grenadier tried to prize open the door with his halbert. The manœuvre compelled Firebras and Salusbury slightly to alter their position, to avoid being wounded by the bayonets, and in doing so, they necessarily gave admittance to the point of the halbert. The efforts of the assailing party were redoubled, and the trap slightly yielded.

"Lose not a moment! fly, Sir Norfolk!" cried Firebras, apprehensive lest the baronet's deliberation, which he well knew nothing could shake, should prevent his escape.

But true to his principles, Sir Norfolk would not move an inch.

"I cannot leave you in angusto," he said.

"But I am the stronger of the two, as well as the more active," rejoined Firebras. "My weight will suffice to keep down the trap-door till you have got through the window, and then I can make good my retreat. Fly! fly!"

But Sir Norfolk continued immovable.

"I shall be the last to quit this place," he said, in a tone of unalterable determination. "But do not, I pray you, tarry with me. The trifurciferous myrmidons of the Hanoverian usurper shall never take me with life."

"I must leave the punctilious old fool to his fate," muttered Firebras, *observing that* the greater part of the head of the halbert was forced through

George Cruikshank

The Jacobite Club pursued by the guard

the side of the trap. "God protect you, Sir Norfolk!" he cried, rushing to the window.

The brave old Welsh baronet essayed to hew off the head of the halbert from the staff—but in vain; and finding that the enemy must gain admittance in another moment, and that Firebras had cleared the window, he turned away, and strode majestically towards it. His retreat was so suddenly made, that the grenadier who held the pike and was prizing with all his force, lost his balance, and tumbled off the ladder, causing such confusion among his comrades, that Sir Norfolk had time to get through the window unmolested.

It was a beautifully bright night—the moon being at the full, and the sky filled with fleecy clouds. On the left, lay ridges of pointed-roofed houses, covered with the warm-looking and mellow-tinted tile, so preferable to the cold blue slate—broken with stacks of chimneys of every size and form—dormer windows, gables, overhanging stories, and other picturesque and fantastic projections; and the view being terminated, at some quarter of a mile's distance, by the tall towers and part of the roof of Westminster Abbey. Viewed thus, the whole picture looked exquisitely tranquil and beautiful. The fires in the houses were almost all extinguished, and little or no smoke issued from the chimneys to pollute the clear atmosphere. Right over the venerable and majestic fane hung the queen of night, flooding its towers—seen at such an hour to the greatest advantage—with silvery light, and throwing some of the nearer buildings and projections into deep shadow, and so adding to the beauty of the scene. On the right, the view extended over other house-tops to the gardens and fields of Pimlico. Behind, was Saint James's Park, with its stately avenues of trees, its long canal, and Rosamond's Pond glimmering in the moonlight; while in front lay the New Artillery-ground, and the open and marshy grounds constituting Tothill Fields. But it will be readily imagined that neither Firebras nor his companion looked to the right or to the left. They were only conscious of the danger by which they were menaced, and were further discouraged by Father Verselyn, who at that moment scrambled over the roof they were about to cross, to inform them that the door by which they hoped to escape could not be got open.

"Everything seems to have gone wrong!" cried Verselyn, in an ecstacy of terror. "What will become of us?"

"Jacta est alea," replied Sir Norfolk, composedly. "We must fight for it, father."

"Heaven and all its saints protect us!" cried the priest, crossing himself.

"Be composed, father," rejoined Firebras, sternly. You ought to be equal to any circumstances in which you may be placed. Ha!"

The latter exclamation was occasioned by a joyous shout, announcing that their friends had succeeded in opening the door; and the next moment, the good news was confirmed by Sir Bulkeley Price, who clambered over the roof to acquaint them with it. On hearing this, the party instantly beat a retreat; and their flight was accelerated by the officer and the tall grenadier, who, at that moment, sprung out of the window. Even Sir Norfolk was urged to a little more expedition than usual; and two or three of his mighty strides brought him to the top of the roof. Cordwell Firebras would not have been much behind him, if Father Verselyn had not c
hold of his coat tails to help him up the ascent, which he felt wholly
to accomplish without assistance. By this time, t r was w
upon them; and, finding his summons to surrend negar
made a pass at the priest, which took effect in t f
restoring him at once to more than his former agili
and clapping his hand to the wounded limb to a

Verselyn bounded over the roof and made to the door, through which the landlord and Mr. Travers had already disappeared, and through which Mr. Cripps was now darting. Between the two roofs lay a small flat space, used by its former proprietor as a place to dry clothes on, as was evident from the four tall posts at the corners. On this place Firebras and Sir Norfolk came to a stand, resolved to dispute the passage with their pursuers. Sword in hand, and calling to them to surrender, the foremost officer dashed down the roof. But his precipitation placed him at the mercy of Firebras; for his foot slipping, the latter struck his sword from his grasp. Sir Norfolk, in the interim, had encountered another foeman with equal success. This was the tall grenadier, who as he descended made a thrust at the baronet with his halbert, which the latter very adroitly parried, and lounging in return, disabled his adversary by a wound in the arm. At the same moment, too, the tiles give way under the weight of the grenadier, and he sunk above the knees in the roof. Other foes were now at hand. The second officer, carrying a lantern in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other, appeared on the roof; while the tall caps and bayonets of the rest of the grenadiers were seen above it. Though Sir Norfolk, whose blood was up, would have willingly awaited the advance of these new opponents, he yielded to the entreaties of Firebras, and followed him through the door, which was instantly secured behind them by a couple of strong bolts.

The house in which the Jacobites had taken refuge was expressly hired by them for an occasion like the present, and kept wholly uninhabited. The mode of communication between it and the Rose and Crown will, it is hoped, be sufficiently understood from the foregoing description. That so many unforeseen accidents should have occurred at a time when, if ever, things ought to have been in readiness, almost drove the poor landlord distracted; but if he could have watched Mr. Cripps's manœuvres, he would have speedily found out the cause of the delays. In the first instance, a penknife, dexterously slipped by the valet into the groove of the window, prevented it from moving, and had well-nigh, as has been seen, occasioned the capture of the fugitives. This difficulty having been overcome by the strenuous efforts of Sir Bulkeley and Mr. Travers, Mr. Cripps was the first to scramble through the window.

"Which way?" he cried to the landlord, who was following.

"Over the roof, and to the door opposite," was the reply.

Nimbly as a cat, the agile valet bounded over the roof, and instantly perceiving the door, made towards it. A key was in the lock; he turned it, took it out, and dropped it into the street below. He then began to shake the door violently, and shouted to the landlord, who at that moment came in sight.

"Unlock it—unlock it!" cried the host.

"I can't," cried Mr. Cripps; "there is no key. 'Pon rep! we shall be all taken."

"No key!" exclaimed the landlord. "Impossible! I saw it there this morning myself. It must have dropped down. Look about for it."

Mr. Cripps feigned compliance, and the landlord coming up, poured forth a torrent of imprecations on finding his statement correct. Father Verselyn, as has been related, crept back to Firebras, while the others used their efforts to open the door. Nor were they long in effecting their purpose. Finding all other attempts fail, the landlord stepped back on the leads, and running to give additional impetus to the blow, dashed his foot against the door. The lock yielded with a loud crash.

Baulked in his schemes, the plotting valet would fain have practised some

new trick upon them, but the presence of Cordwell Firebras, whose suspicions he was fearful of arousing, restrained him. Indeed, he had little opportunity for further display of his art. Ordering the others to go down stairs, Firebras only tarried to lock an inner door, and then followed them. The house, as already stated, was perfectly empty, and opened at the back into a court, which branched off into several of those intricate alleys with which Petty France abounds. Two minutes had not elapsed before the fugitives found shelter in this court, and were rapidly threading it; and though they were noticed by some of the neighbours, who had been alarmed by the shouts of the soldiery, and who took them for a gang of housebreakers, they effected their retreat without further molestation. The officer and his followers succeeded in breaking into the garret; but before they could burst open the inner door, the party had quitted the house. Guided by the landlord, the priest and Mr. Travers scudded through a labyrinth of passages leading in the direction of the New Chapel, which building they skirted on the left, and crossing Stretton's Ground, found a secure asylum at a small public-house in Duck Lane, where the landlord was known, and where the unfortunate priest, who had become very faint from loss of blood, was enabled to get his wound dressed. Sir Bulkeley Price, Sir Norfolk, and Firebras, took the opposite direction; and after traversing several narrow passages, reached James Street, where, finding they were not pursued, they slackened their pace, and entering the Park at the gate near the lower end of Rosamond's Pond, proceeded to Firebras's lodgings. A slight tap against the window speedily procured them admittance. The shutters were then closed, and Firebras threw himself into a chair, and for some minutes maintained a profound silence, which neither of his companions seemed disposed to break.

"Well, gentlemen," he said at length, "our meetings at the Rose and Crown are over. We must find some other place of rendezvous. This is a most unlucky chance."

"There was never plot nor conjuration but experienced some contrarious accident, Mr. Firebras," replied Sir Norfolk, calmly. "I am in nowise astonied at it."

"In my opinion, treachery has been practised upon us," remarked Sir Bulkeley; "and I suspect the landlord is the author of it."

"My suspicions attach to Mr. Villiers's gaudily ornate serving-man," rejoined Sir Norfolk. "I own I disliked him ab inceptio."

Firebras said nothing; but rose, and opening a cupboard, took out a bottle of rosa solis and glasses, and set them before his guests. Sir Bulkeley quickly tossed off a couple of glasses; but Sir Norfolk, who was a pattern of sobriety, as he was a model of punctilio, declined to drink. They then fell into debate, and it was broad daylight before they separated,—Sir Bulkeley taking his way across the Park to his residence in Saint James's Square, and Sir Norfolk proceeding to his lodgings in Abingdon Street.

It now only remains to inquire after Mr. Cripps. He followed the landlord and his party for a short distance, and then coming to a halt, held a brief communion with himself.

"I have failed this time," he thought; "but it is all owing to the management of that brainless little barber. However, I'll take care he the full blame of it with the Jacobites; and the next time I attempt capture, I'll make sure work of it. It will be no use h against any of them, for no proof can now be obtained o at the meeting. No, no; I must keep upon terms wi my time. They must all be taken in the fact; and then

proportionate. I wonder whether Pokerich is in safety. I saw the little rascal among the guard on the house-top, and he looked almost as much frightened as Father Verselyn. By the bye, something may be made of that priest. He's a double-dealer, I'll be sworn. 'Pon rep! I like these nocturnal adventures vastly. They remind me of the romances I've read, and make me fancy myself a hero. A hero! Egad, the heroes of romance don't generally betray their friends. But that only shews those authors don't draw from real life. But I must go home and get a little rest, or I shan't be in cue for Marylebone Gardens and my dear Mrs. Nettleship to-morrow."

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

MR. JUKES'S NOTIONS OF DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.—TRUSSELL A LITTLE THE WORSE FOR WINE.—RANDULPH RECEIVES A NOTE FROM FIREBRAS.—ABEL'S VISIT TO THE MISER.—JACOB OFFERS HIS SERVICES TO ABEL—THE RESULT OF THE INTERVIEW.

SHORTLY after Hilda's departure, Abel Beechcroft summoned his butler, and informed him he was going out. "I shall be back in time for dinner," he said. If Miss Scarve should call again during my absence, which is not impossible, though I think it unlikely, shew her into the library; and take care that Randulph does not see her."

"I was in hopes, sir, that your interview with that dear young lady might have altered your views in regard to your nephew," replied Mr. Jukes. "I've been pleasing myself ever since she went away with the idea of the nice wife she'd make Mr. Randulph. They seem cut out for each other—just of an age—and it's difficult to say which is the handsomest. Bless my heart! if the marriage *should* take place, what a feast we should have, and how busy I should be! And then, of course, you'd have the young folks to live with you; and you'd get so fond of your new niece, that you wouldn't bear her out of sight for an instant, but would be happier than you've been before. And then, in due time, you'd have to turn one of the upper rooms into a nursery, and I should see you sitting in your easy chair, not with a book before you, blinding your eyes, but with young Master Crew on a rocking-horse on one side, and young Miss Crew on t'other, while the nurse would be bringing you a third crowing little bantling in long petticoats, encouraging the growth of its teeth, and cultivating a taste for music at the same time with a silver rattle."

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Abel, who had allowed the butler to ramble on in his own way. "Your notions and mine of domestic happiness differ materially. I've always treated you with great confidence, Jukes," he added gravely; "and I confess I should be glad to see Randulph well and happily married. But I am in no hurry about it. It is desirable he should see something of the world—something more of female society, in order that he may understand his own tastes better before he takes a step on which the whole happiness, or misery, of his future life will hang. It's a sad thing for a man to discover, when too late, that he hasn't chosen well."

"It must be rather disagreeable, no doubt," rejoined Mr. Jukes; "but I don't consider an old bachelor like you a competent judge in the matter. However, if Mr. Randulph chooses Miss Hilda, he'll choose well,—that I'm prepared to maintain."

"Jukes," said Abel, sternly, "it is time to check your loquacity. Much as I am pleased with Hilda Scarve,—and I assure you she has won upon my affections in an extraordinary manner,—I do not desire, for reasons which *it is needless* to explain, that she should become the bride of my nephew.

"I confess I can't fathom your motive, sir," said Mr. Jukes; "unless—but I should have thought you too old."

"Too old for what, Jukes?" said Abel.

"At all events, I should have thought *her* too young," pursued the butler. "But stranger things *have* happened."

"What the deuce do you mean to insinuate, sirrah?" cried Abel.

"Why, I fancy you want to marry Miss Hilda yourself, sir," replied the butler. "And I'm sure I've no objection,—none on earth, if you can get the lady's consent. Only I think there's a little too much disparity, that's all."

Abel flushed to his very temples, and then became pale as death. He made no reply, however, but walked quickly towards the window, returning the next moment with his wonted composure.

"I scarcely know whether to laugh at you, or reprove you for your strange supposition, Jukes," he said. "In any other case than this, I certainly should have been angry, but here," he continued, in a slightly-tremulous tone, "my feelings are too deeply interested. No, Jukes, I shall never marry, least of all, the daughter of ——" here his utterance failed him.

"I understand, sir," resumed Jukes, hastily. "Don't say another word. I see my mistake."

"Then repair it," rejoined Abel, recovering himself. "Mind, I will have no excuse for neglecting my instructions."

With this, he proceeded to the hall, and taking up his hat and stick, reiterated his injunctions to the butler, and went forth.

Mr. Jukes returned to his pantry, ruminating on what had occurred, and muttering to himself, "I almost wish our quiet house had'nt been disturbed by these young people. I perceive plainly that Randulph will fall over head and ears in love with Hilda—if he hasn't done so already—and then my master 'll quarrel with him, and then—but no, he's sure to pardon him, just as I always overlook the faults of my graceless nephew, Crackenthorpe. However, it wont do for me to bring 'em together; and I hope the young lady may'nt come back."

His apprehensions were groundless. At the very time he was thinking of her, Hilda was passing the Folly on the Thames.

At a little before four o'clock, Abel Beechcroft returned; and seemed much relieved to find that nothing had occurred during his absence. He sat down to dinner by himself at the appointed time, discussed the meal in silence, and even when the wine was placed before him, evinced so little disposition to talk, that Mr. Jukes took the hint, and left him alone. He continued in the same mood during the whole evening,—reading as long as the light permitted, and then repairing to the garden, where he remained till he was summoned to supper. In reply to his inquiries whether his brother and nephew had come back, he was told that the former had returned about an hour ago, alone.

"Alone!" echoed Abel, shrugging his shoulders, and glancing triumphantly at Mr. Jukes. "I told you how it would be. His career of dissipation has begun with a vengeance. Where will it end, eh?—where will it end, Jukes? Tell me that."

"I wish I could," responded the latter, with something like a groan.

Abel found his brother in the supper-room, and at once perceived fi his uncertain movements and flushed looks, that he had taken too much w

"So you have not brought your pupil home with you" he observed, dr "Where is he?"

"'Pon my soul, that's more than I can tell!' ll. "H dined with Sir Singleton Spinke and myself at a Suffolk

Street, and left us to keep an appointment—he! he!—soon after five o'clock. I expected to find him here on my return; but I suppose he has been detained. You must make allowances for young men, sir. It is his first indiscretion. Ha! ha!"

"I hope it will be his last," replied Abel, seating himself. And as the supper proceeded, he elicited from Trussell, whose condition rendered him exceedingly communicative, a full account of all that had occurred during the morning, including even the glimpse they had obtained of Hilda, at the time of her passing the Folly.

"And did she see Randulph?" asked Abel, quickly.

"To be sure," replied Trussell, laughing; "she couldn't help it. The boat was close to us. And, egad! I must say, if I'm any judge of such matters—which I flatter myself I am—she looked desperately annoyed at seeing him with the pretty actress—he! he! Your health, brother!" he added, raising a bumper of claret, poured out by the butler, to his lips.

"I'm not sorry for the rencounter," muttered Abel. "A glass of white wine, Jukes. Brother, I drink to you. And how did Randulph behave on the occasion?"

"It embarrassed him devilishly," rejoined Trussell; "and, in fact, he didn't recover himself during the whole day."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Abel, thoughtfully. "And is he gone to visit the pretty actress, Kitty Conway, to-night—eh?"

"I'faith, I can't say," replied Trussell, laughing. "I left him to his own devices. But we shall have him back presently; and then you can catechise him yourself—ha! ha!"

Trussell continued talking, laughing, and quaffing during the whole of supper. He was in far too jovial a mood to notice, or heed if he did notice them, the grave looks of his brother, at his boasts of the introductions he should give his nephew, the sights he should shew him, and the perfect gentleman he would make him. Abel's brow grew dark as the clock struck eleven, and Randulph had not returned. He made no remark, however, but rising, called for a light, and, wishing his brother good night, retired to rest.

"I'm afraid Mr. Randulph has displeased his uncle, Mr. Trussell," said Mr. Jukes. "I wish he had come home before the old gentleman went to bed."

"I wish he had, Mr. Jukes," replied Trussell, laughing; "but it can't be helped. Boys will be boys. I needn't tell you I was just such another at his age."

"You were a great deal worse than he'll ever be, I hope," replied the butler.

"Ha! ha! I fear so, Jukes," replied Trussell, smiling, as if a high compliment had been paid him. "I was a sad fellow—a sad fellow! I've been talking over old times and old adventures with Sir Singleton Spinke; and I fear we were terrible rakes—he! he! The young men of the present day have sadly degenerated. They haven't half the spirit of the beaux of good Queen Ann's days, when I was young—that is, when I was a boy, for I'm young still. The bottle's empty, Jukes. But, perhaps, you think I've had wine enough. And, i'faith, I almost think I have myself. So I'll e'en seek my pillow. Sit up for Randulph, Jukes. I'll lecture him in the morning. Carry the candle, old fellow, and lend me your arm, for I don't feel quite so steady as usual." And in this way, he was conveyed up stairs.

Abel's first inquiry, when Mr. Jukes entered his room on the following *morning* at seven o'clock, was as to the time at which his nephew re-

George Cruikshank

Randulph Crew delivering the packet to Mr Scarve.

London Published by Hugh Cunningham 1842

turned overnight, and he received for reply, "Oh! somewhere about half-past eleven, or twelve, sir. I didn't exactly observe."

"You took care not to do so," rejoined Abel. "But what account did he give of himself?"

"I really did'nt question him, sir," returned Mr. Jukes—"he went to bed almost immediately. But if he retired late, he's up early enough; for he's in the garden already."

"The deuce he is!" cried Abel, getting up. "Well, come, that's in his favour, at all events. My dressing-gown, Jukes."

"If I might offer an opinion, sir," said the butler, as he assisted his master to put on his morning-robe, "I should say Mr. Randulph hasn't been at a gay party. He looks very thoughtful, and as if he had something in his mind. I hope he is'nt going to fight a duel."

"I hope not," cried Abel, hastily. "That may account for his getting up so early. I must see him, and prevent it. Don't let him go out, on any account, till I come down."

Having dressed himself as expeditiously as he could, he proceeded to the garden, where he found his nephew looking quite as pensive as he had been described by the butler.

"You were late home last night, Randulph?" he said, after the usual greeting had passed between them.

"I was, indeed, much later than I intended, uncle;" replied the young man; "but I was unavoidably detained."

"May I ask in what way?" rejoined Abel.

"Pardon me, uncle, if I do not answer the question," replied Randulph.

"I will not press you," rejoined Abel, severely. "But upon one point I require a direct answer. You have not, I trust, an affair of honour, so called —but most mistakenly—on hand?"

"I have not!" replied Randulph, emphatically.

"I believe you," rejoined Abel. "And so I am told you saw Hilda Scarve yesterday, and under circumstances not very agreeable to yourself?"

The young man blushed deeply.

"I am not sorry to find you have some shame left," said his uncle; "and trust the occurrence may prove a wholesome lesson to you. And now, while I am lecturing you, let me add that there are other dangers to which you may be exposed, besides those arising from pretty actresses, and dissipation. I mean political dangers—dangers springing from the secret societies and their agents. Your father, I am aware, inclined to the Jacobite cause; and I am aware, also, that your mother had, and still has, the same bias. But she gave me to understand you were a stanch Hanoverian. Has she misrepresented you?"

"Most assuredly not!" replied Randulph. "But I have troubled myself so little about the matter, that it is only lately that I have discovered that her opinions were adverse to my own. I am obliged to you for the caution you have given me. Do you chance to know a gentleman named Cordwell Firebras?"

"The name seems familiar to me," replied Abel, musing. "Ah! now I recollect it. It belonged to a person who was concerned in the Rebellion of '15, and had well-nigh involved your father in it. But what of him?" he continued, regarding Randulph fixedly. "Do you know him? Have you met him since you came to town?"

"I must again decline answering the question, uncle," replied Randulph.

"Your declining to do so *is* an answer in this case," rejoined Abel; "and I must warn you against him as a most dangerous person. Thirty ye—

elapsed since this Firebras placed your poor father in fearful jeopardy. But if he is the person I have heard described, they will not have changed him."

"Set your mind at rest as to his influence over me," replied Randulph. "I shall never waver in my loyalty."

"I am glad to hear it, nephew," returned Abel; "for rely upon it, if, unhappily, another rebellion should break out, it will end as disastrously as the first. And now let us go to breakfast."

And leading the way to the house, they sat down to the well-spread board. Trussell did not make his appearance, and the meal passed off satisfactorily enough, until, towards its close, Mr. Jukes brought a note, which he delivered to Randulph.

"By your leave, uncle," said Randulph, glancing in some confusion at the superscription, and recognising the hand.

He then broke the seal, and read as follows:—

"I am going to Mr. Scarve; and if I have an assurance of regret from you for your hasty conduct last night, and an undertaking that you will join us, I will engage to procure you the hand of his daughter. Your determination must be speedily made; for to-day he is about to sign a marriage-contract with his nephew, Philip Frewin. The bearer will bring you to me, if you desire to see me. "C. F."

"You seem agitated, nephew," observed Abel. "Are the contents of that note secret?"

"Indeed, sir, they are," replied Randulph. "And, what is more, I must answer them in person."

"O, by all means do so," replied Abel, testily. "But remember my caution."

Randulph then hurried out of the room, and found, in the hall, the landlord of the Rose and Crown, who had brought him the note.

"Are you going with me, sir?" asked the landlord.

Randulph replied in the affirmative; and they quitted the house together.

Abel was a good deal surprised and annoyed at his nephew's departure, and repaired to his library, where he endeavoured to compose his thoughts with a book. But the remedy in this instance proved futile; for when Mr. Jukes entered the room about an hour afterwards, he found him pacing to and fro within it, with a disturbed air.

"Well, is Randulph returned?" he asked quickly.

"No, sir," replied the butler. "I am come to say that Mr. Scarve's servant, Jacob Post, is without, and wishes to speak with you."

"What's his business?" demanded Abel, sharply.

"I didn't inquire, sir," replied Mr. Jukes; "but something I should fancy relating to Miss Hilda."

The butler's reply was here a little wide of the truth. He had tried to pump Jacob as to his errand, but the latter declined to satisfy his curiosity.

"Most likely," said Abel. "Shew him in."

And the next moment Jacob was admitted. He had his crabstick under his arm, and twisted his hat between his fingers as before, looking any way but direct at Abel. Seeing that his presence was desired by neither party, Mr. Jukes retired.

"Well, friend, what has brought you hither!" asked Abel.

Jacob coughed, and tried to clear away the huskiness that impeded his articulation.

"I'm come to see whether you've a situation for me, sir," he said, after sundry ineffectual attempts at plain speaking. "Wages isn't an object with

me, sir,—they isn't, indeed. And I should like to serve you better than any other gen'l'man I know of."

"What! have you left Mr. Scarve?" said Abel.

"Not yet, sir," replied Jacob. "But he's given me notice. And if he hadn't, I think I should have done the same by him. He's grown worse than ever. He promised to give me a recommendation to you. But I don't think he meant what he said."

"Well, I'll see what can be done for you," rejoined Abel; "that is, if Mr. Jukes can find you a place,—for I must leave the matter entirely to him. But what about your young mistress?"

"I was comin' to her, sir," replied Jacob; "but I thought I'd settle my own affairs first. I've no good news to tell you about her. Master locked her in her own room last night, and he declares he wont let her out till she consents to marry his ne'vy."

Abel uttered an angry exclamation.

"Within these few days he's grown a downright barbareous domestic tyrant!" continued Jacob. "There's no bearin' him. But to be sure he had enough to put him out of his way yesterday; for do you know, sir, he was robbed of fourteen thousand pounds during our absence. However, he took it more quietly than one might have expected; and I can't help thinkin' as how one Mr. Cordwell Firebras, a strange gentleman who visited him yester-morning, knew somethin' about it."

"Cordwell Firebras! Has he been with him?" said Abel, in surprise.

"He was with him twice yesterday," replied Jacob. "And a note came from him this mornin', which I know, from some chance expressions let fall by the old fellow concernin' it, related to your ne'vy and his daughter."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Abel.

"I almost fancy Mr. Firebras advised him to make up a marriage between 'em," pursued Jacob.

"'Sdeath!" exclaimed Abel, furiously. "How dares he make such a proposition? Who gave him commission to interfere?"

"That's more than I can tell," replied Jacob. "But howsomedever I don't think master'll pay much attention to him, for he is goin' to sign a marriage counteract with Mr. Philip Frewin and his attorney this mornin'."

"It must not be," rejoined Abel. "That Frewin is an impostor."

"So I thought from the first," returned Jacob; "but yesterday it was confirmed to me." And he proceeded to detail what he had witnessed at the Folly on the Thames.

Abel heard him in silence, and at the close of his narration, said, "Much as I dislike your master—painful as the interview will be to me, I will see him myself. Do not announce my coming, but take care I obtain admittance. Get some refreshment as quickly as you can, and then make the best of your way home."

Jacob was not slow in obeying the injunction. Repairing to the kitchen, in less than five minutes he laid bare a cold shoulder of lamb, despatched half a dozen lettuces, which he plunged into a salt-stand, and then thrust almost whole into his capacious mouth, disposed of rather better than half a loaf, and washed all down with a large jug of strong ale. He then set off to the stairs by the river side, where his boat awaited him, and jumping into it, pulled off as swiftly as he could to the opposite bank.

Half an hour afterwards, Abel Beecheroft set forth; and taking his way beneath the trees of the Bishop's walk—his own favourite promenade, where he used to pass the greater portion of each day, gazing at the broad and beautiful stream flowing past it,—proceeded along the Stangate, and c

Westminster Bridge, directed his steps towards the Little Sanctuary. As he approached the miser's dwelling, a tide of tumultuous feeling pressed upon him, and he almost doubted his power of sustaining the interview he was about to seek; but stringing himself up to the task, he knocked at the door. The summons was instantly answered by Jacob, who was in readiness, and who, without a word, admitted him.

"You're just in time, sir," said the latter, as he shut the door, in a deep whisper,—"he's with him."

"Who!—Philip Frewin?" demanded Abel, in the same tone.

"Ay, ay," replied Jacob. "Philip Frewin, and his attorney, Mr. Diggs." And striding along the passage, he threw open the door, and bellowed out, "Mr. Abel Beechcroft."

This unlooked-for announcement, followed by the entrance of the old man, whose stern features were charged with a menacing expression, and who did not remove his hat, caused the utmost surprise and consternation among the trio. The miser was seated at the table, listening to a clause in a legal instrument which had been drawn up by Diggs, who was reading it to him, but who instantly stopped on hearing the name of his visitor. Philip, whose back was to the door, turned round in some confusion, and the miser, though greatly disconcerted, made an effort to command himself, and said in a voice of forced politeness, though suppressed rage, ;"May I ask to what I am to attribute the honour of this most unexpected visit, Mr. Beechcroft?"

"You will attribute it solely to the interest I take in your daughter's welfare, Mr. Scarve," replied Abel. "I would preserve her from the arts of a scoundrel, to whom you are about to consign her."

"You are not perhaps aware in whose presence you stand, Mr. Beechcroft?" cried Philip, rising and furiously regarding him.

"I believe you are Mr. Philip Frewin, the very person I referred to," replied Abel, coldly.

"Then I am to understand you applied the opprobrious term you have just used, to me?" cried Philip.

"Most distinctly!" rejoined Abel. "And I am willing to repeat it,—to strengthen it,—if you desire it."

"Sir, you shall render me an account for this insolence," cried Philip, clapping his hand to his side, and betraying by the movement—for he was disguised in his tattered apparel—that he was accustomed to carry a sword.

"Let the law deal with him, my good sir," interrupted Diggs. "You have a fair ground of action for defamation. As a professional man, I warn you to take heed what you say of my respectable client, Mr. Beechcroft."

"You and 'your respectable client' will pursue whatever course you think proper," replied Abel; "but do not imagine your menaces will prevent me from disclosing the truth to Mr. Scarve."

"If you have come to defame my nephew to me, Mr. Beechcroft, your errand will be fruitless," said the miser, who had by this time fully recovered his composure. "I must decline hearing anything you have to say. After what passed between us, years ago, I am surprised you should come here at all; and I am still more surprised that you have obtained admittance, which you certainly would not have done if my inclinations had been consulted. But it seems I am no longer master of my own house, or of my own servants."

"Mr. Scarve," said Abel, in a commanding tone, and with a look that made the miser quail, "I have been called upon—solemnly called upon—to take this step. You well know the opinion I entertain of you, and the abhorrence in which I hold you—and that nothing would have brought me near

you but a matter of the utmost urgency. I have been called upon, I repeat, by an appeal which I could not resist"—his voice slightly trembled —"to befriend your daughter, and at the sacrifice of all personal consideration, I will befriend her. She herself has told me she has the strongest dislike to your nephew, and never will marry him."

"All this may be very true, sir," replied the miser, "but I am at a loss to understand the right you have to mix yourself up in my affairs."

"He has no right whatever, legal or otherwise, to do so," interposed Diggs.

"I shall assume it, then," replied Abel. "Mr. Scarve, if you are deaf to the appeal I have made to you—if you can resist the dying wish of your much-injured wife, for her's is the charge laid upon me, and are determined to force the inclinations of your child—if neither of these instances have weight with you, at least exercise the prudence which has hitherto been supposed to guide your conduct. You know me too well to suppose for an instant that I would deceive you. I therefore in your presence, and in his presence, denounce your nephew as an impostor—a cheat—a swindler!"

"'Sdeath! sir, if you go on thus," cried Philip, fiercely, "neither your years nor my uncle's presence shall protect you."

"Let him take his own course," said Diggs, taking up a pen, and making some hasty memoranda on a sheet of paper. "We shall have swingeing damages—swingeing damages."

"Mr. Beechcroft," said the miser, "the opinion you have expressed of me is fully reciprocated. You cannot hate me more than I hate you. Nevertheless, I am free to admit that you are incapable of advancing a deliberate falsehood; and I therefore believe that you think what you tell me of my nephew. But you are completely deceived; and some one, for a base purpose, has practised upon your credulity. Mr. Philip Frewin is a careful and a prudent man—far too careful to please you—and has, in a few years, saved a large sum of money. This, his attorney and mine, Mr. Diggs will, I am persuaded, testify to you."

"Unless bonds, mortgages, and leases, to the tune of thirty thousand pounds and upwards go for nothing, I certainly can do so," replied Diggs. "Mr. Philip Frewin is worth that sum, besides an equal amount left him by his father, and which I have every reason to believe he holds in his possession. I agree with you, Mr. Scarve. Mr. Beechcroft must be the dupe of some designing person. But I can soon convince him of his error."

"You will perhaps convince my attorney, Mr. Plaskett, of Lincoln's Inn, whom I have instructed to make inquiries on the subject, sir," returned Abel, incredulously. "Meantime, I am satisfied that I have sufficient warrant for my opinion, and I therefore adhere to it. I also give you warning, Mr. Diggs, that I shall hold you accountable for your statement. You say that Mr. Philip Frewin is wealthy—that you have deeds of his in your possession, proving him worth thirty thousand pounds and upwards. Let those deeds be exhibited to Mr. Scarve."

"There is some reason in this, Diggs," remarked the miser. "I should like to see them."

"If my client permits it, and you desire it, I can have no objection," replied Diggs, readily, yet with a certain uneasiness; "but I am grieved to think such a degrading course should be necessary to support a character which ought to be above all suspicion."

"Circumstances seem to render it necessary," said the miser. "And it must be as satisfactory to my nephew, as it will be agreeable to myself, that his character should be cleared from these aspersions."

"Undoubtedly," replied Philip; "and I will not rest till I have so cleared it."

"And to reduce the charges to a distinct form," said Abel, sternly, "I declare you, Philip Frewin, to be a ruined spendthrift and debauchee, seeking, under the disguise of a wretched miser, to delude your uncle into giving you his daughter. I charge you, also, Mr. Diggs, with assisting him in the cheat. As a professional man, you well know what the consequences of your fraudulent conduct will be."

"Aware that I have nothing to fear, I deride your threat," said Diggs, boldly.

"And so do I," added Philip, with a quavering laugh.

"May I hope, then, that you will suspend all further negotiations respecting your daughter's marriage till you are fully satisfied on these points, Mr. Scarve?" said Abel.

"I will," replied the miser.

"Mr. Beechcroft may appear very disinterested in this matter," said Philip; "but in my opinion the main object of his interference is to obtain my cousin's hand for his nephew."

"So far from that being the case," said Abel, "I would as soon consent to her union with yourself, as with him."

"Hum!" exclaimed the attorney.

"Don't alarm yourself on that score, nephew," said the miser. "Make good your own case, and Hilda is yours. But come what may, depend upon it, she shall never be the wife of Randulph Crew with my consent, or with a farthing of mine."

"Or of mine," subjoined Abel.

As these words were uttered, the side door opened, and Hilda entered, followed by Mrs. Clinton.

"Ah!" exclaimed the miser, darting an angry look at her. "What do you want here?—who let you out of your room?"

"Jacob unlocked the door, and informed me that Mr. Beechcroft was below," she replied; "and I therefore came down to see him."

"I trust I have opened your father's eyes to the trick attempted to be practised upon him," said Abel. "He has promised not to proceed in the matter till a satisfactory explanation is given him respecting your cousin's affairs. And as I know that can never be done, the match is virtually at an end."

"If it were not so," replied Hilda, "it would make no difference with me, for I here declare before you, that even if my cousin should prove to be what he represents himself, I will never wed him."

"After such a declaration, young man, is it possible you can desire to prosecute the match?" said Abel.

"Is my cousin in earnest?" asked Philip.

"You could scarcely doubt it," she replied. "But if you require a reiterated assurance, take it."

"Then, sir, if Hilda retains these opinions," said Philip, to his uncle, "there is an end of the affair."

"How so?" cried the miser. "You have my concurrence. Hilda will not dare to disobey me—to brave my displeasure."

"I will not take her on those terms," replied Philip. "I will have her by her own free consent, or not at all."

"Ah! you are more scrupulous than you were yesterday," observed the miser suspiciously. "You shrink from your bargain. There is some truth *in what* Mr. Beechcroft has stated."

"Take care, sir," observed Mr. Diggs to Philip. "Your motives will be misconstrued."

"I care not," replied Philip. "I should be worse than Mr. Beechcroft represents me, to pursue a match when the lady expresses so decided an opinion against it. I therefore beg to resign all pretensions to her hand."

"Nephew!" exclaimed the miser, in surprise.

"I am grateful for the good opinion you have entertained of me, uncle," pursued Philip; "and though I thus deprive myself of all chance of becoming your son-in-law, I will take care that you are fully satisfied of my title to that honour. Mr. Diggs shall wait upon you with the deeds."

"You are hasty, Philip—"

"Not so, uncle. I wish you good morning."

And he was about to depart, when the door was again opened by Jacob, admitting Cordwell Firebras and Randulph. It would be difficult to say whether the new-comers, or those to whom they were introduced, were the most surprised. Amid the confusion, however, Randulph contrived to approach Hilda.

"I fear," he said,—"indeed I know I must have lowered myself in your opinion by my conduct yesterday. But, though it may be no exculpation, permit me to state that the situation in which you perceived me was the result of accident."

"No apologies are necessary to me, sir!" said Hilda, haughtily and distantly. "It cannot be other than matter of indifference to me who are your associates."

"Yet hear my explanation," pursued the young man. "The lady you saw me with was committed to my care by—as I live, by the very person who stands there, except that he was differently dressed at the time."

"I never saw you before, sir," said Philip—"never!"

"I am satisfied that is the person!" cried Randulph—"I would swear to his voice."

"After this, sir, can you longer question the cheat attempted to be played upon you?" said Abel to the miser.

"If he does doubt it," said Firebras, "I will open his eyes."

"It is plain I am tricked by some of you, and trifled with by all," cried the miser, angrily. "I would my house were rid of you!"

"You shall be rid of me, at all events, uncle," said Philip. "Again I wish you good morning. Come, sir," he added, to the attorney. And they left the house together.

"I am glad he is gone," said Firebras. "Mr. Scarve, I have the pleasure to tell you your nephew is a consummate rascal, and it is well you are rid of him. Mr. Abel Beechcroft, I did not expect to meet you here, but your presence is singularly opportune."

"For what, sir?" demanded Abel, coldly.

"Why, to come to some arrangement respecting a matter in which the happiness of your nephew is materially concerned," replied Firebras. "I hope, sir, if these young people," pointing to Randulph and Hilda, "can understand each other, you will throw no obstacle in the way. And you, friend Scarve," he added, turning to the miser, "I counsel you to place this young man in the position of your nephew. He will make her a far better husband, and—" he whispered a few words in the miser's ear.

"The condition, I presume, which you annex to the union is, that my nephew should join the Jacobite cause, Mr. Firebras?" demanded Abel.

Firebras made no reply.

"Is it not so, Randulph?" pursued Abel, sternly.

"Uncle," replied Randulph, rushing towards him, and flinging himself on his knee before him, "I love Hilda passionately, and would sacrifice my life for her!"

"But not, I hope, your honour," replied Abel, coldly. "Recollect to whom you owe allegiance. Maintain your loyalty unsullied, or I discard you."

"Be not too hasty, sir," cried Randulph; "more than my life hangs on your breath!"

"Randulph Crew," said the miser, "I have suffered things to proceed thus far without interruption, because I have been taken by surprise. But no importunities of your's, your uncle's, or Mr. Firebras's, shall prevail upon me to consent to your union with my daughter. And I positively interdict you from seeing her again!"

"And I lay the same injunction upon you," said Abel.

"Hilda!" exclaimed the young man, looking at her—"Hilda!" But she averted her gaze.

"Come with me," cried Abel, authoritatively.

And, heaving a deep sigh, Randulph followed his uncle out of the room.

"Hilda," said Cordwell Firebras, as soon as they were left alone—"you have lost a true lover—you, Mr. Scarve, have lost a good son-in-law—and I and the Jacobite cause have lost an excellent partisan."

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

MR. CRIPPS PERSONATES HIS MASTER.—MRS. NETTLESHIP.—THE VISIT TO MARYLEBONE GARDENS.—MR. CRIPPS DETECTED.

Neither Randulph nor his uncle felt disposed for conversation during their walk to Lambeth, whither they proceeded on quitting the miser's habitation; and, in fact, Abel thought it desirable to let the events that had just occurred work their own effect on his nephew's mind, without any assistance from him. Half an hour saw them home, and Mr. Jukes looked from one to the other, as if anxious to learn why they returned together; but he received no information. They found Trussell in the breakfast-room, reclining in an easy-chair, sipping a cup of cold green tea, to tranquillize his nerves, and reading the fashionable movements and intelligence in a morning paper, by the aid of a pair of spectacles, which he hastily took off on hearing their approach. He had on a loose brocade dressing-gown, a crimson silk night-cap, slippers down at the heel, and ungartered hose hanging loosely about his legs. Altogether, he had a very rakish and dissolute appearance. His eyes were red and inflamed, and his face flushed with the previous night's debauch. An open note lay beside him on the able, with a coronet on the seal. He looked up with an air of fashionable languor as his brother and nephew entered the room, and asked, yawningly, where they had been, but receiving no answer, jumped up, and repeated the inquiry with real interest.

"Don't ask, brother," replied Abel, significantly—"Let it suffice that all is now right."

"I'm glad to hear it," replied Trussell, "though I don't know what has been wrong. I've just received a note from Lady Brabazon, Randulph,

inviting us to accompany her to Marylebone Gardens this afternoon. You know we are engaged to dine with Sir Bulkeley Price."

"Go to the gardens, by all means," said uncle Abel, kindly—"it will serve to distract your thoughts."

"I ventured to answer for you, Randulph," pursued Trussell, "because there is a fête there to-day, and you are sure to be much amused. You'll find Marylebone very different from the Folly—ha! ha!"

"Only folly under a different name, and in a richer garb—that's all," laughed Abel.

"I'll now go and dress," said Trussell. "Lady Brab. has sent us a subscription ticket," he added, pointing to a silver medal, about the size of a modern ivory opera ticket, or "bone," stamped with designs in bold bas-relief, numbered, and inscribed "MARYBONE — ADMIT TWO," with the date, 1744.

Abel took up the ticket, glanced at it, and laid it down with a smile. Randulph made an excuse for retiring to his own room, and on reaching it threw himself into a chair to indulge his reflections. And bitter and crushing they were. Till within the last hour, when he fully believed he had lost her for ever, he had not known the extent of his passion for Hilda. Now he felt—as all who have loved deeply have felt on some such occasion—that his existence had become a blank to him—and that he should never be entirely happy again. Again and again he reproached himself for his folly in respect to Kitty Conway; and he almost resolved, like Uncle Abel, to forswear a sex that occasioned him so much torment. A tap at the door aroused him from his meditations, and Mr. Jukes entering, informed him that his uncle Trussell was ready, and waiting for him. Randulph said he would be down in a moment; and making some slight change in his attire, which he scarcely thought suitable to the gay scene he was about to join, descended, and found his uncle in the hall, fully equipped in a snuff-coloured velvet coat, laced ruffles, diamond buckles, a well-powdered bag-wig, and a silver-hilted sword. Trussell appeared rather impatient, and declared they were behind time; and he proceeded at a rapid pace to the stairs near Lambeth Palace, where he called a boat, directing the waterman to row as quickly as he could to Whitehall Stairs—the nearest point to Pall Mall, where Lady Brabazon's magnificent house was situated.

As soon as they were gone, Abel summoned Mr. Jukes, and having partaken of a biscuit and a glass of wine, ordered the butler to prepare to attend him to Marylebone Gardens. Mr. Jukes, who was well enough pleased by the proposed expedition, made as little delay as was consistent with his dignity; and having delivered full instructions to the under-servant respecting dinner, presented himself in a well-powdered bob-major wig, a well-brushed brown coat, white waistcoat, and black velvets; and what with his round, rosy face, his swag paunch, and shapeless legs, looked the model of a well-considered, well-fed, and most respectable servant. Attended by the butler, Abel proceeded to Lambeth Stairs, where, as luck would have it, the ferryboat chanced to be crossing at that moment. Accordingly, they got into it, and in a few minutes were transported, together with a crowd of passengers of both sexes, and no less than six horses, in safety to the opposite side of the river. At the corner of Abingdon Street, they found a coach, which Abel instantly engaged, and got into it, while Mr. Jukes with some difficulty clambered up to the box. They then drove along the Horseferry Road; passed at the back of Buckingham House, and proceeded along Hyde Park Lane to their destination.

Meanwhile, Trussell and Randulph having arrived at Lady Brabazon's, were ushered into a magnificently-furnished drawing-room, where they found Beau Villiers, Sir Singleton Spinke, Clementina, and her ladyship; by the latter of whom they were very very graciously received. Lady Brabazon instantly perceived Randulph's dejection, and exerting all her powers of wit and raillery, soon raised his spirits. Whenever Lady Brabazon, indeed—mature coquette as she was—was determined to please, she seldom failed in accomplishing her purpose; and she directed her artillery with such tact and skill on the present occasion, that Randulph, armed as he conceived himself against such attacks, was not quite proof against her. It was quite evident, whether her feelings were interested or not in the conquest, that she was determined to captivate the young man. This was so apparent, that a slight feeling of jealousy was roused in the breast of the beau, and he somewhat abruptly intimated his intention of giving up a drive to Richmond, which he had meditated, and of accompanying them, instead, to Marylebone Gardens. This change of plan was not altogether to her ladyship's taste; but she affected to be delighted with it.

"By the bye, Mr. Crew," she said to Randulph, "you must attend my Drum to-morrow night. I have asked the new beauty whom Villiers has dicovered—I mean old Mr. Scarve, the miser's daughter. She's perfectly charming, Villiers says—but I forget; I needn't describe her, for you have seen her. As I live, I have called a blush to your cheeks! Ha! ha! don't you envy him his power of blushing, Villiers? Mr. Trussell Beechcroft, I suspect your nephew is in love with Miss Scarve. See how he crimsons at the mention of her name."

"Your ladyship forgets that my nephew is but newly imported from the country," replied Trussell. "He is not accustomed to the raillery of persons of your ladyship's wit."

"There's something more than bashfulness in his confusion," replied Lady Brabazon. "Mr. Crew is smitten by Miss Scarve—let him deny it if he can. And so for that matter is Villiers."

"I' faith am I," replied the beau; "and if her father will give her fifty thousand pounds, which I know he can do, I will make her a present of my name and person."

"You don't think it necessary to ask the young lady's consent?" said Randulph, scarcely able to conceal his displeasure.

"Assuredly not," replied the beau, with a self-sufficient smile, which Randulph thought perfectly intolerable—"I fancy I'm pretty certain of that."

"You see you've no chance, Mr. Crew," laughed Lady Brabazon—"Your only resource is to get some other fair dame or damsel to take compassion on you!"

"Your ladyship, for example," said the beau, in a sarcastic and significant whisper. "But the young man doesn't seem disposed to take the hint."

Randulph's thoughts, indeed, were elsewhere at the moment.

"Well, I suspect Miss Scarve wont turn out half so beautiful as Mr. Villiers represents her," said Clementina, who couldn't bear to hear any other beauty spoken of except her own,—"I've generally been disappointed in the objects of his admiration, and make no doubt she will be like the rest of them—very common-place, and very vulgar."

"She is neither one nor the other," said Randulph, with some vivacity.

"Didn't I tell you he was in love with her!" cried Lady Brabazon,

screaming with laughter, to shew her brilliant teeth. "She has refused him, and that accounts for his dejection."

Randulph's cheeks literally burnt with shame.

"Egad! Lady Brab, I believe you have hit the right nail on the head this time," whispered Sir Singleton Spinke.

"Your ladyship is a little too hard on my nephew," interposed Trussell. "Spare him, I entreat of you."

"Indeed, I shan't," replied Lady Brabazon—"He must learn to take such matters with indifference."

"Well, I hope we shall have an opportunity of seeing this fair creature," said Sir Singleton—"but I fear her father wont let her come. I'm told he watches her like a green dragon."

"I've asked him to bring her," said Lady Brabazon, "and I know he wont refuse me. Shall I confess it to you, Mr. Crew?" she added, laying her small white hand on his arm, "I've an admirer in this miser, whose heart is supposed to be fixed on his gold. Is not that a triumph?"

"A glorious one!" laughed Trussell—"but I don't wonder at any conquest on the part of your ladyship."

"If Mr. Scarve *should* propose, I advise your ladyship to accept him," said the beau.

"In that case, it wont do for you to make an offer to his daughter, Villiers," rejoined Lady Brabazon; "for I shall require him to settle all his property on me."

"Then I must get beforehand with you," said the beau, "for I'm resolved to have her."

At this moment, a footman entered, and informed Lady Brabazon that her carriage was at the door. He was followed by the little black page, leading the lap-dog by a silken cord.

"I shall not want you to-day, Mustapha," said her ladyship, taking the cord from him. "I will give Sappho an airing myself." She then arose, and taking Randulph's arm, and quitting the room with him, proceeded, through a line of powdered and richly-habited lackeys, to her carriage.

Clementina was escorted by Sir Singleton, and the two ladies being seated, Randulph was requested to take a place beside them. Mr. Villiers accommodated the two other gentlemen in his splendid equipage—the admiration of the day—and the carriages were ordered to drive to Marylebone Gardens.

Before repairing, however, to this celebrated place of entertainment, it will be needful to inquire into the proceedings of another person who proposed to visit it—namely, Mr. Cripps. Mr. Villiers, it will be remembered, had intended to drive over to Richmond on the day in question—to fulfil an engagment of more than a week's standing,—but had suddenly, from jealousy or whim, changed his mind. Calculating, however, upon his master's adherence to his original plan, the valet had determined to profit by his absence to visit Marylebone Gardens. Mr. Cripps, it has been shewn, was a very great person in his own estimation; but he sometimes represented himself as a far greater person than he had any title to be considered, and induing himself in his master's clothes, laid claim also to his master's title; in other words, sinking the vulgar name of Cripps, he would assume that of Villiers. His displays of this kind were chiefly confined to the eastern side of the metropolis, where he was pretty certain not to meet either his master or his friends; his principal places of resort being White Conduit-house, Sadler's Wells, Hockley-in-the-Hole, Islington, Hogsden, and certain other places o entertainment on the Surrey side of the water. One Sunday, when I

kind were held here; and the place continued in vogue until nearly the end of the century with which its rise commenced. In Marylebone gardens stood the notorious gambling-house to which John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, used to repair, and who at the close of the dinner with which he was wont to wind up the season, gave as a toast—"May as many of us as remain unhanged meet next spring!" It was in allusion to this duke, and to his haunt, that Lady Mary Wortley Montague wrote—

"Some Dukes at Mary'bone bowl time away."

Malcolm tells us that a few trees, once forming part of Marylebone Gardens, were standing at the north end of Harley Street in 1808. But we fear not even a stump of one of them is now left.

Carriages, coaches, and chairs were setting down their occupants at the entrance to the gardens, as Mr. Cripps and his companion drew near. Never had Mrs. Nettleship seen a gayer throng—the dresses she thought magnificent. There was Lady Ancaster, whom Mr. Cripps pointed out to her, in a brocaded lutestring sack, with ruby-coloured ground and white tobine stripes trimmed with floss—the Countess of Pomfret, in a black satin sack flowered with red and white—Lady Almeria Vane, in a scarlet unwatered tabby sack—Lady Ilchester, in a white tissue flowered sack. All these ladies wore hoops; but none of them, Mr. Cripps assured his companion, managed this equipment with half so much grace as herself. Throughout this stage of the business, Mr. Cripps had some difficulty in playing his part, and it required all his effrontery to enable him to go through with it. Having affirmed to his companion that he was an intimate acquaintance of all the ladies of rank he encountered, and in the habit of attending their routs and parties, he was under the necessity of sustaining the character, and he kept constantly bowing and kissing his hand to them. And in most cases he succeeded; for the ladies to whom his salutations were addressed, deceived by his showy attire, which seemed to mark him for somebody, returned them. Mrs. Nettleship was enchanted. To be attended by so fashionable a person, who knew all the *beau monde*, was supreme felicity. She would have given the world to be introduced to some of the fashionable ladies, and intimated as much to her companion; but he was too shrewd to attend to the suggestion, contenting himself with saying, with a very impassioned look, "I hope, my angel, that one of these days, I shall have the honour of introducing you to my fair friends under another name. 'Twould make me the happiest of men—'pon rep!"

"Ods bodkins! Mr. Willars, how you do confuse one!" exclaimed the lady, spreading her fan before her face.

By this time, they had gained the principal avenue leading towards the orchestra, and at each step he took, Mr. Cripps kissed his hand to some elegantly dressed person:—"There's my friend Lord Effingham and his countess," he said—"glad to see you, my lord—that's the pretty Mrs. Rackham—a bride, sweetheart, a *bride*," with tender emphasis—"that's the rich Mrs. Draper—I daren't look at her, for she's determined to have me, whether I wish or no, and I can't make up my mind to it, though she's promised to settle sixty thousand pounds upon me, and to die in six months."

"La! Mr. Willars, you wouldn't sell yourself to such an ojus creature as that!" cried Mrs. Nettleship—"why, she's a perfect fright, and *so* dressed!"

"Precisely what you describe her, 'pon rep!" replied Mr. Cripps. "But do listen to the music. Isn't it inspiring?"

And they paused for a moment to listen to the lively strains proceeding from the orchestra, which was placed at one end of a large building facing

the principal walk. By this time, the company had almost entirely assembled. The main walk was completely thronged, and presented the appearance of the Mall at high tide, while all the boxes and alcoves were filled with persons discussing bowls of punch, plates of ham, chickens, salads, and other good things. The band in the orchestra was excellent, and the lively airs and symphonies added to the excitement and spirit of the scene. Mr. Cripps created a great sensation. Many persons thought they had seen him before, but no one could tell who he was. Meanwhile, the object of this attention continued to dispense his bows and smiles, flourished his clouded cane, tapped his magnificent snuff-box, and after astonishing all the beholders with his coxcombry, glided off with his companion into one of the side walks.

He had scarcely disappeared, when Lady Brabazon and her party entered the main walk. Her ladyship led her little spaniel by its string, and was attended on one side by the beau, and on the other by Trussell. Behind them walked Clementina, who had contrived to allure Randulph from her mother, and to attach him to her, while on the young man's left walked Sir Singleton Spinke.

Every body that Mr. Villiers encountered told him of the prodigious beau who had just been seen on the walk—Lord Effingham, Major Burrowes, Lord Dyneover, Sir John Fagg—all described him.

"Who the devil is he?" cried Villiers.

"Haven't the least idea," replied Sir John Fagg. "But I'll speak to him, if I meet him again. He's your very double, Villiers. I'll swear he has employed Desmartins to make him a suit precisely like your own."

"Has he!" cried the beau, indignantly — "Then I'll never employ a rascally Frenchman again! and what is more, I wont pay him his bill."

The same thing was told him by twenty other persons, and the beau looked anxiously round for his personator, but was for some time unable to discover him.

Meanwhile, Mr. Cripps had sought this secluded walk to give him an opportunity of making a declaration to the widow, and though he was not positively accepted, he was not decidedly refused,—the lady only asking time to consider over the proposal. The audacious valet was on his knees, and rapturously kissing her hand, vowing he would never rise till he received a favourable answer to his suit, when two persons were seen approaching, whom, to his infinite mortification and surprise, he recognised as Abel Beechcroft and his uncle, Mr. Jukes.

"We are interrupted, my charmer," he cried, getting up, with a countenance of angry dismay — "Let us return to the public promenade. You wont refuse me? I shall kill myself, 'pon rep, if you do!"

"I'll think of it, Mr. Willars," said Mrs. Nettleship, twirling her fan. "But it would be a dreadful thing if I was to break my engagement to Mr. Rathbone!"

"Oh! curse Mr. Rathbone! I'll cut his throat!" cried Mr. Cripps, glancing anxiously down the walk. But unfortunately there was no outlet at the lower end, and he was compelled to turn and face the intruders. He looked also to the right and left, but on neither side was there a box or an arbour into which he could retreat. Nothing was left for it but impudence, and luckily for him, this quality seldom deserted him at a pinch. Putting on his boldest manner, he strutted gaily, and with affected nonchalance, towards Abel and his uncle, who, as he advanced, stepped a little aside to look at him.

"Why, as I live!" cried Abel, "that's Mr. Villiers's valet—your nephew, Jukes."

"Lord save us! so it is," cried Mr. Jukes, lifting up his hands in astonishment. "Why, Crackenthorpe, what are you doing here—and in your master's clothes?"

"Truce to your jests, old fellow," said Mr. Cripps, angrily, "and let me pass."

"What! disown your uncle!" cried Mr. Jukes, angrily, "and in the presence of his worthy master! The rascal would deny his own father. Pay me the ten crowns you borrowed from me yesterday."

"La! Mr. Willars, what's the meaning of all this?" asked Mrs. Nettleship.

"'Pon my soul, my angel, I don't know, unless the old hunks has been drinking," replied Mr. Cripps. "The rack punch has evidenty got into his his head, and made him mistake one person for another."

"Rack punch!" cried Mr. Jukes, furiously. "I haven't tasted a drop! You call him Mr. Villiers, ma'am," he added, to Mrs. Nettleship—"He's deceiving you, ma'am. He's not Mr. Villiers—he's his gentleman—his valet."

"A truce to this folly, you superannuated old dolt!" cried Mr. Cripps, raising his cane, "or I'll chastise you."

"Chastise me!" exclaimed the butler, angrily. "Touch me, if you dare, rascal. Crackenthorpe, Crackenthorpe—you'll certainly be hanged."

"Let him alone, Jukes," interposed Abel. "He'll meet his master at the corner of the walk, and I should like to see how he'll carry it off."

Taking advantage of the interference, Mr. Cripps passed on with his inamorata, who was as anxious to escape from the scene as himself; while Abel and Mr. Jukes followed them at a short distance.

It fell out as Abel had foreseen. As Mr. Cripps issued into the broad walk, right in before him, and not many yards off, were his master and Lady Brabazon, together with the rest of the party. If the valet ever had need of assurance, it was now. But though ready to sink into the earth, he was true to himself, and exhibited no outward signs of discomposure. On the contrary, he drew forth his snuff-box, took a pinch, in his airiest manner, and said to Mrs. Nettleship—"There's Lady Brabazon—accounted one of the finest women of the day, but, upon my soul, she's not to be compared with you."

With this, he made a profound salutation to Lady Brabazon, who looked petrified with astonishment, and kissed his hand to Trussell, who was ready to die with laughing. As to the beau, he grasped his cane in a manner that plainly betokened his intention of laying it across his valet's shoulders. But the latter divining his intention, and seeing that nothing but a bold manœuvre could now save him, strutted up to him, and said in a loud voice—"Ah! my dear fellow—how d'ye do—glad to see you—plenty of company"—adding, in a lower tone,—"For heaven's sake, sir, don't mar my fortune. I'm about to be married to that lady, sir—large fortune, sir—to-day will decide it—'pon rep!"

Mr. Villiers regarded him in astonishment, mixed with some little admiration; and at length his good nature got the better of his anger.

"Well, get you gone instantly," he said;—"if I find you in the gardens in ten minutes from this time, you shall have the caning you merit."

"Good day, sir," replied Mr. Cripps—"I'll not forget the favour." And, with a profound bow, he moved off with the widow.

"And so you have let him off?" cried Lady Brabazon, in amazement.

"Upon my soul I couldn't help it," replied the beau. "I've a fellow-feeling for the rascal—and egad, all things considered, he has played his part so uncommonly well, that I hope he may be successful."

Mr Cripps encountering his Master in Mary-le-bone Gardens.

BEAUTY AND TIME.

BY MISS PARDOE.

Beauty went forth one summer day
To rove in Pleasure's bowers,
And much she sported on her way
Among the glowing flowers.
At length, she reach'd a myrtle shade,
And through the branches peeping,
She saw upon the roses laid,
Time!—most profoundly sleeping.
Oh! what had she with Time to do,
That silly, heedless woman!
His power to blight full well she knew;
What could they have in common?

His head was pillow'd on his wings;
For he had furl'd his pinions,
To linger with the lovely things
In Pleasure's bright dominions:
His scythe and glass aside were cast—
"How softly he reposes!"
Cried Beauty, as she idly pass'd,
And cover'd him with roses.
Oh! what had she with Time to do,
That silly, heedless woman!
His power to blight full well she knew;
What could they have in common?

Time woke. "Away!" he kindly said;
"Go trifle with the Graces;
You know that I was never made
To toy with pretty faces.
'Tis pleasant in so sweet a clime
To rest awhile from duty;
I'll sleep a little more," said Time;
"No; do wake up," said Beauty.
Oh! what had she with Time to do,
That silly, heedless woman!
His power to blight full well she knew;
What could they have in common?

He rose—but he was grim and old;
She felt her roses wither;
His scythe upon her heart was cold;
His hour-glass made her shiver.
Her young cheeks shrank, her hair turn'd gray,
Of grace he had bereft her;
And when he saw her charms decay,
He spread his wings, and left her.
And thus I point my simple rhyme,
It is the minstrel's duty;
Beauty should never sport with Time—
Time always withers Beauty.

THE RUSSIAN PRINCE:

A TALE OF OXFORD.

BY LUNETTE.

PART THE FIRST. "JOE NEWBOY."

"Est truthum, et totum truthum, et nil nisi truthum, ita te (benevole lector) lawyerus adjuvet."—*Encomiasticon in Ignorumum.*

About a month before the grand Commemoration, in the last year of the Reverend Josiah Portlies' vice-chancellorship, when poets, country squires, orators, and colonels, donned pink habiliments at the bidding of his reverence, Joseph Newboy was the very-well-to-do landlord of the Mitre Inn, in the high street of Oxford. Fair, portly, and withal comely, though rather inclined to corpulency, Joseph Newboy had no mean opinion of his sacred person. Naturally shrewd, and wide awake, he venerated his own common sense, and esteemed his bluntly good-tempered manners the beau ideal of what a landlord's manners ought to be. And, indeed, there could be very little doubt, but that Joseph had a very excellent allowance of good shrewd common sense, but unfortunately, he knew it; and, consequently, a little flattery, or a little unbelief in his powers, soon stole a march on one who, setting aside these failings, was no contemptible match for the most adroit swindler of London, Paris, or Vienna.

"Joe, my fine fellow," said Mr. Chichely Stapleton, Gen. Com. of Christchurch, with whom Newboy was, as with most of the fast men, a great favourite; "Joe, my fine fellow," said that worthy person, as he strolled up to the Mitre to see his pet drag start, a deed he had achieved in defiance of lectures, tutors, and compositions, since the day of his matriculation,—"Joey, has Perkins's Polish Count, or Greek Prince, or whatever he was, come back, or sent a cheque for his small account."

"No, no," replied Joseph, with a hearty laugh; "not he, he knows a trick worth two of that, any day of his life—to think, sir—to think, Mr. Stapleton, I say, of an Oxford innkeeper allowing a Greek Count to eat a devilled chicken, three eggs, two mutton-chops, and half a pound of brawn, let alone the tea, coffee, muffins, toast, and sausages, every d— for breakfast for three good weeks; have a dinner for six every blessed day, and dri

champagne, claret, and gin and water, by gallons, and then go away with a promise to return, "I send a cheque—why I say, sir, that Perkins—and so I told him—is a disgrace to the University, sir—just let his Highness the Count of Boshia pay me a visit—damn you, Tom, run to those leaders' heads: they'll be into the coffee-room windows in half a minute—whoa—whoa, dears—steady."

"Why you surely do not flatter yourself, Newboy, that the Count of Borotia would not have taken you in as easily as he did Perkins."

"All right, Will—let 'em go," said Joseph: and then, as he turned away, muttered—"take me in, take me in, catch a weasel asleep."

"Pooh, pooh, you're as great a flat as any of them," said the Honourable Thomas Shiner, who had strolled up with his friend Stapleton, in a very bad hat, a coat of peculiar make, and a pair of green baize continuations, such as are never seen but on classic ground.

"Me! sir—Joseph Newboy a flat!—me! my lord—the landlord of the Mitre a flat, my lord!"—and Joe walked about, kicked two dogs in a most savage way, swore at the waiter, and partially relieved his excitement by cuffing a St. Ebbe's charity-boy, whom he accidentally discovered laughing—of course, at him.

"Yes," said Shiner, "I'll bet you what you please that you are taken in dead before the end of the term."

Joe looked comfortably conceited, drove his hands into his capacious pockets, and after some hard words and wise shakes of the head, eventually backed himself not to be taken in by a foreigner that side of Mr. Stapleton's degree, that being, for many reasons, the longest possible term within Newboy's conception of time and space.

The parties separated: Stapleton and Shiner to endeavour to flatten each others noses with the gloves; and Newboy to vent his anger on everything within his reach, always excepting his "old woman," who was tabooed ground, by reason of Joe's respect for the other sex, and her undoubted superiority in all lingual or manual encounters.

"Bye, bye, Mr. Newboy—look out for squalls," said the friends.

"Ah! fools and their money are soon parted—catch a weasel asleep," soliloquized Joe, as he turned into the booking-office.

"I suppose you'll be ready to pay us our five's, when we return from London," said Shiner, a day or two afterwards, as he drove up to the Mitre in a buggy, with his friend Stapleton. "Important business, governor ill, and out of sorts—must go—so shall not be here to see your Greek Count, Newboy."

"Ay, ay, sir; let those laugh that win," said Joe, with a congratulatory chuckle. "I hope you've got your five's ready for me, when Mr. Stapleton takes his degree:" and then to himself, "that's long odds, 'but all things must come to an end,' as Dr. Greenwell said, in his last University sermon. There's a pretty pair of them—off on some lark—governor ill—out of sorts—all fudge—I wish they'd make me dean, would'nt I be up to those youngsters' tricks."

Some three or four days afterwards, when all thoughts of Greek princes, or Polish counts had been driven out of Newboy's mind, by the prospects of a very full Commemoration, a neat, dark, travelling chariot, with a very foreign-looking coronet emblazoned on the panels, and vast, and, to all appearance, heavy imperials on the roof, rattled up to the door of the Mitre, at the very best pace that extra half-crowns, whipcord, and steel, could elicit from four Oxfordshire hacks. In the rumble sat a tall, dark, gentlemanly looking person, evidently much more fit for a companion than a servant, in plain black suit, and neatly curled mustachios: whilst alone in the interior, wrapped up to the very eyes in a fur-collared travelling cloak, sat a pale, sickly-looking man, with violently red hair, shewing itself in whiskers, mustachios, imperial, and beard, all of no small dimensions, and especially the last, which might have claimed relationship with the best beard in Rosemary-lane.

As the foaming horses came to a dead stop, opposite the inn-door, the person in the rumble sprang to the ground, hastily inquired of Joseph if the Prince could be accommodated with apartments, hardly waited to hear Joseph's reply, jabbered a few words of extraordinary sound with the occupant of the interior, made a very low bow to the answer which he received, and let his master out of the carriage.

The newly-arrived traveller alighted from his carriage: his fur travelling cap, hot as was the day, was drawn down over his face; his ample cloak was huddled round his tall and stately form, as if facing a cold east wind; he looked pale, suffering, and far from good-tempered; as he strode silently across the court-yard after his host, he seemed entirely to disregard the many smiles and bows that were around him, giving his entire attention to a very ugly and cross-grained bull-dog, which followed close at his heels, and whose sole qualifications were his ugliness and his ill temper.

The looks of the traveller were decidedly foreign, his dress strange, his conduct extraordinary: everything, but his dear bull-dog, seemed indifferent, uncomfortable, and insupportable to him. He seemed never to know his own mind for five minutes at a time:

first, he would have English beer and new bread; then devilled biscuits and sherry; then biscuits without the devil, and soda-water; then hock and seltzer-water; now hot with, and now cold without. And all this ordering and counter-ordering is performed with the voice and the looks of a man suffering from mental anguish, rather than bodily pain and valetudinarian moroseness. After such conduct as this, which if it had not been for the size, weight, and number, of his imperials and trunks, and his liberal donations to the post-boys, and the very best of letters of introduction to a landlord, would hardly have been submitted to by Joseph, it may readily be believed what a riddle he became to every one, from Mrs. Joe, to the new deputy-under-sub-boots.

"Shouldn't wonder he's mad, and the man in black's his keeper—decidedly so; thought so, at first," said Joe.

"Nonsense, Mr. Newboy," said his spouse; "how can a man, who comes with four, gives the boys half sov's, and has twenty-seven packages—for I counted them—be a madman; its nonsense, Mr. Newboy."

"Very likely, my dear," was Joe's reply.

"Is your master sick, or mad?" asked Joe, as soon as he could get the mysterious attendant in black to sit down in his own snuggery, with a bottle of Joe's best Madeira and a biscuit, whilst the Don was curled up for a siesta on his sofa.

"Pray don't talk to me about him," replied the servant, who, though he rejoiced in the name of Borowsky, yet spoke extraordinarily good English, and talked incessantly. "Sick—sick to death—melancholy; the Prince is still the best, the kindest, of masters. Would to God that I could discover some cure for his malady."

"What is it?" inquired Joseph.

"Cœrulei Diaboli cum dispepsia commixi. Of course you understand Latin? We talk nothing else hardly in our country."

"Not I," said Joseph;—"take another glass of Madeira."

"Indigestion, produced by mental anxiety—father murdered before his eyes, when but a child—mother went raving—five men to hold, and three strait-waistcoats—wouldn't do—got away—threw herself down the Smashaltobits Rock. Blood, nothing but blood, haunts him, day and night, wherever he wanders; he never has, and never will know what peace of mind is; no—for seven years have we travelled together, and he's never got better."

"Humph," muttered Joseph, rather incredulously; "and where are you going now?"

"Going?" replied Borowsky, helping himself to another glass of Madeira—"going? ask him himself; he never knows where, until he is three parts on the road. Here we come to-day, there we go to-morrow; up mountains and through valleys, after waters and baths, doctors and old women, peat bogs and grass paths. Everything wearies him, everything annoys him; he'll like this place for a day, perhaps more, perhaps less, and then grumble and growl, and be off—to the devil, I suppose—as it's the only place we've not been to yet. Ah, poor dear prince! dear, dear, master!" and Borowsky screwed out a tear.

"You speak good English," remarked Joe.

"Native language—born at Feversham—went to sea, quite a little Scrub—thrown, ashore in Transylvania—Prince took me, made me his Sackalsky, a sort of ni l'une ni l'autre place, half-way between friend and valet."

"Who is your master—the Prince?" asked Newboy, rather less incredulous.

"Oh, you'd be nothing the wiser; you don't know much about the province of Transylvania, on the borders of Rhumbelcundy, in the empire of Russia."

"Not I," replied Joe; "I've heard say, that Nicholas is the great bear, but whether he is or not, I don't know."

"Verum est pro te. Well, the Prince is Sovereign Prince or Boyar of Rottentopanbotomsky, near Novogorod, in the province of St. Petersburg, near the mouth of the Volga, between Christianstad and Archangel, about half-way down the south side of the Baltic."

"Humph," muttered Joseph,—"a foreign prince, a foreign prince; not a Greek count, I s'pose—" and then aloud, to his companion—"I suppose he's rich?"

"'Ητε χρυσος—tolerably, that is, not too rich; about two million of roubles a-year, besides slaves and cattle," replied Borowsky.

"Two million of who?" asked Joseph.

"Roubles, about three of your shillings in one; somewhere about three hundred thousand a-year," replied the Anglo-Russian Borowsky.

"Sure," asked Joseph, with a very peculiar twist of his mouth, and a concomitant wink of his left eye—"no gammon?"

"Pretty well so—let's see. From the Makawillsunshinesky estate, in the province of Transtiverina, two hundred and fifty-one thousand three hundred and forty-one roubles five kopecks; from the Liefbywitzy estate, where the castle of Rottentopanbotom stands, three hundred and forty-two—no, three hundred and forty-nine thousa

hundred and eighty-two—I think its eighty-two or eighty-three roubles, fourteen kopecks, five annas, and four swansigers; from the ——"

Here the Prince's bell interrupted the catalogue of his possessions, and left Newboy alone in his snuggery, in a pitiable state of doubt, uncertainty, and incredulity.

For a few minutes Joe walked up and down his little parlour, and looked very wise; then after a considerable consideration with himself, outwardly shewn by several shakes of the head, he came to the decision that it was a swindle, a regular bite. Under this impression he was hastening towards the Prince's room, determined to turn him and his talkative friend out neck and crop, if he was not paid down on the nail for the variety of things the said Prince had already devoured, when he was met by the eternal Borowsky.

"The Prince's compliments, and can you change that small note?—he wishes to take a walk about the city, make a few purchases, and see a few sights."

Joe took the note, and looked at it severely.

"And," continued Borowsky, "he wishes you to make up your account by nine o'clock every evening, as he always likes to clear off his scores every day—odd habit—astonishes some people."

The evident genuineness of the note, and the odd habit of paying ready money, compelled Newboy to rescind his former judgment, and decide that the Prince was a regular brick—a τετραγωνος ἀνηρ—so he readily handed over the change; and gave Borowsky such instructions as might enable him to indicate to the Prince where he would see the greatest rarities, and where he would purchase the best articles.

So the Prince and Borowsky went for their afternoon's walk.

The Prince returned from his stroll, an altered man; he actually smiled as he entered the inn, asked Joe "how he vash?" and shook hands with Mrs. Newboy, against her wish, and, much to her surprise, saluted her with a kiss, and a volume of long words with many "iffskys" and "offskys." According to Borowsky's account, everything had delighted him; the colleges, the churches, the ladies, the walks, the river, the shops. Everything had been to his mind, and his purchases had been numerous, and, to Joe's delight, all ready money; whilst every guide, porter, and sexton, was loud in the praise of the Prince, and could shew marks of his generosity.

After his dinner, which he with some reason pronounced excellent, and a bottle of port that would have seduced St. Anthony himself, his Highness took another stroll with Borowsky, to the great delight of all the city gazers, and the greater delight of his faithful servant, who enlarged on the wondrous effects the place had had, was having, and evidently would have, on his "dear, dear, master." Having heard from Newboy, now his sworn friend, a rather enlarged account of the glories of the approaching Commemoration, and the numerous attractions of that gayest of gay times, he flew off into unrestrained raptures, and hastened to retail the entire account to his lord, as he accompanied his tea equipage. As soon as the meat tea had been concluded, for the returning appetite of the Prince required additional refreshment, the day's bill was sent for, and settled without so much as a look; and the ubiquitous Borowsky, having skinned his lord, and put him to bed with his usual pills, descended to the snuggery, fully commissioned to praise everything, from the boots to the landlord.

As for the Anglo-Russ, he is half-mad with delight; talking, singing, laughing, volunteering songs in all languages, and of all kinds—drinking gin-and-water furiously, and smoking continually; now he shews Mrs. Newboy the last new steps of the mazurka, as danced at St. Petersburg; then he sings what he calls an Hungarian song, the chorus of which sounds like

"Asuvaveetkaradium,
Asuvavectkah—"

then tells a very long story about a bear-hunt in the woods of Rottentopanbotomsky. As soon as he has recovered his breath, he launches off into a long Latin song, about a direful conspiracy, which he says is so wonderfully similar to our Gunpowder plot, that you might suppose them almost the same; we could rescue only one verse—

"Memento, memento,
Novembri in quinto,
Gaius Vulpes conjurationem fit;
Non rationem video,
Aut ejus conspiratio,
Unquam obliviscenda sit"—

until at last, having astonished the natives, made his host quite drunk, and himself five-eighths so, he rolled off to bed, as he said himself, "for the first time in the last seven years, a happy man."

THE LANDING OF THE PRIMROSE.

THE Author of the subjoined poem is indebted to Dr. Oke, M.D., of Southampton, for the very interesting relation which gave rise to it. That relation (given also by the Doctor at one of the meetings of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel) ran as follows:—

"It has been discovered that the best method of conveying plants to distant regions is by means of a wide-mouthed bottle, so covered up as to allow only of a *small aperture* for the admission of air.

"The exhalation of the plant, being condensed beneath the roof, or shoulder, of the bottle, falls down, or rather distils again upon it, and constantly refreshes it with the results of its own evaporation, whilst it enjoys the rays of the sun through the transparency of the vessel in which it is confined.

"In this way a primrose was conveyed to New Sydney, a clime where it is exotic. It so happened that at the very time the plant was landed it had begun to bloom; the sight of a *Primrose*, and from England, in full blossom, carried with it such *intense interest*, that crowds came to welcome its arrival. Indeed, so great was the eagerness to catch a glimpse of the stranger, that a guard was placed over it to protect it from injury."

AUSTRALIA'S strand was swarming
With myriads, tier on tier;
Like bees they clung and cluster'd
On wall, and pile, and pier.

The wanderer and the outcast,
Hope, penitence, despair,
The felon and the free man,
Were intermingling there.

There ran a restless murmur,
(A murmur deep not loud,
For every heart was thrilling,)
Through all that motley crowd.

And every eye was straining
To where a good ship lay,
With England's red cross waving
Above her decks that day.

And comes she deeply freighted
With human guilt and shame?
And wait those crowds expectant
To greet with loud acclaim?

Or comes she treasure-laden?
And ache those anxious eyes
For sight of her rich cargo,
Her goodly merchandise?

See! see! they lower the long-boat,
And there—they man the barge—
Trick'd out and manned so bravely
For no ignoble charge.

Gold gleams on breast and shoulder
Of England's own true blue;
That sure must be the Captain,
Salutes his gallant crew.

And that the Captain's Lady
They're handing down the side—
"Steady, my hearts! now, steady,"
Was that the coxswain cried?

"Hold on!" She's safely seated.
"In oars!"—a sparkling splash—
Hats off on deck—one cheer now—
"Pull, hearties!"—off they dash.

And now the lines long stretching
Of eager gazers, strain
(Converging to one centre)
The landing place to gain.

"A guard! a guard!" in haste then
The Governor calls out—
"Protect the Lady's landing
From all that rabble-rout."

Her foot is on the gunwale—
Her eyes on that turmoil—
She pauses so a moment,
Then treads Australia's soil.

With looks of humid wonder
She gazes all about;
But oh! her woman's nature,
Calls that no "*rabble-rout.*"

For well she reads the feeling,
Each face expressive wears;
And well she knows what wakes it—
That precious thing she bears.

That precious thing—(Oh, wondrous!
Oh, spell of potent power,
From English earth transported!)—
A little lowly flower.

Be blessings on that Lady!
Be blessings on that hand!
The first to plant the Primrose
Upon the Exile's land!

The sound had gone before her—
No eye had closed that nig
So yearn'd they for the morr
So long'd they for the ligh

She smiles, while tears are dropping—
She holds the treasure high;
And land and sea resounding,
Ring out with one wild cry.

And sobs at its subsiding
From manly breasts are heard:
Stern natures—hearts guilt-hardened,
To woman's softness stirr'd.

One gazes all intentness—
That felon boy—and, lo!
The bold bright eyes are glistening,
Long, long unmoisten'd so.

The mother holds her child up—
"Look, little one!" cries she;
"*I* pulled such, when as blithsoune
And innocent as thee."

No word the old man utters—
His earnest eyes grow dim:
One spot beyond the salt-sea
Is present now with him.

There blooms the earliest primrose,
His father's grave hard by;
There lieth all his kindred—
There he *shall* never lie.

* * * *

The living mass moves onward,
The Lady and her train;
They press upon her path still,
To look and look again.

Yet on she moves securely,
No guards are needed there;
Of her they hem so closely,
They would not harm a hair!

Be blessings on that Lady!
Be blessings on that hand!
The first to plant the Primrose
Upon the Exile's land!

C. S.

LEGENDS OF THE MONTS-DORES.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

NO. III. THE SPIRIT OF LAKE PAVIN AND OUR LADY OF VASSIVIERE.

LAKE PAVIN is the largest of the lakes of the Monts-Dores, and is situated on the summit of a mountain, having other mountains towering above it to a great height.

It is evidently the crater of an extinct volcano, about half filled with water of peculiar transparency. This liquid mirror is framed by a sort of cornice of lava rocks, which have fallen from the surrounding heights. A line of these rocks runs from the edge, under the waves, for some distance, and then suddenly the blackness of the water tells of its profound depth. It is easy to distinguish, beneath the clear surface, branches of trees waving, whose leaves are of immense size, and whose nature is different from those in the neighbouring forests—huge blocks of stone and blackened beams of wood appear as if floating in a gulf beneath; and strange are the sights and sounds which may be witnessed on those mysterious banks of the most curious and beautiful lake of Auvergne.

Its borders are in some places raised more than three hundred feet from the surface; in others, they are depressed gradually till the sides meet at an opening, from whose narrow gorge the overflowing water rushes over a stony bed, and forming numerous cascades, as it escapes to a plain below covered with thick verdure, subsides into a murmuring stream.

The banks of the lake are here and there adorned with turf of velvet softness which gently inclines to the edge: steep and rugged rocks spring up immediately after; and opposite them, an amphitheatre of forest extends far and wide. When a gentle wind ruffles the face of this lake on which the bright sun is shining, a thousand little waves seem suddenly to rise from the gulf in the centre, whose angles sparkle and glitter like diamonds, and break on the shore over rounded masses of volcanic substance, in flashes of light that surround the whole basin with rays. Nothing can be more exquisite than the scene in a warm day of summer, when the rich blue of the sky is reflected in the waters, together with the lively green of the bending woods and the broad shadows of the frowning rocks piled along the banks. The profound stillness around adds to the charm—not a sound is heard—it seems as if all was peace and [illegible] illity on the borders of this secluded mass of crystal, and that nature [illegible] majestic quietude.

[illegible]ys so: fearful are the commotions within the breast of the beau-

tiful lake, and deadly and dangerous is it, beyond all that was ever known of ocean or of river. Not a boat dares to venture on its waters; not a sail ever breaks the monotonous beauty of its deceptive calmness; for in the midst reigns a whirling and boiling abyss, which would instantly swallow up the imprudent mariner who dared approach it.

If any one is bold enough to cast a stone into the black gulf beyond the clear borders, a hollow sound is heard, the waves rise higher and higher, and presently a tempest bursts forth of hideous violence: rocks, mountains, waters, and skies, are confounded in one frightful commotion; shrieks, howlings, and roaring voices, tear the echoes, and the villagers below tremble; for they know that the Spirit of Lake Pavin has been insulted, and is taking his revenge. The venturous wretch who awakes this burst of wrath never returns to tell the tale, nor is his body ever found, but his end is conjectured with tolerable certainty.

The extinct volcano of Montchalme frowns above Lake Pavin, and opens its yawning mouth, from whence once issued flames and boiling lava, and where now flourishes the juniper and numerous wild flowers of varied colours.

Descending from the mountain, may be traced the course which the overflowing lava took, and the commotion of the earth which bubbled up with internal heat, and left obelisks and mounds whose small craters seem to emulate the large one above them. Aquatic plants float in the water which fills these hollows; and the golden lily looks up from her throne of large green leaves into the clear air, as if no violence of nature had ever existed where she now blooms.

Below this, dangerous bogs extend in the direction of another lake, that of Montsineire, and in the midst of these is concealed the Creux de Soucy, a dark gulf of unknown depth, connected by some mysterious means with the distant lake of Pavin.

Soon after passing the small town of Vassivière, on a rising ground close under the mountain which leads to Lac Pavin, might formerly be seen a thatched cottage where lived two orphan sisters. One of them was many years older than the other, and stood instead of a mother to the young and pretty Elphège, who was the admiration of all the country between Besse and *les bains du Mont-Dore*.

The sisters had a little flax-field, which they cultivated with great care, and, as the situation was tolerably sheltered, it generally produced very abundantly: the produce of this and the cheese made from the milk of their few goats, enabled them to live better than many of their neighbours. Marthe, the elder sister, was very plain, and had never had suitors: she was of a quiet, contented disposition, and thought of little else but seeing her pretty Elphège well established. The latter had no want of lovers, and had never any occasion to return alone across the mountain from Besse or Vassivière when she took her goods to market; nor when she went to pay her devotions at the shrine of the Miraculous Virgin who, in spite of removal by human hands, chose to remain half the year in her chapel at Vassivière, and the other half at the larger town. Blaise, the young shepherd, who fed his flock very near the cottage, was generally her attendant on these occasions, though that honour was disputed by many. He was a handsome, strongly built, and active youth, amiable and obliging, and very much in love, but very timid, particularly in the presence of Elphège, who delighted to torment and agitate him, for she had not been slow to observe the impression her beauty had made on his susceptible heart.

It must be confessed that the fair damsel was fond of admiration, had some ambition, and thought herself superior to most of the neighbours round, both male and female. She could not help looking on Blaise with an eye of favour, and her heart inclined very much his way, but she determined not to yield without giving him plenty of trouble.

Elphège went one day to market at Besse, and while she was standing in the market-place was accosted by a young man of very agreeable appearance, who began to bargain with her for her cheeses. He offered her so liberal a price that they were soon agreed, and accompanied his words with so many admiring looks, that she was quite struck and confused. He soon left the spot; and she inquired of her neighbours who he was, but found he was an entire stranger, who had never been seen before that morning. She asked Blaise, who was near, if he knew him, with rather a contemptuous air, that he did not, nor had any wish to do so. All day, Blaise did not offer to accompany Elphège home, but yielded his post to others who were ready to take advantage of his negligence. The fair coquette d

this slight unnoticed, and began in her own mind to compare the superior manner of the stranger with that of her careless and sulky lover.

She mused a good deal on this adventure, and the more she thought of it the more she wished to know who the stranger could be. She had heard that it was possible to know the future, by consulting an oracle at the Creux de Soucy; but the curé of Vassivière had forbidden any visits to that spot for such a purpose, and she feared to disobey his commands.

She was one day standing in the midst of the blue flowers of her pretty little flax-field, and thinking over these things, when an old woman, who mounted the hill with difficulty, from her infirmities, approached her gate, and asked alms. Elphège, who was very charitable, relieved her; upon which the old woman exclaimed—"May you have as handsome a husband as the Creux de Soucy can give!"

She was startled at these words, and asked the old woman their meaning.

"Oh!" said she, "I only meant that it is lucky to try your fortune there: most of the young girls who consult the oracle get a good match."

Elphège could not rest from that moment, and at last determined to go to the Creux, and learn her fate. She took with her a small bundle of flax as an offering to the Spirit who was supposed to preside over the spot; and on arriving at the abyss, she knelt down, and whispered the question usually put, which was an inquiry as to who should be her future husband: she could not, in spite of herself, help thinking of Blaise, as she threw the flax into the dark gulf which yawned at her feet, but the image of the stranger of the market occurred to her at the same time.

A hollow sound was returned from the Creux, as the flax, attached to a stone, plashed in the water, deep below the mouth of the cavern, and words were sent forth to this effect:—

"Go to Lake Pavin, and know."

She shuddered as she listened; and, rising from her knees, turned to leave the place. In trembling haste, she emerged from the gloomy hollow where the cavern was situated, and had scarcely done so, when, looking up, she beheld Blaise in her path.

She coloured deeply, as he addressed her with more boldness than was usual with him. "Elphège," said he, "is it necessary for you to ask at the Creux your fate, when your own will could fix it at once? Why do you go there, when our curé has forbidden it? It will bring ill luck."

"I require no advice," answered she, pettishly, as she hurried past him, and went on her way to her cottage. He looked after her, reproachfully; and as she entered the flax-field, she observed that he was returning towards Vassivière, and did not attempt to follow her.

"Sister," said she, "the afternoon is so fine, that I will lead the goats to browse by the great lake."

As her sister never contradicted her wishes, she made no difficulties; and Elphège took her distaff and spindle, and driving her goats before her, went up the mountain.

She seated herself on a block of stone beside the clear water, on which the sun shone brightly, and fixed her eyes on the centre of the lake, above the gulf; for there, it was said, whatever was thrown into the Creux de Soucy would reappear, if fate was propitious, and the Spirit was satisfied.

Presently, she observed a great commotion, and the waves, sparkling and foaming, threw up something which she recognised as her bundle of flax. At this moment, one of her goats uttered a cry which made her turn her head, and she saw, advancing towards her, from behind a ledge of rocks, a young man, whom she was not long in recollecting as the stranger of Besse. He approached with smiles and a bright countenance, and, to her surprise, presented her with a bundle of flax.

"This," said he, "belongs to you; the waters of the lake have thrown it on the shore, and I was so lucky as to have found it."

He said much more after this, and seating himself by her side, told her that he had long admired her, and sought an opportunity of addressing her; he said that he was rich, and had it in his power to make her fortune; that his home was on the other side of the mountains, where he had a large farm, and if she would consent to be his, he would endow her with riches, and make her the greatest person in the country.

Finding that she hesitated, he told her that he would give her three days to consider of his offer, and begged she would meet him by the lake at the end of that

time, and give him her answer. He then rose, and almost before Elphège had time to look round her, he had disappeared behind the ledge of rocks from whence she first saw him.

When she turned to call her goats, she found they were no longer to be seen, and none of them answered, as they were used to do. She hurried down the mountain, and there, in the flax-field, she saw her sister Marthe looking anxiously towards the way she should arrive.

"Oh! Elphège," said she, "something strange has happened; the goats came running down the mountain but now in such terror, crying and scared as if they had seen a spirit. Blaise was so frightened, that he has gone in search of you—I am glad you are returned."

Three days were gone, and Elphège drove her goats once more towards the lake, but they had mounted but a little way when they seemed seized with a panic, and, refusing to obey her, ran into the woods in all directions.

She continued her way to the lake, and there she beheld, sitting on a block of stone, the stranger.

Their interview was long and animated; his expressions of love were ardent, and he was so handsome, so fascinating, that Elphège felt it impossible to resist his proposals, and consented to give him her hand.—"Since you love me," said he, "you will not refuse a confidence which I have a right to claim. Go with me instantly, and let us be married at the church of Vassivière, where the priest is now waiting for us; we will then return to your sister, and surprise her by our news, and we shall thus prevent the comments of your envious neighbours."

Elphège did not approve of this arrangement, but her handsome lover argued away her objections.—"I have a boat," he said, "behind the rocks, which will carry us over the lake like lightning. I know of a short path down the mountain, and we shall reach Vassivière before your absence is even observed."

"How! a boat!" said Elphège—"do you not know that no boat ever ventured on this lake? The evil spirits swallow up all who dare to embark on these waters."

The stranger smiled.—"I know the lake well," he replied, "and assure you nothing can be safer."

On this he clapped his hands, and Elphège saw with amazement, darting from behind the shelter of a pile of rocks, a small boat, which shone like mother of pearl as it came bounding towards them, without rower or guide, and stopped close at their feet.

"I dare not go," said Elphège, shrinking back;—"there is enchantment in this."

"It is a surprise I had arranged for you, dearest," answered the stranger, as he seized her hand; and suddenly clasping her in his arms, leaped with her into the fragile bark.

At that instant a shout was heard, and Elphège beheld Blaise hurrying towards the bank of the lake.—"Hold, Elphège," he cried; "you are in the power of the Spirit of Lake Pavin!—recommend yourself to the Blessed Virgin!"

Elphège shrieked, and struggled in the arms of the stranger, whose eyes, she observed with terror, become like two coals of fire; a fiendish laugh was on his lips as he called aloud—"You are mine, by the spell of the Creux de Soucy!"

The boat flew along with rapidity—the middle of the lake was now nearly gained, and in another moment they would have entered the dark water above the gulf.

"Oh, save me—blessed Lady of Vassivière!" cried Elphège, in agony—"save my soul from the Evil One, Mother of Mercy!"

Blaise knelt on the shore meantime, his hands clasped, and his eyes riveted on the boat. He prayed fervently to our Lady of Vassivière, and he heard the prayer of his beloved across the water.

At that instant a loud burst of thunder shook the mountains—lightning darted forth, as if from every fissure in the rocks—the waters rose in huge billows, and thick clouds entirely covered the whole face of the lake.

Blaise heard a loud shriek and a plash in the waters—the mist cleared away, and he beheld lying at his feet on the shore the lifeless body of Elphège. The boat and the stranger had disappeared, and no trace was left of either. He bore the body in his arms to the cottage. In a few days it was buried in the chapel of Vassivière, and many were the prayers said for the soul of the unfortunate girl who had fallen a victim to the arts of the Spirit of Lake Pavin.

Blaise devoted himself to the service of the bereaved Marthe, and a

they gained by the pretty flax-field and the goat-cheeses was laid out in masses from that time till their death, which happened some years after. They had the consolation of knowing, by a divine revelation, that the Evil Spirit had power over the soul of Elphege only for a period, and that when her penance was past she would be received by the angels.

Her ghost was condemned to wander along the borders of Lake Pavin for a certain number of years, and there, in stormy nights, it was long seen: but the pious prayers of her sister and her lover at length rescued her from purgatory, and it is useless now to expect to behold her shade as formerly.

More than one, however, of the goatherds of Montchalme have seen the little boat, without any one in it, dart from behind a certain ledge of dark rocks which border the lake, and have watched it for some time till it disappeared down the gulf. This is always a signal for a fearful storm, and whoever witnesses it hurries with the flocks from the neighbourhood, and seeks shelter from its fury: for the revengeful Spirit of Lake Pavin is directing his rage, although in vain, against the Chapel of our Lady of Vassiviere

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THE JOINER AND HIS MATES.

From the German of Oscar von Sydow.[*]

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

Now may the old joiner rest him—
Now his plane aside he lays;
God with one day more has bless'd him—
God his Maker must he praise.
Sitting where the lime-tree grows,
How he loves the evening fair,
While the spring-gale softly blows,
Sporting with his silver hair.

Soon two wand'ring comrades come,
Doff their caps with mien polite;
Beg that he will take them home—
They can do his work aright.
Does the first his service proffer:
"Bid me make an infant's bed;"
Quickly comes the other's offer:
"I'll make coffins for the dead."

One was like a lovely dame—
Red his lips—his eyes were blue;
Wasted was the other's frame,—
Lip and cheek of ashy hue.
"Good," exclaimed the master, "good!
Come, my comrades, hasten in;
Lodging I can give, and food,
And to-morrow you'll begin."

Silence all the house had bound,
Roof and door in night were buried;
Yet the master heard a sound:
Starting, from his bed he hurried.
From the workshop, as he slept,
Sure, the creaking plane he heard;
Tow'rds the spot he softly crept—
Keenly through the lattice peer'd.

E'en the flies in moonlight shone—
Hard at labour were the pair;
Strange! their tasks were nearly done—
Here the cot—the coffin there!
Rapidly the fair one drew
O'er the cot his glancing plane;
Sounding like a harp, it flew,
While he sang a lovely strain:

"Love for life and pleasure lays
In the cot, the tender child;
When on sultry paths he strays,
Love floats round him, ever mild.
Love for him bids roses blow;
When in sorrow, love is near him;
When he rests from earthly woe,
Love to heaven shall surely bear him."

As he sings, the shavings yonder—
Mark—they curl to roses all;
And the master looks in wonder—
From his eye the tear-drops fall.
Now the second, wan and pale,
O'er the coffin draws his plane;
At each stroke it seems to wail,
And he sings a gloomy strain:

"Life to death—a constant tending;
Parting—for the pair that loved;
Efforts all—in nothing ending;
Human wisdom—folly proved.
For the hut that shields thee—fire!
For young cheeks—a deadly chill!
For each burning, fond desire—
One black coffin, cold and still!"

[*] Of this author I know nothing further than the above poem, which appeared in a number of the *Musenalmanach*, edited by Chamisso and Gaudy; and though I have several others of the series, I do not find his name again, nor does it appear in such of the miscellaneous collections as I have seen. The mixture of homeliness and romanticism, which belongs both to the subject and to the language, gives the above poem a sort of resemblance to some allegorical wood-cut of the sixteenth century. The reader must not be startled at the abrupt construction, or rather want of construction, of the second mate's address in the fifth verse. It is in accordance with the original, and is compatible with the harshness of

As he sings, the shavings yonder—
Mark—to bones they're curling all;
And the master looks in wonder—
From his eye the tear-drops fall,
And his head he humbly bares,
Folds his old hands piously—
"Vain, O Lord, are earthly cares!
Grant a peaceful end to me!"

Morning glistens in the skies,
Tints the lime-tree with its red—
In his house the master lies,
Mild as ever, pale and dead.

But that night his child—the wife
Of a joiner—fair and true,
To a babe had given life,
Rosy-lipp'd, with eyes of blue.

And the workmen—where were they?
Without thanks, they both were gone;
But within the workshop lay
Cot and coffin, neatly done.
Here, the new-made coffin pressing,
Sleeps the master, good and mild;
There—may Heaven accord its blessing!
In the cradle sleeps the child.

A PASTORAL WESTERN TRIBUNAL.

BY UNCLE SAM.

THE courts of justice in the United States are conducted according to the American ideas of republicanism—the separation of the coloured people of all shades from the "whites," and a total absence of pageantry. There are no symbols of authority placed before the judge, no gowns and no wigs. The absence of the latter may be considered a decided improvement on the antiquated English practice in this respect; but there are few Englishmen who would not prefer seeing the judges dressed in some appropriate costume when wielding the terrible authority of the law. The American judge when on the bench is merely an *Honourable* Peter Simpkins, *Esquire*, or a Judge Ramsbotham, who may be seen walking in Broadway, or Chesnut-street, in the identical same dress,—perhaps, a blue coat with gilt buttons, white waistcoat and *pendants*,—in which he, the day previously, sentenced a fellow citizen to death, or to solitary confinement for life in Skuylkill penitentiary or Sing-Sing prison. As the Americans have latterly become enamoured of splendid costumes,—of blue, scarlet, and green cloth, covered with silver or gold lace, buttons and epaulettes,—for military wear, it may be expected they will in time discover that appropriate costume for a minister of justice is at least equally republican and necessary, more especially as a constitutionally appointed judge has occasionally to exert his authority against a powerful rival near the bench, the eccentric and ubiquitous Judge Lynch.

The scene I am about to describe must not be supposed to take place in any of the old American States on the Atlantic sea-board, but in the West,—about half way between the East and the "Far West," where "every thing is conducted as cleverly as necessary for a new state;" where the judge shakes hands with the prisoner, and wishes him well through his unpleasant situation, and where the jury will not convict a neighbour of murder if they consider him a better citizen than his victim.

The scene is a court-house, neatly built of wood, painted to imitate stone, the entrance hall to the seat of justice being a refreshment and reading room. We will dispense with the crier, as he is perhaps attending the bar customers; and we may easily be satisfied with the conclusion of the prosecuting attorney's speech:—

"On this eventful morning, the shade of the foregone evening was still shadowing the earth in darkness—great nature lay wrapped in solemn silence—when this defendant loafing ruffian came rushing, like a mighty whirlwind of the forest, down on the abode of peace, broke open the door of John Smith's house, alarmed his family, took away his rifle, gentlemen, worth fourteen dollars, and murdered a nigger help with it, in trying to escape. This is the indictment, and the law of this commonwealth must be vindicated. I call the witness for the prosecution.—What is your name, Sir?"

"Septimus Bigfall, *exact* seventh son *of* a seventh son, reckoned a curiosity in *this* state *or* in any. Oh, yes!"

"What particular occupation do you follow? Inform the jury."

"They know I 'tends the bar *for* Squire Smith, as keeps the Washington's Hoss Tavern *and* Grocery at Millprivilege, and collects the religious tribute *from* the single seats for Mr. Skyraggin, *of* the Universal Church. I *does* a leetle for myself in stray hosses, and mends nets for any one in particular *and* my boss in general, who pays for it extra. *Exe* This is my occerpation *now*; but I've bin a reglar *in* the Indine campaign, *under* Gene Schlosser, and was *at* the battle *of* New Orleans, when we gave the British beans."

"You saw this murder?"

"Not *exact*; I'm not *on* the jury, and it don't convene *to* my feelin murder. Oh, *no*, by no manner of means."

"But you saw John Frost killed?"

"Not *exact*. He died while I war *by*; but I wouldn't go *for* to say it war killing he died *of*, *as* we kill a old hoss *or* an Indine."

JUDGE. "It might have been an accidental, and not a deliberate killing. That is your opinion?"

"I opine it is, *exact*. This war all *I* seed. I sleeps in the boss's stable the night the nigger took his death, *cos* the boss turned me out for larruping *of* his son. 'What have you bin a murdering this here razor o' mine with?' says I, *to* the boss's loafing son Jonathan, as ferries *over* the river down *to* the water privilege. 'What specylation have you bin arter *on* it?' 'By Gosh,' says *he*, 'I only opened a few eyestirs with it tenderly.' 'Tarnation seize you,' says *I*, 'but I'll make you grind it,' to which he was no ways given; and I *thar for* giv him a slockdologer. So the boss turns me out *for* to sleep; but, in the middle *of* the night calls to me, *and* says, 'Get up, for here's a robbery and the day of judgment.' 'I'm ready for either,' says *I*, 'and follers the nigger *who* fells down with a bullet *in* him" (expectorates).

JUDGE. "Witness, you should clear your mouth before you give evidence."

"*Exact*—both before and after, if it's the law *of* this free state. I've giv all *my* evidence. Oh, *yes!* The jury hold it all. Aint you satisfied? I should expect *that*, at least, or more."

JUDGE. "Then you may go down."

"COUNSEL FOR DEFENDANT. "Gentlemen of the Jury,—Can you opiniate my client, the gentleman at the bar, one of the most respectable pikemen in this or any state, would steal a fourteen-dollar rifle? I guess not, I reckon not, I expect not. How stands the case? My client was owed fourteen dollars by John Smith. That's a fact; I have it in my brief. What did my client do but merely took the rifle, as a pledge that he should be paid? As to the nigger's death, that was an unfortunate accident. My client ran, with a rifle in his hand; the nigger, John Frost, ran after, provoking a breach of the peace; and I need not tell you a breach of the peace is quite unlawful in this state. The breach was provoked, and John Frost was killed accidentally. My client offers to pay for the unfortunate coloured person's funeral. I shall say no more, gentlemen, relying that you will give my client a verdict of *not guilty*; but should you not do so, then I say, that he and his brother Silas, who keeps the well-known refectory and auction store, will consider you considerable unkind neighbours. I call Joseph Sip, commonly called Big Joe, who will prove that the death of the unfortunate coloured man was accidental; and his testimony is entitled to great weight, as he is a coloured man, in fact, a downright nigger himself, and he may be supposed to have a fellow feeling for his deceased brother in blood. Now, Big Joe, tell us all about this affair, and take your own time."

"Well, Sa, ha hab de hona to say ma name is Josiff Sip, born on de Ohio bluff, State of Indianny, war a used to lib; an a wish a may be squeezed to death in a cider-press if a don't speak as true as a miracle. A am a clear grit nigga from de elba to de knee."

JUDGE. "Never mind that, Big Joe. Give your evidence only on the case before us—the supposed death of John Frost."

"Yes, Sa. It war the twenty-ninth o' winter time, when de sun gwan down, a put on ma Sunday-go-to-meetings coat, an a went to Yaller Fan's house, who trades in sassengas, an is up to beans and corn, war a meet Gumbo Chaffin, de leader ov de instrumettle ban; an Gumbo says—'A am a science nigga, a can play all de fancy tunes, an more;' an he look at Yaller Fan, an made her roll de white ob her eye all de time we war eatin pepperpot. So a says—'A'll lay a dolla de debil ib on de lebel ob dis floa (floor), an lubly Fan ib a angel.' An says Gumbo—'Don't come 'possum ober Yaller Fan when dis nigga present, or you'll make his dander (anger) riz!' An says a to Yaller Fan—'Ipf you hab him for a husban, you'll hab to finc yeself in sassengas, an he'll gib you noting but hoe cake an sassafras an jangolango tea, wid de wery best ob dog-foot pie an sarse!' So Gumbo tole me hold ma jaw; and ai elbow crooked and looked jus so, an says—'You ib de nigga as cotched cole by bein trouble in de mine and eatin cole wittles!' An says Gumbo to me—'You 'tole a piece of wood an didn't mean to do it.'"

JUDGE. "This is nothing to the purpose. What did you see of Cuff's death?"

"Well, Sa, we had a pleasan evenen, drinking julep sangaree an horns ob good stone fence; and when de moon was riz, we left Yaller Fan's, an a went to the riva, thinkin to fish for shad and flounders. Jus before de broke ob day, an de roosters done crowen, a was pernambulation to Shin-bone Alley, an sat on a soft rail, wan a heerd a hollering an yelling, as ipf dis warld comin to pieces, an a saw Silas Bitmarsh lumber ober de fiels, wid Frost follering. So, like de 'coon, when em want to catch a 'possum, a keep as still as a ole malicious British sojer, an up come Silas an Frost close to war ai war fixed on de rail. 'Gib me de gun,' says Frost, (poor brack man! he no more!) 'Fetch along de change, den,' says Silas, 'an turn roun so.' Den dey kin' ob all roll togeder, an de rifle go opf like a mixture ob thunder and lightnen. Den Silas shub ma boat opf, an ferried ober de riva; an a had to take a driff log to fish for terupins, which a lubves dearly, 'cos 'em make good *soup*."

JUDGE. "You should have followed, and helped to put the prisoner in the jug."

"Lor bless you, Sa, de white men wouldn't hab had me no way."*

JUDGE. "I will now sum up. A murder, gentlemen, is where it convenes to one man's base passions to murderously kill another. The killer in such a case is estimated a murderer. Now, I calculate, murder by a rifle, although it is sometimes used in affairs of honour, in this state, is as much murder as murder by poison or a bowie-knife. It is the murdering feloniously that constitutes murder in the eye of the law, and the eye of the law, in these sovereign and independent states, is majestic and severe. You well know that murder is one thing and manslaughter is another; therefore, if this case is not manslaughter it must be murder. Self-murder has nothing to do with it; one man cannot commit *felo de se* on another. Gentlemen, I guess you can have no difficulty in making up your minds to this murder or manslaughter. You well know what murder is, and I need not tell you what it is not. I repeat, murder is the killing murderously and feloniously, and the prisoner has not confessed that such was the fact in this unfortunate affair. Upon all these points I am very clear; but the juries of this state calculate to such nicety, there is no knowing how you will decide."

Verdict—Not Guilty.

THE MURDER PREVENTED; OR, THE SQUIRE'S DREAM.

BY MR. BULLER OF BRAZENNOSE.

"YES, my dear, I have ocular proof that
'tis so;
She hardly denies it; in fact she must go;
Any further, of course, I can not interfere.
But Fringe and the housekeeper say 'tis
quite clear
That your gardener John is the person to
blame,
And that if he stays on, all the world will
cry shame."
"Pho, Pho!" said the Squire, as he rose
from his chair,
And yawn'd with a rather incredulous air—
"As the bell clinks,
So the fool thinks;
No allusion to you, but I hold Mother Binks
To be no such a witch, or oracular Sphinx,
And Fringe is a tittuping talebearing minx;
I must hear somewhat better worth acting
upon,
Ere I part with so first-rate a servant as
John;
He beats Sir Mark's Scotchman, by fifty
degrees,
In Cantelupe melons, and early frame-peas;
Then he sets out his work on a system and
plan,
And only requires an occasional man:
At all events, whether they're wrong, love,
or right,
'Tis somewhat too late for inquiry to-night."
Discussing his lady's surmise in his head,
The Oakwood of Oakwood lay restless in
bed,
While she, having satisfied conscience, and
spoken
Her judgment, dropt off into slumbers un-
broken.
"One never gets settled," thought he, "to
one's wish,
But, lo, some infernal new kettle of fish
Boils over to plague one, and upsets one's
trust;
But fretting's no use;—if it must be, it
must:"
A sage resolution, which serv'd to compose
His troubles, & soon sent him off in a doze.
It may be that Fancy shaped out her illusions
From patches and shreds of his foregone
conclusions,
Though my notions aspire
A thought or two nigher
To supposing an influence better and
higher;
But he dreamt that he saw the identical John
Whom their fire-side discussions had com-
mented on,
In the dead of night
Without a light,
Digging away with main and might,
Under the shade of the old yew-hedge,
Like a man who toils to redeem a pledge.
The night was still, yet look'd he round
As one who starts at every sound,
And with a face so ghastly pale,
That the dreamer cried, "John, what dost
ail?
Speak, man!"—but ere that pale man
spoke,
The dreamer with a start awoke.
"Poor fellow!" he cried; "well, it is not
so strange
I should dream of him now;—it may make
a sad change
In the garden, I doubt, where he never
spares trouble.
The next man may serve me far worse, and
ask double.
But he'll marry, I trust, if he values his
place;
The girl is industrious, good-looking in
face,

* Coloured men, even in the Northern "free states," are not allowed to assist the working an engine in case of fire! There is a Volunteer Fire Company, in Philadelphia coloured man to wear its distinctive dress at fires, but his office is only to take up t attend to the hose; on no other account may he touch the engine than for the purpose

And—but how I should fancy him digging a spot
Which never was touch'd in my time? for 'tis not
Worth a farthing a rood, on account of the yew;
And then the sub-soil"—here he slumber'd anew.

Again that dream!
And now doth it seem
That one star's pale, yet steady beam
Like an eye from Heaven, on the spot doth gleam,
Piercing the clouds & the yew-tree shade
Where the toiling man still plies his spade.
He is up to the middle now, or more,
And from his brow the sweat-drops pour.
He rais'd his face,—but such a look
Of fear, despair, and conscious crime,
Was in his eye, that the dreamer shook,
And started from sleep a second time.

"'Tis strange," said the Squire, as he turn'd in his bed,
"That twice the same dream should come into my head
About trenching for celery—such, without doubt,
Was the job that the fellow seem'd earnest about.
He's in bed long ago, for he went home at eight
To his bachelor's lodge, by the farther park-gate;
Yet I've dreamt of the devil with far less alarm:
That look of his face, my foreboding of harm,
Are impressions I can't for my life reconcile
With—
—'Burton's Anatomy's' right,—'tis all bile."

He sleeps again,
But, as one in pain,
The drops pour down his face like rain,
And heaves his labouring breast amain.
The scene returns with night-mare force,
The yew-trees seem to murmur hoarse
A boding sound of woe and fear,
Although no night-wind rustles near;
And one old scathed and leafless limb
Points, like a skeleton finger grim,
At that dark trench, which seems, in sleep,
Six feet by two, and seven feet deep.
The solitary star is there
Looking from heaven with an angry glare
On him the dreamer saw before,
Who stands by the trench, his labour o'er,
Listening as if for some one nigh,
With a settled purpose in his eye,
While his hand doth grasp
And slowly unclasp--
Hark! is't a woman's dying scream
Startles the sleeper from his dream?
Bolt upright, with bristling hair,
He stares in amazement:
Again at the casement
'Tis heard—'tis there!

"Why, Madge, poor harmless moaning thing,
Whom I'll not let these bodies kill,
Pretending that thy cry bodes ill.
Methinks thou'rt late upon the wing.
Why did thy old alarum ring
So fiendish on my sleeping ear?
And why this strange increasing fear
At each recurrence of my dream?
Now, many a sound divine would deem
A warning in no doubtful sense
Link'd with this wild coincidence:
I would not dream it o'er again
A double Christmas rent to gain.
And something whispers that I ought
To reconnoitre that same spot;
So rest thee well, my lady fair;
—What famous sleepers women are!"

His clothes huddled on in the dark, and explored
The corner which held his good family-sword,
The Squire feels his way inch by inch through the house,
With the stealthy slow tread of a thief or a mouse.
The kitchen-door's open, the fire is a-light.
"Ha! for once in a way, this is no such bad sight;
No thanks to the sluts, by-the-bye, who would double
My coal-bill, and burn down the house, to save trouble."
He stood in the posture in which every squire
Provokes meditation before a good fire,
And struck his repeater,—a quarter to two—
"Now then for my quest;—'twas a mere bugaboo,
But seeing's believing; if nothing is in it,
Why then I shall sleep like a top in a minute."
But hark! a light footstep descends the back-stair,
It approaches—the door slowly opens:—
"Who's there?
Stand and answer!" The answer was just such a scream
As he fancied he heard in his ominous dream,
And Dolly the kitchen-maid fell on her knees.
"Stop your bawling, you slut, and explain, if you please,
Why you left," said the Squire,
"This confounded great fire,
And what brings you here in your walking attire,
With your bundle in hand; come, have done with your sobbing,
This night-work smells strongly of arson or robbing."
"Oh, sir, I ne'er wrong'd you, or Madam, indeed,
But John, sir, the gard'ner"—
"For God's sake, proceed;

Never mind what I said,
Clap a tongue in your head,
And tell me at once why you left your warm bed."
"Oh, Sir, I was told you and Madam suspect
The way I am in; not but what you're correct,
Woe's me I should say it"—"No matter, say on"—
"So I spoke to my sweetheart, your gardener, John,
And he promised to wed me and set matters right,
If I'd join him, and start off in private to-night."
"Speak, where do you meet him?" "Just down by the edge
Of the furthermost garden, beside the yew-hedge."
A gleam from the fire
Shew'd the face of the Squire
As he started and mutter'd, "Foul miscreant and liar!"
"Oh, sir, what's the matter? you look like the dead;
Forgive, if you kill me"—"Go back, child, to bed,
And pray; none shall injure a hair of your head;
And we'll see you, if all be right, honestly wed."
Now over the broad close-shaven lawn,
With step as noiseless as that of a fawn,
And through the shrubbery and the brake,
Sword in hand, each sense awake,
The cool bold Squire his way doth take.
The night is ghostly dark and still;
The long bleak outline of yon hill,
So plain by moonlight from the height
Where Oakwood's walls rise fair and white,
Is lost in shadow deep;—but look!
One star with faint yet steady light
Is peeping through the clouds—why shook
The strong man's sinews at the sight?
For soothly say the neighbours all,
Few qualms of conscience need appal
The worthy Squire of Oakwood Hall.
He stops, he listens,—not a leaf
Astir—old Severn's distant flow
Steals on his ear like a relief;
He breathes again; a moment brief
Is past, and onward doth he go.
Who stands beneath yon blasted yew
Close by that new-made grave?—ay, who?
—By Heaven and Earth, the dream was true!
Look there; the self-same skeleton limb
Points down, as if denouncing him;
The single star its watch doth keep,
Piercing athwart the foliage deep,
Like Heaven's own eye, that knows no sleep.
And hark, again the screech-owl's cry;
Is it her pinions' rustle nigh?
He starts,—it is too late to fly;
A strong arm grasps his vest and coat,
A rapier glitters at his throat.
"Kneel, ruffian, and confess thy crime!
God hath reveal'd thy plot in time."
The sequel of course may be easily guess'd,
How the villain confess'd
The foul thoughts of his breast,
Was paid off, cashier'd, and departed unblest
Next morning at sunrise; and as for the rest,
The Squire, who held evil intention no test
Of indictable crime, thought it wisest and best
He should go unmolested north, south, east, or west;
And long kept the secret from neighbour and guest.
For he said to his wife, "'Tis no use to suggest
Bad thoughts to men's minds, or encourage the zest
For gossip, and give the whole county a jest
At the Squire and his ghost-seeing freaks, with a pest!
Though I hold it no stain on my 'scutcheon or crest
To believe what my senses so clearly impress'd,
Confirm'd by the final result of my quest.
I trust the poor wretch may have been dispossess'd
Of the fiend, by the warning I gave ere he went;
God send him some grace to take thought and repent.
However, my dear, there are more things, it seems,
Than those of which human philosophy dreams."

THE SONGS OF ITALY.—No. I.

BY EDWARD KENEALY, ESQ.

"Studiorum amœnitates quærimus."—*Pliny*.

THE Italian poets, with one or two exceptions, have achieved nothing great. There is, however, much quiet, gentle loveliness in their compositions, and if they seldom excite the soul by any noble bursts of enthusiasm, they never fail to please, and even to fascinate it. They are in poetry what the rhetoricians and sophists of Greece were in prose—their language flowery, their conceptions weak. Much, doubtless, of their mediocrity is to be attributed to their fondness for the sonnet; for he who confines himself to that species of composition, can never hope to achieve anything great or noble in song. Yet to the sonnet—contemptible though it be—they have given all the charms it was capable of receiving, and if perfection in that style be worthy of admiration, they have won it—like one who moulds out of mud and dirt, statues of exquisite beauty.

In the course of rather an extensive reading in Italian literature, I have culled forth

many little sonnet-flowers from authors not generally known, and translated them in such a metre as it pleased God. A selection from these gleanings may not be unamusing to those who are partial to Ausonian minstrelsy.

Eustachio Manfredi. A Fille.

Il primo albor non appariva ancora,
Ed io stava con Fille à piè d' un orno
Or ascoltando i dolci accenti, ed ora
Chiedendo al ciel per vagheggiarla il giorno
Vedrai mia Fille, io le dicea, l'Aurora
Come bella a noi fa dal mar ritorno;
E come al suo apparir turba e scolorora
Le tante stelle, ond' è Olimpo adorno;
E vedrai poscia il sole, intorno a cui
Spariran da lui vinti e questa e quelle
(Tanta è la luce de' bei raggi sui!)
Ma non vedrai quel ch' io vedrò: le belle
Tue pupille scoprirsi; e far di lui
Quel ch' ei fa dell' Aurora e delle stelle.

Beneath an ash-tree's shade
My Phillis stood and sang most sweet;
My arms were round the maid,
Nor yet did morn our eyelids greet.
"Soon shalt thou see," I cried,
"My Phillis, bright Aurora come,
Fresh from the ocean tide,
And gild the heaven's ethereal dome.

"When her clear face appears,
The stars that beautified the night
Shall melt within the spheres,
And veil their eyes of burning light;
And then the sun thou'lt see
Forth like a gladdening angel rise,
When all the heaven shall be
Lit by the lustre of his eyes.

"But sweetest, one fair sight
That moon or star does far outshine,
Shall 'scape those eyes of light;
But oh, how sweetly fall on mine!
For, as the sun's bright gleam,
Quench'd all the starry worlds on high,
So shall *he* pale his beam
Before the radiance of thine eye."

Claudio Tolomei.

Espero, sacra ed amorosa Stella
Nel notturno silenzio scorta educe,
Viva fiamme d'amor, amica luce
Di Venere gentil raggio e facella!

Mentre vo queto alla mia donna bella
Che spegne'l Sol quando il dì novo adduce,
Or che la Luna è sotto e a noi non luce
Mostrami in vece sua tua lampa bella.

Non vo così lontan di notte oscura
Per far a' lassi viandanti oltraggio,
Nè per trar di sepolcri ombre di canto:
Io amo, ed altri a me l' anima furci:
Deh, perch' io la riabbia, o lume santo
Tu che pur ami, alluma il mio viaggio!

O sweet—O gentle Hesper,
Whose soft and diamond eyes
So brightly shine, when Vesper
Is in the jewell'd skies—
Though Night's dun shadow covers
Grove, lake, and wood afar—
There is a light for lovers:
Thine—thine Cytherea's star!

Whilst I with bosom panting,
And stealthy footstep glide,
To her whose smile enchanting,
Brings sunshine to my side:
And ere the moon her blessed
And shining orb has shewn,
Wilt thou, with starry cresset,
Conduct me on, alone?

Amid those shades I wander,
On guileless errand bent;
Nor do I wildly ponder
On deeds of bad intent.
I go—to Love obedient—
A lost heart to redeem;
Make thou my journey radiant,
And guide me with thy beam!

To charge the excellent Claudio Tolomei with plagiarism may look rather presumptuous, but he certainly has no claim to originality for the foregoing song. It is a well-disguised robbery from the Greek poet, Moschus. Those who can read the original may judge for themselves; those who cannot, may take my translation of it to one of Mr. Thomas Moore's prettiest airs.

Εἰδύλλιον Μοσχου.

Ἔσπερε, τᾶς ερατας χρυσεον φαος Αφρογενειας
Εσπερε, κυανεας ιερον φιλε νυκτος αγαλμα
Τοσσον αφαυροτερον μηνας οσον εξοχος αστρων,
Χαιρε φιλος· και μοι ποτι ποιμενα κωμον αγοντι
Αντι σελαναιας τυ διδου φαος· ωνεκα τηνα
Ἑωιερον αρχομενα, ταχεον δυεν· ουκ επι φωραν
Ἐρχομαι, ουδ' ἱνα νυκτος οδοιπορεοντ' ενοχλησω,
Αλλ' ΕΡΑΩ· καλον δε τ' ερασσαμενω συνερασθαι.

Air—"How sweet the answer echo makes."

How brightly burns the evening star,
With golden gleam,
When sparkling from her crystal car,
Like Luna fair she sheds afar,
Her sweet, soft beam.

Oh, dearly Venus loves thy light,
Fair orb of eve;
And when thou comest forth at night,
Thy smile makes maidens' eyes more bright,
And fond hearts heave.

Hail, star beloved, to thee I pray,
From thy pure sphere
Pour down on me thy gentlest ray,
And guide, oh guide me, on my way,
To Chloe dear!

THE YEOMANRY BALL; AND AN INCIDENT ON THE CLYDE.

BY MRS. WARD.

"Good bye, sir," said I, to the venerable Dr. Chalmers, under the portico of G—— House, whither I had followed him from the drawing-room after his leave-taking, to have a shake of the hand and a benediction to myself, for I too was about to quit the pleasant abode where we had both been visitors, to return home, and thence to "become a wanderer on the face of the earth."

"Farewell, and may God bless and prosper you, young leddy!" he replied, in that sweet and earnest tone which none can describe, but which all who have had the happiness of being in his society must remember.

The benediction was so solemnly, yet simply, uttered, that all I could answer was, "*Thank you!*" and standing in the portico, I watched the "good minister of God" down the gravel path, even to the lodge gates, and stayed there many minutes, full of serious thoughts and regrets at quitting a place where I had spent so many happy hours.

I had intended to open my chapter at once with the "incident," which had well nigh frightened me to death; but, taking up my pen to do so, old memories came by, and carried me fairly away with them back again to the Clyde, to the joyous days passed in the hospitable mansions which crowd and ornament its green and richly-wooded banks, to the pic-nics, the yacht races, the sailing parties, the yeomanry balls, and the home circle gathered round the autumnal fire, where sportsmen rested after the toils of the day, while young girls sang "sweet ballads of old times," or old people told strange legends or warlike anecdotes of their fathers who had been out in '45."

And this last visit at G—— had been especially pleasant. There have been hundreds of descriptions of the Clyde, so that I need not waste my time or my reader's, or "spin out my paper" by dwelling on the beauties of that glorious river; yacht races, pic-nics, and sailing parties, are common-place amusements, even in England (not so pleasant, though), but here we have no such thing as a yeomanry ball, or at least *such* a yeomanry ball as I had the opportunity of witnessing in "bonnie Scotland."

It was the eve of an election, and the member, Sir Michael ——, anxious to be again "returned," (previous to which it was necessary to brush up his popularity,) besought my host and hostess, who were his near neighbours, to "make a party, and go."

I was enchanted at the thought—a ball in any shape was always a delight to me; my young friend, Miss ——, whose walks, amusements, and occupations, I shared, despite the difference of our dispositions, (for she was grave, and I was gay,) did not relish the prospect at all.

"I wish it was over," she said; "it is nothing more nor less than Sir M——'s popularity ball, before his election; I cannot bear the thoughts of going."

"And I," exclaimed I, "am enchanted!"

"Are you aware," said she, "that we shall have all the wives and daughters of the yeomen mingling in the dance, and sitting on the same benches with us?"

"Oh, no! but how amusing that will be! I expect to pass a right merry evening, and to see real merry faces."

And so I did. Oh, the laughter of those Scotch lasses when once the first country dance was over, the gay reel superseding it, the shout from the orchestra, the knapping of fingers, the Highland halloo, and the clapping of hands!

"I declare," said a young lady, "it quite frightens me."

"Hush, pray, hush!" whispered Sir M——; "my election is lost if these people hear you. Would you," said he, turning to me, "help me in this strait?—that girl in the brown gown and red necklace has been quietly listening to all that has been going on just now; her father has more votes at his command than any yeoman in the room, and if he be offended, woe betide my election! I'll get Colonel H—— (the field-officer who had come from Glasgow to inspect the ——shire yeomanry) to ask the daughter to dance, and if I can only persuade a lady of my party to stand up in a reel, all will go right."

How could I refuse?—in truth, I had no inclination to do so. It was indeed a right merry dance that, and we were a somewhat motley group withal: the dragoon in his splendid uniform, I in my gossamer dress, Sir M—— in his yeomanry jacket, and the little crop-headed girl, in a brown stuff-dress with long *decent* sleeves, and a snood round her head, made a singular contrast. Colonel H——, who had too much good taste to be fine, entered into the spirit of the dance with all his heart, the girl danced with all her strength, and Sir M——, whose exquisite performance of the Highland fling had formerly elicited the admiration of George the Fourth when Prince Regent,

really surpassed himself; I, for my part, laughed so much, that I had much ado to go through the task I had so heroically begun. But the reel over, the girl's father came up, and begged to shake hands with us; he said he was so much obliged to me that he hoped I would let him thank me in his plain Scotch way; and as he walked off with his flattered and delighted daughter on his arm, who expressed her thanks by a low, quick curtsey to the dragoon *in particular*, Sir M—— whispered, "*I*, too, thank you very much."

And I vow that dance was one of the pleasantest I ever had—the girl's pleased look, and the father's hearty shake of the hand, were worth all the ball-room faces one usually meets with, be they ever so young or lovely. Like the dustman's compliment to the Duchess of Devonshire, when he exclaimed, "God bless your bright eyes, madam, just let me light my pipe in them!" the thanks of the yeoman and his daughter were valuable, inasmuch as they were genuine—a rare combination in our class of society. But to our dismay, our party having "shewn themselves" for an hour and a half, thought it right to retire. The present honourable member for ——, a near relation of Sir M——'s, went down on his knees in the doorway, (as he must even now remember,) in mock supplication, praying us to remain; but all would not do—the chaperons were inexorable, and the gentlemen were fain to return to the ball-room and dance reels with the lasses who "didna ken the *patterns* o' quadrilles."

The week which had begun so gaily ended very quietly—it was like a pleasant calm after an exciting storm; Dr. Chalmers being the principal guest at G——, and the day after his departure I, alas! took mine.

And now for the incident which so terrified me. It was in the afternoon that I embarked, under the care of an "elderly gentleman," on board the Glasgow steamer, from G——. Roseneath woods looked more beautiful than ever in their autumnal hues, Ardincaple (albeit, I believe, a modern building) quite baronial, from the dark shadows flung over its towers by the flying clouds, which, ere we had passed Greenock, came down in showers. My old friend lent me a cloak, he and I having the same invincible antipathy to going below; so sending down my dressing-case to be placed by the steward in the ladies' cabin for shelter, we made ourselves "snug under a large umbrella," and braved the rain. It began to grow dusk ere we approached Dumbarton, and lingering to hear the sunset retreat beat from "Dumbarton drums," I did not descend to the cabin for my dressing-case till the moon had risen; I then made my way to the head of the stairs, and there encountered a young lady, who, pale as death, entreated me to follow her immediately. We descended together.

"There's an awful sight in the ladies' cabin!" said she; "and a man sitting there, which is very indecorous. I was just going for the steward; there is nobody below to render assistance."

"What is it?" said I, drawing back, alarmed.

"Pray, come away," answered the Scotch girl, "may be she's not dead, only fainting; but the man in the corner of the cabin is fast asleep or tipsy, and I dare not pass the body that's lying on the sofa, to rouse him."

"I am half afraid," replied I; "let us call the steward." The impulse of curiosity, however, impelled me onward to the door of the cabin, and I looked in. The moon streamed right through the port, and flung its rays upon a ghastly figure extended at full length upon the horse-hair cushions. The hair of this figure was gathered back from the pallid brow, apparently damp and dishevelled; the soiled robe only covered one shoulder, and the death-like hands were clasped across the bosom; the lower part of the body was wrapped in a ragged-looking shawl, no pillow supported the head, and the eyes were fixed and staring, absolutely glaring upwards in the moonlight. There sat the man, with his hat slouched over his brows, snoring in a heavy or drunken sleep. Horrible visions of men connected with Burke and Hare (the wife of the latter I had seen only a few days before, with a lovely infant in her arms,) came across me. Neither my companion nor I stirred for a moment or two; no one came below; there were scarcely any passengers but ourselves on board, and my idea was that the man we saw before us, having charge of a "body" for the Glasgow doctors, had become insensible (from intoxication) of what he was about, or that he was leagued with the captain or steward of the packet, or that——but a hundred unreasonable thoughts chased each other swiftly through my brain.

"May be," said the Scotch girl, "she is in a fit—let us see."

We got past the man with trembling feet; he never stirred, only muttered a sort of growl, and with heroic resolution I placed my finger on the pale brow of the recumbent figure. I started back with a loud scream, the Scotch girl ran out of the cabin, and

nearly knocked down the captain at the foot of the staircase, he having been attracted thither at a bound, on hearing my shriek.

"For Gude's sake! young leddies, what's a' this aboot?"

"Lord save us!" exclaimed the Scotch girl, "there's a dead body in the ladies' cabin!"

There was a terrible commotion at once, a perfect Babel of tongues, (as an Irishman might observe, imagine a *Scotch* Babel,) and neither the captain nor his people could make themselves heard at all amid the confusion and din that the exclamation had produced. Even the drunken man was sobered, and sat up, and when he was able to collect his scattered senses together, and when curiosity impelled the surrounding people to silence, a few words from him set matters all at rest.

"*Hech, sirs!*" said he, "*dinna be making sic a stramash aboot the figure-head of the Kilmun steamer, that's ganging up to Glasgow wi' me, to hae a dash o' paint pit upon her.*"

I vow, however, that I did not recover from my fright for a long time—it was as good as a real ghost in its effects.

And I vow, also, that this is no mere "traveller's tale," but a "real *live* incident!"

LINES,

OCCASIONED BY SEEING AN ITALIAN IMAGE-BOY ASLEEP ON A DOOR-STEP IN LONDON, WITH HIS FACE TURNED TOWARDS THE MORNING SUN.

BY MRS. GORE.

YEA, sun thyself!—and may the morning beam
Cheer thy young blood,—Italianize thy dream,—
Bring to thy weary home-sick heart again
The sad-hued olive-grounds, the golden plain—
The roving vines, flung wild from tree to tree—
The orange-blooms, that drown the pilfering bee—
The pine-wood, darkening o'er the distant hill—
The gleaming lake, in snatches, calm and still,
Pure, as though Heaven, impatient of her hue,
Had shed on Earth a fragment brightly blue;—
The white-wall'd hamlets, dotted o'er the land—
The hum of men, exchanging, hand in hand,
Greetings in thy land's language, soft and fond,
To which thy kindling heart's quick throbs respond;—
The convent-bell, tolling the Angelus,—
The way-side shrine of Him who died for us,
Where thy young brethren, pausing in their play,
Lift up their little swarthy hands to pray,
Still naming in their prayers the exile far away!

Yea, sun thyself, and sleep!—by pitying Heaven,
Thus to thy rugged lot be comfort given!
While round thee brawls, unnoticed and unseen,
Soot-suited London's grim and harsh routine;
The rumbling wheels,—the cries of petty trade,—
The coarse rebuke of pride, in oaths convey'd,—
The hollow laugh of meretricious joy,—
The ribald jest, that mocks the slumb'ring boy,—
All—all the vulgar clamours that enhance
The dreariest city under Heaven's expanse,—
Oh! let them howl, unheeded!—'mid them all,
While on thy head these rays of mercy fall,
Dream of thy home—thy sunbright home, afar—
And bear with what thou art,—*and what we are!*

So, 'mid the clamorous storms of daily life,
The trustful soul, regardless of the strife,
Cheer'd by the soothings of a mighty hand,
Solaced by visions of a better land,
Anchors its hopes in an immortal home,
Earth's passing cares forgot in endless joys to come.

THE LONELY HEARSE.

WRITTEN ON SEEING A HEARSE CONTAINING A YOUNG FEMALE, AND ALMOST WHOLLY UNATTENDED, PROCEED THROUGH THE STREETS OF PARIS ON A COLD RAINY DAY. ON THE COFFIN LAY A WREATH OF ORANGE-FLOWERS.

BY LADY HARRIETTE D'ORSAY.

Drearily the rain is falling
Upon thy maiden bier,
Though on thy wreath of orange-flowers
There is no mourner's tear;
Unheeded through the crowded streets
Thy lonely hearse moves on,
None miss thee from the busy earth,
None care that thou art gone.

And were there none to watch thee
Upon thy bed of pain;—
No friend to shed above thee,
Warm tears, albeit in vain?
Mournfully the spotless garland
Adorns thy coffin now;
As a bride before the altar,
It should have bound thy brow.

Whilst wandering on this dreary earth,
Dark and lonely was thy lot;
But now thou sleep'st a quiet sleep,
And thy sorrows are forgot.

Unheeded now, upon thy brow
Descend the snow and rain,
As would heaven's glorious sunshine
Fall on thy grave in vain.

The cold world's harsh neglect and scorn,
The trampling of the proud,
These cannot reach thee where thou liest,
Wrapt in thy snowy shroud;
Though lonely is thy funeral,
There is a glorious throng
To welcome thee in Paradise
With the Redeemer's song.

There thou shalt see thy mother's face,
Who taught thy young lips truth,
And left thee in a dreary place,
In thy age of helpless youth;
But sadness now is pass'd away,
And thy pure soul shall raise
In sunny realms of endless day
Unceasing songs of praise.

NAPOLEON.

BY THE HON. JULIA AUGUSTA MAYNARD.

Napoleon! yes, upon thy slightest breath
Hung the dread mandate both of spoil and death.
E'en as a careless whisper has control
To bid suspended avalanches roll,
Thy word was given, and the battle's roar
Thunder'd relentlessly from shore to shore.
Upon th' expectant tone, lo! nations wait,
And from that signal learn their coming fate.
Thou bad'st proud France, a self-degraded serf,
For thee strew laurels on Marengo's turf,
Till shouts of charging columns rent the sky,
Mingled with groans of dying agony!
Where long the death-resounding cannon roll'd,
Till countless forms lay on that field unsoul'd—
Unshrouded, save in their own martial cloak—
Each slept unmoved as victory's yell awoke;
They slept unconscious on that fatal plain,
Mass'd and uncoffin'd, those deserted slain!
With prostrate coursers that in battle died,
The last drops ebbing from each smitten side;
With broken sabres, and with shiver'd helms,
And the chill horror which all else o'erwhelms.
Hero of Austerlitz, where art thou now?
Could death alone bring that proud spirit low?
Thy blood-red eagle, glitt'ring in the sun,
Thyself hath lost, ere yet thy race was run.
What swell'd the charnel-house with slaughter'd dead,
And o'er thy name a fatal lustre shed?
What fetter'd realms? Ambition's dire control,
The mighty lever of a master-soul!

AN EXHIBITION GOSSIP.

BY MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

IN A LETTER TO MONSIEUR GUILLAUME, PEINTRE,

A son Atelier, Rue de Monsieur, Faubourg St. Germain, Paris.

DEAR GUILLAUME,—Some of the dullest chapters that ever were written in this world—viz., those on the History of Modern Europe, by Russell, begin with an address to some imaginary young friend, to whom the Doctor is supposed to communicate his knowledge. "Dear John," begins he, quite affectionately, "I take up my pen to state that the last of the Carlovingians"—or, "Dear John, I am happy to inform you, that the aspect of Europe on the accession of Henry VIII. was so and so." In the same manner, and in your famous "*Lettres à Sophie*," the history of the heathen gods and goddesses is communicated to some possible young lady; and this simple plan has, no doubt, been adopted because the authors wished to convey their information with the utmost simplicity possible, and in a free, easy, honest, confidential sort of a way.

This, (as usual,) dear Guillaume, has nothing to do with the subject in hand; but I have ventured to place a little gossip concerning the Exhibition, under an envelop inscribed with your respectable name, because I have no right to adopt the editorial *we*, and so implicate a host of illustrious authors, who give their names and aid to Mr. Ainsworth's Magazine, in opinions that are very likely not worth sixpence; and because that simple upright I, which often seems egotistical and presuming, is, I fancy, less affected and pert than "we" often is. "I," is merely an individual; whereas, "we," is clearly somebody else. "I," merely expresses an opinion; whereas, "we," at once lays down the law.

Pardon, then, the continued use of the personal pronoun, as I am sure, my dear friend, you will; because as you do not understand a word of English, how possibly can you quarrel with my style?

We have often had great battles together on the subject of our respective schools of art; and having seen the two Exhibitions, I am glad to be able to say that ours is the best *this* year, at least, though, perhaps, for many years past you have had the superiority. We have more good pictures in our 1400, than you in your 3000; among the good, we have more *very* good, than you have this year, (none nobler and better than the drawings of M. Decamps); and though there are no such large canvases and ambitious subjects as cover the walls of your salon, I think our painters have more first-class pictures in their humble way.

They wisely, I think, avoid those great historical "parades" which cover so much space in the Louvre. A young man has sometimes a fit of what is called "historical painting;" comes out with a great canvas, disposed in the regular six-feet heroical order; and having probably half ruined himself in the painting of his piece, which nobody (let us be thankful for it!) buys, curses the decayed state of taste in the country, and falls to portrait-painting, or takes small natural subjects, in which the world can sympathize, and with which he is best able to grapple. We have no government museums like yours to furnish;—no galleries in chief towns of departments to adorn;—no painted chapels, requiring fresh supplies of saints and martyrs, which your artists do to order. Art is a matter of private enterprise here, like everything else: and our painters must suit the small rooms of their customers, and supply them with such subjects as are likely to please them. If you were to make me a present of half a cartoon, or a prophet by Michael Angelo, or a Spanish martyrdom, I would turn the picture against the wall. Such great things are only good for great edifices, and to be seen occasionally;—we want pleasant pictures, that we can live with—something that shall be lively, pleasing or tender, or sublime, if you will, but only of a moderate-sized sublimity. Confess, if you had to live in a huge room with the Last Judgment at one end of it, and the Death of Ananias at the other, would not you be afraid to remain alone—or, at any rate, long for a comfortable bare wall? The world produces, now and then, one of the great daring geniuses who make those tremendous works of art; but they come only seldom—and Heaven be thanked for it! We have had one in our country—John Milton by name. Honestly confess now, was there not a fervour in your youth when you had a plan of an epic, or, at least, of an heroic Michael-Angelesque picture? The sublime rage fades as one grows older and cooler; and so the good, sensible, honest English painters, for the most part, content themselves with doing no more than they can.

But though we have no heroical canvases, it is not to be inferred that we do not cultivate a humbler sort of high art; and you painters of religious subjects know, from the very subjects which you are called upon to draw, that humility may be even more sublime than greatness. For instance, there is in almost everything Mr. Eastlake does (in spite of a little feebleness of hand and primness of mannerism), a purity which is to us quite angelical, so that we can't look at one of his pictures without being touched and purified by it. Mr. Mulready has an art, too, which is not inferior, and though he commonly takes, like the before-mentioned gentleman, some very simple, homely subject to illus-

trate, manages to affect and delight one, as much as painter can. Mr. Mulready calls his picture, "The Ford;" Mr. Eastlake styles his, "Sisters." The "Sisters" are two young ladies looking over a balcony; "The Ford" is a stream, through which some boys are carrying a girl: and how is a critic to describe the beauty in such subjects as these? It would be easy to say these pictures are exquisitely drawn, beautifully coloured, and so forth; but that is not the reason of their beauty: on the contrary, any man who has a mind may find fault with the drawing and colouring of both. Well, there is a charm about them seemingly independent of drawing and colouring; and what is it? There's no foot rule that I know of to measure it; and the very wisest lecturer on art might define and define, and be not a whit nearer the truth. I can't tell you why I like to hear a blackbird sing; it is certainly not so clever as a piping bullfinch.

I always begin with the works of these gentlemen, and look at them oftenest and longest; but that is only a simple expression of individual taste, and by no means an attempt at laying down the law, upon a subject which is quite out of the limits of all legislation. A better critic might possibly, (I say "possibly," not as regards the correctness of my own opinion, but the unquestionable merit of the two admirable artists above named;) another critic will possibly have other objects for admiration, and if such a person were to say, Pause—before you award preeminence to this artist or that, pause—for instance, look at those two Leslies, can anything in point of *esprit* and feeling surpass them?—indeed the other critic would give very sound advice. Nothing can be finer than the comedy of the Scene from Twelfth Night, more joyous, frank, manly, laughter-moving;—or more tender, and grave, and naïf, than the picture of Queen Catherine and her attendant. The great beauty of these pieces is the total absence of affectation. The figures are in perfectly quiet, simple positions, looking as if they were not the least aware of the spectator's presence, (a rare quality in pictures, as I think, of which little dramas, the actors, like those upon the living stage, have a great love of "striking an attitude," and are always on the look-out for the applause of the lookers-on,) whereas Mr. Leslie's excellent little troop of comedians know their art so perfectly, that it becomes the very image of nature, and the best nature, too. Some painters (skilled in the depicting of such knicknacks) overpower their pieces with "properties"—guitars, old armours, flower-jugs, curtains, and what not. The very chairs and tables in the picture of Queen Catherine have a noble, simple arrangement about them; they look sad and stately, and cast great dreary shadows—they will lighten up a little, doubtless, when the girl begins to sing.

You and I have been in the habit of accusing one of the cleverest painters of the country of want of poetry: no other than Mr. Edwin Landseer, who, with his marvellous power of hand, a sort of aristocrat among painters, has seemed to say—I care for my dog and my gun; I'm an English country gentleman, and poetry is beneath me. He has made us laugh sometimes, when he is in the mood, with his admirable humour, but has held off as it were from poetic subjects, as a man would do who was addressing himself in a fine ball-room to a party of fine people, who would stare if any such subjects were broached. I don't care to own that in former years those dogs, those birds, deer, wild-ducks, and so forth, were painted to such a pitch of desperate perfection, as to make me quite angry—elegant, beautiful, well-appointed, perfect models for grace and manner; they were like some of our English dandies that one sees, and who never can be brought to pass the limits of a certain polite smile, and decorous, sensible insipidity. The more one sees them, the more vexed one grows, for, be hanged to them, there is no earthly fault to find with them. This, to be sure, is begging the question, and you may not be disposed to allow either the correctness of the simile, or that dandies are insipid, or that field-sports, or pictures thereof, can possibly be tedious; but, at any rate, it is a comfort to see that a man of genius who is a poet *will* be one sometimes, and here are a couple of noble poetical pieces from Mr. Landseer's pencil. The "Otter and Trout" has something awful about it; the hunted stag, panting through the water and startling up the wild-fowl, is a beautiful and touching poem. Oh, that these two pictures, and a few more of different English artists, could be carried across the Channel—say when Mr. Partridge's portrait of the Queen goes, to act as a counterpoise to that work!

A few Etties might likewise be put into the same box, and a few delightful golden landscapes of Callcott. To these I would add Mr. Maclise's "Hamlet," about whose faults and merits there have been some loud controversies; but in every Exhibition for the last five years, if you saw a crowd before a picture, it was sure to be before his; and with all the faults people found, no one could go away without a sort of wonder at the prodigious talent of this gentleman. Sometimes it was mere wonder; in the present Exhibition it is wonder and pleasure too; and his picture of Hamlet is by far the best, to my thinking, that the artist has ever produced. If, for the credit of Old England, (and I hereby humbly beg Mr. Maclise to listen to the suggestion,) it could be transported to the walls of your salon, it would shew French artists, who are accustomed to sneer at the drawing of the English school, that we have a man whose power of drawing is greater than that of any *artist among* you,—of any artist that ever lived, I should like to venture to say. An artist,

possessing this vast power of hand, often wastes it—as Paganini did, for instance—in capriccios, and extravagances, and brilliant feats of skill, as if defying the world to come and cope with him. The picture of the play in "Hamlet" is a great deal more, and is a noble poetic delineation of the awful story. Here I am obliged to repeat, for the tenth time in this letter, how vain it is to attempt to describe such works by means of pen and ink. Fancy Hamlet, ungartered, lying on the ground, looking into the very soul of King Claudius, who writhes under the play of Gonzago. Fancy the Queen, perplexed and sad, (she does not know of the murder,) and poor Ophelia, and Polonius, with his staff, pottering over the tragedy; and Horatio, and all sorts of knights and ladies, looking wondering on. Fancy, in the little theatre, the king asleep; a lamp in front casts a huge forked fantastic shadow over the scene—a shadow that looks like a horrible devil in the background that is grinning and aping the murder. Fancy ghastly flickering tapestries of Cain and Abel on the walls, and all this painted with the utmost force, truth, and dexterity—fancy all this, and then you will have not the least idea of one of the most startling, wonderful pictures that the English school has ever produced.

Mr. Maclise may be said to be at the head of the young men; and though you and I, my dear Guillaume, are both old, and while others are perpetually deploring the past, I think it is a consolation to see that the present is better, and to argue that the future will be better still. You did not give up David without a pang, and still think Baron Gérard a very wonderful fellow. I can remember once, when Westall seemed really worth looking at, when a huge black exaggeration of Northcote or Opie struck me as mighty fine, and Mr. West seemed a most worthy President of our Academy. Confess now that the race who succeeded them did better than they; and indeed the young men, if I may be permitted to hint such a thing, do better still—not better than individuals—for Eastlake, Mulready, Etty, Leslie, are exhibitors of twenty years' standing, and the young men may live a thousand years and never surpass them; but a finer taste is more general among them than existed some thirty years back, and a purer, humbler, truer love of nature. Have you seen the "Deserted Village" of the "Etching Club?" What charming feeling and purity is there among most of the designs of these young painters, and what a credit are they to the English school!

The designers of the "Etching Club" seem to form a little knot or circle among themselves; and though the names of Cope, Redgrave, Herbert, Stone, have hardly reached you as yet in France, they will be heard of some day even there, where your clever people, who can appreciate all sorts of art, will not fail to admire the quiet, thoughtful, pious, delicate feeling which characterizes the works of this charming little school. All Mr. Cope's pictures, though somewhat feeble in hand, are beautifully tender and graceful. "The Hawthorn-bush, with seats beneath the shade, for talking age and whispering lovers made," is a beautiful picture for colour, sentiment, and composition. The old people, properly garrulous, talking of old times, or the crops, or the Doctor's sermon; the lovers—a charming pair—loving with all their souls, kind, hearty, and tender. The Schoolmaster of one of his other pictures is an excellent awful portrait of Goldsmith's pedagogue. Mr. Redgrave's "Cinderella" is very pleasant, his landscape beautiful. Mr. Stone's "Advice" is full of tender sentiment, and contains some frank, excellent painting; but how vapid all such comments appear, and how can you, on the banks of the Seine, understand from these sort of vague, unsatisfactory praises, what are the merits or demerits of the pieces spoken about!

We have here a delightful, *naïf* artist, Mr. Webster by name, who has taken little boys under his protection, and paints them in the most charming comic way—in that best sort of comedy, which makes one doubt whether to laugh or to cry. His largest picture this year represents two boys bound for school. Breakfast is hurried over, (a horrid early breakfast;) the trunk is packed; papa is pulling on his boots; there is the coach coming down the hill, and the guard blowing his pitiless horn. All the little girls are gathered round their brothers: the elder is munching a biscuit, and determined to be a man; but the younger, whom the little sister of all has got hold of by the hand, can't bear the parting, and is crying his eyes out.

I quarrel with Mr. Webster for making one laugh at the boy, and giving him a comic face. I say no man who has experienced it, has a right to laugh at such a sorrow. Did you ever, in France, look out for the diligence that was to take you to school, and hear a fatal conducteur blowing his horn as you waited by the hill side—as you waited with the poor mother, turning her eyes away—and slowly got off the old pony, which you were not to see for six months—for a century—for a thousand miserable years again? Oh, that first night at school! those bitter, bitter tears at night, as you lay awake in the silence, poor little lonely boy, yearning after love and home. Life has sorro
knows, but, I swear, none like that! I was thinking about all this as
Webster's picture, and behold it turned itself into an avenue of lime-trees,
stile that led to a stubble-field; and it was evening, about the 14th of Sept
dinner, (how that *last* glass of wine used to choke and burn in the throat

EXHIBITION GOSSIP.

[illegible] the whirring of the well-known Defiance coach [illegible]—the trunk on the roof; and—bah! from that day I can't [illegible] parting.

[illegible] the subject: but pray let Mr. Webster change the face of

[illegible] ladies to one another) are not allowed to go beyond a [illegible], though I may have a fancy to speak to you of many score of [illegible] the fourteen hundred here exhibited, there are numbers which [illegible] any notice whatever. It is hard to pass by Mr. Richmond's [illegible] figures, without a word concerning them; or Mr. Charles Landseer's [illegible] and Cavaliers;" or not to have at least half a page to spare, in order [illegible] upon Mr. Chalon and his ogling beauties: he has a portrait of [illegible] for its cleverness and unlikeness, and one of the most [illegible] actresses, Mrs. Charles Kean, who is represented as a killing [illegible] Mr. Kean may be thankful that the portrait does not in the least re-[illegible]

[illegible] need to say that the oil portrait-painters maintain their usual [illegible] excellence. Mr. Briggs, Mr. Pickersgill, Mr. Grant, shew some excellent [illegible] ladies are beautiful, and his "Lord Cardigan" a fine painting and [illegible] Briggs' "Archbishop" is a noble head and picture; Mr. Pickersgill has, [illegible] full-length of a Navy Captain, very fine; Mr. Linnell's portraits are very [illegible] Lawrence has one (the Attorney General), excellently drawn, and fine [illegible] This year's picture of her Majesty is intended for *your* Majesty, Louis [illegible] the French court might have had a more favourable representation of [illegible] only one "Duke of Wellington" that I have remarked—(indeed it must [illegible] to the good-natured and simple old nobleman to give up to artists the use [illegible] as he is so often called upon to do)—at present he appears in a group of [illegible] in arms, called the "Heroes of Waterloo." The picture, from the [illegible] vermilion, was most difficult to treat, but is cleverly managed, and [illegible] good. All the warriors assembled are smiling, to a man; and in the [illegible] picture of Napoleon, who is smiling too—and this is surely too great a [illegible] nature.

[illegible] the Napoleon of Mr. Turner? called (with frightful satire) the [illegible] *Ocean-Impet.*" He stands in the midst of a scarlet tornado, looking at least

[illegible] poet, from whom Mr. Turner loves to quote,—

> "Ah! thy tent-formed shell is like
> The soldier's nightly bivouac, alone
> Amidst a sea of blood ————
> ————*but you can join your comrades.*"
>
> FALLACIES OF HOPE.

[illegible] entirely explain the meaning of the picture; another piece is [illegible] same poem, in a metre more regular:—

> "[illegible] midnight torch gleam'd o'er the steamer's side
> [illegible] *corse* was yielded to the tide."

[illegible] as sometimes I believe is the case, it might perhaps be [illegible] and see how they would look *then*; the Campo Santo [illegible] is scarcely less mysterious; at a little distance, how-[illegible] and beautiful picture. O for the old days, before [illegible] Fallacies," and could see like other people!

[illegible] so romantic, are, as usual, excellent. You know [illegible] France, as well as we do: I wish one day you could [illegible] of Lee and Creswick, where you can almost see [illegible] the ripple of the water, and the whispering in the [illegible]

* * *

[illegible] the paper; and a great deal that was to be said [illegible] Suffolk-street must remain unsaid for ever and [illegible] by Miss Setchel, in the Junior Water-colour [illegible] are delightful in grace and expression, and

M. A. T.

PEOPLE WHO "HAVEN'T TIME."

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

EPITAPHS read in country churchyards are, if less poetical, sometimes as instructive as Elegies written therein. It is recorded upon rough stone, in deeply chiselled verse, of a certain Leicestershire lady, thus:—

> "At eighty-three she perish'd in her prime;
> More good she would have done, *but hadn't time!*"

Here is a picture of human life!—except that human life is generally taken off sooner—before it has time to sit for its portrait at all, upon any other principle than the photographic. The "lady who hadn't time" might have been the mother of the whole race of mortals. We all bear a strong family resemblance to her. How much good she would have done if she had had more time! What paragons would some of us become—if we had time!

There's Snaggs, junior, for example: ask him why he does not sit down and write off, at a heat, a new History of the World, or an epic like Milton's. Nobody supposes that he wants genius; for, having attempted nothing yet, everybody gives him credit for great capacity. Is it that he lacks ambition? No; for he is quite resolved to write his way, through stone walls, into Westminster Abbey. But perhaps he is indolent? On the contrary, he is as busy as a new pair of bellows in a place that is nameless. Why, then, does he fail to write epic poems and histories of the world? Ask him, and he will give you the sole, sufficing reason—"He hasn't *time*."

Behold Fitzgrub! Would you know why, with his theoretic philanthropy, he lives solely for himself, and renders not a jot of service to any human being in the known world;—why, with his charitable sentiments, he never inquired into this or that case of distress;—why, with his ample means and boundless benevolence of soul, he does not assist this plan of enlightenment, or foster that humanizing institution;—why, in short, he fails to circulate some of the wealth he has collected, and to put in action some of the exalted ideas he entertains! Ask; and his answer will be prefaced with a long-drawn sigh, over the shortness of life: "Ah! my dear sir, I haven't *time* for these things. The span of life is all too narrow, too narrow—the day is gone before one can see how to do any good in it. I—haven't—*time!*"

Inquire of Mr. Soho, why he has been stationary all his days. He was free to go and to return—free as the air itself. The spirit of enterprise and inquiry seemed ever to possess him. He panteth for the far-off, as a bard panteth for the sublime—"wings at his shoulders seem to play," Wordsworth fashion. Why has he worn a strait-waistcoat over them! Why, with his thirst for the Nile and the Niger, has he been crawling ever beside the Thames! How is it that, while his life has been one long dream of speculation, concerning hidden sources of streams, ruins of cities supposed to have been built by Chaos, caves unfathomable, and inaccessible mountain-tops, he should never have advanced a mile and a half beyond Hyde Park Corner! The world was all before him where to choose. True; and "True!" would be his answer—"I have been constantly promising myself a start; I have had my hat on to go to the Pyramids once or twice; but somehow—I don't know how it is—I haven't had *time*."

It is the fate of many people in this perverse world—when they do come to a right point—to come to it by wrong conclusions. We are apt to set down each others excesses and deficiencies to some cause which, being uppermost, seems likeliest, although, perhaps, it is the very last that should be selected. The good deed left undone, the great duty left undischarged, does not always denote a want of virtue—we daily see that a want of time is at the root of the evil.

People would be virtuous, no doubt, but they haven't time; it will sometimes take half an hour to perform a promise, which may be neglected, with perfect ease, in a moment;—recollect that! They would be considerably more clever, more learned, more wise, also, but for the same reason; while they can prove themselves blockheads in half a minute, or make fools of themselves in no time. These points should be thought of, and allowance made accordingly. Life may be quite long enough, it thus appears, for faithlessness and folly; and yet many persons may find it much too short for integrity and wisdom.

Watches are an invention of the greatest possible convenience—to pickpockets in a crowd. Parish clocks, also, may have their merits of another kind; each differing with the other so consistently as to ensure a regular discordance of opinion among their va[illegible] highly congenial to clock-going humanity. But for any other virtues t[illegible] possess, for any other services they render, a sun-dial in November would same use and value. What *can* people want with such ridiculous super[illegible] continually telling us "they haven't time." It must be like exhibiting t[illegible] ferent rates of interest on foreign loans, to a beggar. Yet the persons who [illegible] always seeing how it goes, and they take out their watches sixty times in t[illegible]

vince themselves that they have not a single minute they can call their own. By frequent looking at time, they fancy that they are gaining, instead of losing it.

"Some men's watches," said Talleyrand, "always go a few minutes faster than those of other men." Not having time, they borrow a few minutes, and contrive to keep a small stock surreptitiously on hand. But borrowing begets borrowing, the minutes become years, and the spendthrift sees himself ruinously in advance. Other men's watches have the knack of going too slow; not having time enough, they think to hoard their precious moments, until they are awakened too late to the conviction that they have always been behind time.

These, indeed, are types of the two great classes into which society is divided—people who live in a hurry, and people who hardly seem to live at all—the railway-carriages and the slow coaches of the community.

Neither of these classes has "time." The insect that is begotten, born, and dead in one day, is not more pressed for time than the tortoise that lives for centuries: for he, whenever he moves forward, at the rate of a mile a week, fancies himself in a terrible bustle, and thinks he has not a moment to spare. The flowers, that just open at an appointed moment to close again for ever, must feel themselves, during their little hour of blushing, in a prodigious hurry, wondering what time it is by St. Paul's, and trembling lest they should be too late for the sunset; but so, also, beyond a doubt, is the aloe in haste, and if asked whether it could not contrive to blossom in less than a hundred years, it would answer, (if it could speak English,) "How impatient is man—*there isn't time!*"

Of the two classes, the fast and the slow movers, two familiar instances occur to us.

Hairbrain is always in a hurry, and always too late. He has never yet found sufficient time to complete anything he undertook to do. Life is just long enough to allow of a beginning; and to break off in the middle is his destiny. He never seems to lose a minute; he would turn every moment to account, yet he never has a single instant at his command. Leisure to him is a luxury peculiar to fairy land; the privilege of idle poets, who

> "Under the shade of melancholy boughs
> Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time."

Life has no pauses for him; he talks, reads in breathless haste, without the slightest reference to punctuation, and would not stay while he could count "one," even at a full stop. He has no patience with the rests in music; and would have called out from the pit, to Garrick delivering the soliloquy, to "get on." His stop-watch would have told him that the nominative case ought to be run right into the verb, never stopping for repairs. He is the most honest fellow in the world, but he once borrowed fifty pounds, and has never had time to return it. Existence is too short, he argues, to allow any man to promise and to perform too. The utmost you can accomplish, according to his theory, is to be just going to succeed; and so lively, so active is he in all his movements—his brain is ever so bustling, his very soul seems to be in such a hurry—that it is almost a wonder, sometimes, that he does *not* succeed in something. Every year seems leap-year where he is concerned—or, rather, it is the odd day, without the three hundred and odd. Directly he has settled what o'clock it is, he discovers that there is not time to do anything that morning; upon which, he immediately sets to work on a dozen matters at once. He is for ever running between pillar and post, and never touches either—*he hasn't time!*

It is long since we heard from Hairbrain; but well do we remember a letter of his, announcing a very agreeable, a very acceptable "herewith." "Herewith you will receive a noble haunch"—and then followed some particulars of the pedigree of the buck, an admirable dissertation on fat, a picturesque description of somebody's magnificent park, and a lively account of an excellent day's sport; the whole concluding with a "P.S.—I find I haven't time to send you the haunch at present—excuse haste."

This "Excuse Haste" is his family motto—as it might have been Adam's. His coat-of-arms, indeed, may be thought to convey no impertinent or unedifying representation of human life, if inspected with a serious eye; it presents the view of a highwayman being drawn in a cart to Tyburn at a gallop, through a heavy shower of rain, with the motto, as already mentioned, "Excuse haste!"

The last time we saw him, was in a state approaching to exhaustion. He was puffing and blowing, as though bent on running a match with a steam-carriage. It turned out, that he had been racing and chasing to get to the Bank by four o'clock, from Charing Cross, and had only eight minutes to do the distance in. Of course he was "too late," as usual. "But why, on earth," asked a listener, "didn't you call a cab?" "Call a cab!" echoed Hairbrain, after considerable fanning, and a preliminary phrff-phurrff-ff; "how foolishly—you talk—*I hadn't time!*" And here he fell into much meditation upon the shortness of life.

To comfort himself, and recruit after this misadventure, he drank bumpers at dinner, and became decidedly Bacchanalian soon after the cloth was removed. It was always his maxim, that a great deal of time was lost while the bottles were passing round. When reproached with excess, next day, to the question why he had not kept sober, he is ever the old reply—"I couldn't—*there wasn't time!*—I got drunk so fast!"

Grave must be the offence which he would hesitate to justify or to palliate, on that great and all-sufficing score—the want of time.

Our excellent friend, Halt—(he is the other promised example, the companion-picture)—meets him on this ground, and concurs in all his conclusions, though he arrives at them by different premises. Halt was never in a hurry in his life. Halt, in his own person, knows not what haste means. He maintains a certain marching step from year's end to year's end, borrowed, as some conjecture, from the practice of soldiers on drill, who seem to be moving forward, although they stir not an inch from the spot. He upholds the theory of the extreme shortness of life, to vindicate his practice of slow movements.

"Why hurry—why drive?" he reasons. "What does it all signify?—what does it amount to, haste, worry, as you will! Life is too delicate to bear this jerking and jolting. It is not long enough to stand all this wear and tear. And what time do you save by your hard gallop? Just five minutes now, three by-and-by, and one to-morrow. It's of no use—you may push on—but it's of no use. You'll be too late, after all. You'll never reach the goal, urge as you may. And if you did, what of it? No sooner done, than you are gone. Suppose you were allowed a whole century afterwards to spend the fortune you have built up, to enjoy the fame you have won. What's a century! To a man who contemplates eternity, and feels himself destined to undertake that journey, what is a course of centuries! Merely a little trip to Bath—not so much, only to Ramsgate. Why push along at such a preposterous rate! I never hurry myself—never go either faster or slower—it's not worth while—I haven't time to make haste."

It may be conjectured from the above, that Halt has no particular objection to making speeches upon occasion. The surmise is just. Halt, it must be confessed, does like to consume his life in long disquisitions on its brevity. When we say "making speeches," we mean, of course, long speeches—for there are no such things as short ones. We always know what Halt means, when he rises to make a "few brief observations." He spoke very well—very effectively—the other evening, for the first hour and a half; the rest was a failure.

"What a pity," said a friend, "that you did not sit down when you had made your point; that you did not leave off when you had created so favourable an impression."

"All the fault," was the reply, "of being so sadly pressed for time. I consumed but three hours and a quarter, altogether. What's three hours and a quarter! I had'nt time to leave off. A peroration can't be done properly under fifty minutes. It takes twenty, after the last 'and to conclude.'"

When the servant who robbed him was transported for fourteen years, Halt considerately petitioned for a mitigation of the sentence, on the ground that, in all probability, the man "would not have time" to be transported for more than *seven*. The convict escaped, and returned before his term ended, only to find the same principle working in his excuse:—"Life's very short; the poor fellow hadn't time to stop in such a climate. Besides, he had only nine years more to serve—what's nine years!"

Halt is seventy years old, has lived in assemblies of his fellow-mortals all his days, and has learned but one lesson, retains but one positive conviction—that "life is short." He talks without saying anything, hears without noting, even sleeps without dreaming, and yet complains that "life is short." He devotes a long evening to an argument which he has gone over twenty times before, with the same obstinate man, to the same endless end—yet he never had an hour to spare in all his life. He appropriated ten years to the study and practice of the German flute, but never had time to master it thoroughly. He bought a lottery-ticket in his youth, waited patiently for the day of drawing, but hadn't time to get it examined, or to ascertain whether it were a prize or not. He meant to have married, only he never had time to "pop" the question. He plays at cribbage, and talks politics, even now, during eight hours of the twenty-four, and yet grumbles grievously about the want of time. He invented a new life-insurance plan, but hadn't time to reduce it to figures. He will die some day—when he has time. He does not want heart—and he has an old head on his shoulders, as we have seen—time is what he wants. He intends to do something yet, he tells us—we must give him time.

The world is but a bubble. Men and daffodils, as the poet informs us, are the same things:—

> "We have short time to stay as you,
> We have as short a spring,
> As quick a growth to meet decay
> As you or anything."

There's plenty more verses in that poem of Herrick's, but one hasn't time to quote them. Another poet, however, boasts of his life of leisure, and makes short work of his business in this world, when thus he sings—

> "To live and die is all I have to do."

Very right; but so scanty was his allotted time, that even these two things—all he had to do—he was obliged to do *both at once*; for while he was living he was dying!

...th and beginning of the seventeenth century, than ...t lay buried in the archives of Dulwich College, ...an researches. The heads of that Institution lent ...t equal interest, and he kept possession of it for ...urned, mutilated, to the College; and it is now un- ...contemplate its publication for the use of their mem- ...autograph of its class extant—has surrounded with ...ip Henslowe. Let no man, therefore, despair of im- ...erse stands as good a chance of building up a famous ...serving man who married his mistress, and taught ...of horses in Paris Garden.

...is the most literal of all documents. The writer was so justly ...xpressed his meaning as briefly as possible, and constantly ...a fear of the spelling. In one place, he confounds Robin ... and compromises the difficulty, by calling the former Robin ... place, after designating Marston, the dramatist, as Mr. Max- ...to correct himself, by interlining the name of Marstone, without ...e, however, lest he might still be wrong, to strike out the name as he ...itten it.

...wife had a daughter, Joan Woodward; and as the father of the young ...considerable interest in the mines and foundries of Ashdown Forest, ... that Joan must have inherited a handsome fortune. Of course, ...ough dropping down the river to the Bankside, in the still, autumnal ...her; and, no doubt, a throng of gallants followed her when she went ...promenade. But Joan was not to be dazzled by idle admirers: she made a ... and discerning choice; and, out of the motley crowd, selected Edward ...ng man of respectable descent, but who, losing his father when he was only ...of age, was by necessity bred up a "stage-player." There was a remarkable ...ween his history and that of Joan Woodward. Her father died while she ...young, and her mother, marrying again, became connected with the theatrical ...through her second husband, Henslowe, who, out of the money she brought him, ...a moiety of the Rose Theatre, on the Bankside. Edward Alleyn's father also ...while he was young, and his mother, in like manner, married a second time; and ...husband, a person of the name of Brown, being an actor as well as a haberdasher, ...the boy up to the stage. When Alleyn became acquainted with Joan Woodward, he ...sole part or whole proprietor of the Hope Theatre, which stood near to the Rose, and ...not far from the Globe, which was Shakspeare's house; so that their opportunities of ...intercourse were frequent. He was then twenty-six years of age, and had already acquired ...property; she was nearly the same age, and had also a fortune at her disposal. Is ...dating too far upon the universal impulses of human nature, to take it for granted ...that they were drawn together by the sympathy of their positions?

Alleyn's youth was, as youth should always be, a time of gladness and triumph. He was a great favourite on the stage, excelling alike in comedy and tragedy, and no less popular in the green-room. The actors used to call him "Sweet Ned," just as they used to call Shakspeare "Sweet Will." But this seems to have been a general custom amongst them, as Heywood tells us, in his "Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels," that this sort of familiarity always prevailed between the actors and the dramatists, or rather between the most distinguished of both crafts. Thus Greene was always called Robin, instead of Robert; Marlowe, Kit; Kid, Watson, and Nash, Tom; Beaumont, Frank; Jonson, Ben; Fletcher, Webster, and Ford, Jack; Dekker, May, and Middleton, Tom; and so on. Alleyn's success, however, before the curtain gave him special importance behind it; and wagers used to be laid upon him in the performance of certain parts against other actors. On one of these occasions he was pitted against Peele, and on another against Kemp, both famous players in opposite styles; and there are some lines preserved in Dulwich College, by which it appears that the scene of contention in the latter case was the Hope Theatre, upon which occasion it was anticipated the Globe would be deserted, and a new play of Shakspeare's, just then coming out, would be inevitably postponed; such a pleasant confidence had Alleyn's friends in the force of his attraction!

> "The moneyes down—the place, the Hope—
> * * * *
> If Rossius Richard foames and fumes,
> The Globe shall have but emptie roomes,
> If thou doest act; and Wille's new playe
> Shall be rehearst some other daye."

The "Rossius Richard" alluded to was the celebrated Burbage ... in Shakspeare's plays, and one of the chief proprietors of the Glob... gedian of his time, notwithstanding all that has been said about ... the old actors by the dramatists are not always to be relied upo...

lowest value, it is tolerably certain that Burbage and Alleyn were the greates
their day, and that they were liberally appreciated by their contemporaries.
dency to excessive praise that prevailed amongst the actor-authors is at least a v
able evidence that they were well-disposed to acknowledge and sustain ea
pretensions.

The incidents of Alleyn's life are so few that they might be traced in a d
But his character presents so many aspects, and is so full of moral problems a
tive points, that it is not so easily disposed of. He prepared a grand hou
marriage, close by the Clink on the Bankside, near Winchester Palace. This fin
a wharf attached to it, and was held of the Lord Montagu; and, being within t
St. Mary Overies, was, doubtless, one of those high-roofed buildings which are r
in the map of 1657, as lying between the church and the bridge. There was
also, to the house, which Alleyn was fond of cultivating, and when he was drive
country by the plague, in the year after his marriage (1593), he writes very care
wife, to beg of her to see that spinach is sown in the bed where parsley had been
grown. He is scrupulous, too, about having his stockings dyed, and about su
domestic matters, which shew that even then, at the age of seven-and-twenty, he h
sense of personal comforts, and provident frugality in detail. It is only by th
here and there into different traits of his life that we can get at the true disposit
man.

It is very doubtful whether Alleyn was ever fond of the stage. Perhaps he
distaste for it, by being so early inured to its toils and privations. But, whatever
may have been, he certainly retired from it as soon as he could afford to live
or, rather, as soon as he found he could make more money of his time in othe
When the Globe was burned down, the company of the Globe and the Hope, an
also, that of the Rose, joined, and played together at Newington Butts. Alleyn
slowe were then in partnership, into which, indeed, they seem to have entered in
after Alleyn's marriage. They were admirably adapted for the peculiar circ
into which their good fortune had thrown them. Alleyn was a popular actor—H
shrewd money-broker; neither of them was troubled with much refinement o
a particle of intellectual ambition, and they were both qualified, above all men of
to make a thriving trade of theatricals. By the union of their pecuniary res
their working talents, they commanded nearly the whole dramatic market; and t
upon it as a market, and dealt in its productions in that spirit. Henslowe never
than £8, at the highest, for a play (money was then about five times its prese
until the increased number of theatres increased the demand; and even then, alt
prices were raised, he contrived to make such bargains with his authors as threw
the larger share of the purchase-money, upon the purse of the company. The p
these proceedings were enormous. This is not to be marvelled at. Think of th
of genius Henslowe and Alleyn had to draw upon—Jonson, Heywood, Chettl

tributions at almost every door, yet this comfortable actor, who had got a fortune with his young wife, in addition to his own savings and investments, leaves her in the very spring of their married happiness, to take her chance for the grave. Nor did he even write to her as often as he ought to have done, under the most ordinary circumstances. His family complained of his neglect, and Henslowe wrote to him to tell him how grieved his wife was not to hear from him, when other wives had letters sent to them from their absent husbands, and that she wept, and took it grievously, "thincking," says Henslowe, "that you had conseved some unkindnes of her, because you were ever wont to write with the firste; and I praye ye do so stylle, for we wold all be sorey but to heare as often frome you as others do frome ther frendes." This was in August, and the same complaint is repeated, with increased circumstances of aggravation, in September. The fact was, Alleyn was not a man of sensibility; such things had no effect upon him; and he thought he settled the whole account of tenderness with his wife, by writing to her now and then, and calling her his "dear mouse!" and telling her to keep the house clean, and to throw water before the door, and to put rue and herb of grace in the windows, and to pray for the grace of God! And this dear little mouse, who couldn't write, and was, therefore, quite unable to send back pretty terms of endearment in return, was carted, by order of the Lord Mayor, during Alleyn's absence, because she was unlucky enough to belong to the then prohibited order, into which she was drawn by her marriage!

These are unpleasant incidents at the outset of Alleyn's career; they spoil the flavour of his entire history. We find him deeply engrossed in a variety of speculations, in all of which he prospered, and then going into retirement, and endowing a college. He had no family, was laden with wealth; and, in his decline, built a charitable institution. Nothing can be said to diminish the gracefulness of that conclusion to his life; but, looking back into the seeds he had sown, in the acquisition of his property, it is no great harm to express a little wonder at the harvest of good they produced. A foolish tradition has come down to us, that he was frightened into the establishment of Dulwich College, by some fearful warning he received from a devil, that appeared to him on the stage. Alleyn may, possibly, have believed in the devil, (who was, probably, one of his own actors, and who may have taken that method of revenging his low pay upon the thriving manager;) but *we* are peremptorily called upon to reject him.

It has always been a question more easily agitated than resolved, how Alleyn got the means for such a princely endowment as that of the College of God's Gift, as he quaintly called it, at Dulwich. But Henslowe's Diary, and Alleyn's own papers, deposited in the archives of the Institution, assist us materially towards an answer. We find him at twenty-six years of age, in part proprietorship of the Hope Theatre; he was always a successful, and of course, well-paid actor, and had already placed himself in sufficient circumstances to justify him in taking a spacious residence. We find him, also, selling, or otherwise employing, some property in the parish of St. Botolph, which appears to have been left to him by his father, who was an innkeeper in that quarter, and who was succeeded in his business by his son, John. We find him, also, buying property at Greenwich, and exchanging property at Kennington, in part payment of the great purchase at Dulwich. At thirty years of age, we find him selling, for £3000, a property in Sussex; which, as far as the collateral evidence goes, he seems to have acquired by right of his wife. And two years afterwards, it is gratifying to trace him and his wife (for this time she accompanied him!) on a visit of pleasure to the very person to whom he had sold it. His connexion with Henslowe was altogether a pure business partnership. Henslowe was useful to Alleyn in many ways: he was more accustomed to rough work, had a more practical knowledge of the lower classes, and was better qualified, by his vulgar cunning, to conduct the petty twilight details of their enterprises, and to wring profits out of them all. He was just such a man as Alleyn wanted; while Alleyn, with his external reputation, and his grave, five-act face, was specially fitted to play the prominent part in the daylight with the public at large. Alleyn had the upper hand of Henslowe all throughout, and kept it to the last. We have already seen that Alleyn had the Hope, and Henslowe the Rose Theatre, in addition to the Pike Garden. Here were two theatres to begin with. We next find them proprietors of Paris Garden, where bear-baiting and bull-baiting used to be exhibited. They also purchased the office of Masters of his Majesty's Games, from Sir William Stuart, and were invested with a monopoly, not only for shewing such sports before the court, but all over the kingdom. This was a sheer speculation; and of a class so low and barbarous, that it betrays at once the ascendancy in Alleyn's character of the pursuit of money over every other passion—even over the love and practice of the art he so successfully illustrated in his early manhood. It is tolerably certain that, in addition to these sources of income, Alleyn bought and sold annuities; and amongst the memoranda in the College, there is a case of this kind established beyond doubt, by which it appears, that an actor of the name of Towne, purchased from Alleyn an annuity of £12 per annum, for the transfer of certain copyhold lands, and the sum of £90 in hand. No species of investment that promise a handsome return was out of his way, for his genius was thorough. He had a great deal of money embarked in inns, or public houses, as we h

which bequeaths to his wife, (not the "dear mouse" of the Bankside, but a prosperous second wife, who "cut in" upon his retreating blood and solid accumulations,) no less than £1500, secured upon Unicorn Inn, in Southwark, and three other houses, called the Barge, the Bell, and the Cock. But the main part of his multifarious possessions consisted in his theatrical property: first, there was the Hope, and the Rose, and, doubtless, some share in the theatre in Newington Butts, where the united companies played while the Globe was rebuilding. Then there was Paris Garden, which, in addition to its usual tumultuous entertainments in the ring, became ultimately a regular theatre. Then there was the Fortune Theatre, in Goulding Lane, Cripplegate, which was built by Alleyn and Henslowe on the model of the Globe, with this difference, however, that its interior embellishments were much more costly. Besides all these, there is reason to suspect that Alleyn held shares in the Red Bull Theatre, in St. John Street, Smithfield, and that he purchased Shakspeare's shares in the Blackfriars! He was, in fact, a complete undertaker in the way of theatricals, and as we know that such property was extremely lucrative in those days, we cannot be much surprised at the rapidity with which he amassed so vast a fortune. Dekker, in his curious tract called *A Knight's Coniuring*, originally published under the title of *News from Hell*, and designed as an answer to Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse*, describes the occupation of the players as being especially profitable. Having urged the usual theme of the poverty of the poets, and their inadmissibility into the infernal regions, lest they might libel the "Colonel of Coniurers," he says there were plenty of actors there. "Marrie, players swarme there as they doe heere, whose occupation being smelt out by the cacodæmon, or head officer of the countrey, to be lucrative, hee purposes to make vp a companie, and to be chiefe sharer himselfe." In order to render this perfectly clear, it is necessary to remind the reader, that the regular actors in the principal companies played upon shares, the manager reserving to himself the largest amount, while the individuals who composed the company were paid on a graduated scale, according to their merits or standing. Besides these regular actors, there were many who were compelled by circumstances, to play upon fixed salaries. These were called hirelings; and it is not a little grievous to find, Thomas Heywood, the author of that exquisite play, *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, and who is described by Charles Lamb as "a sort of *prose* Shakspeare"—(not that he wrote in prose, but that he wanted the poetry of Shakspeare over and above the nature)—it is grievous to find this Thomas Heywood entered as a hireling to Henslowe. We may safely conclude, judging from similar cases, that the amount of his weekly salary was less than three crowns; and this, while Henslowe was making hundreds!

The sources, then, of Alleyn's wealth were numerous, and like springs in the earth, from whence flow the fertilizing streams, many of them lay out of sight, and were unknown to his contemporaries. He trafficked in dogs, and bulls, and bears, and kept itinerant showmen to traverse the provinces, and bring him in the profits of their exhibitions. He was himself an exhibitor, in like manner, at Paris Garden, and baited a lion before King James in the Tower, with three dogs. He lent out money by way of annuities, and upon interest. He speculated to an unprecedented extent in theatres, possessed inns and houses in different parts of the town, and was an actor to boot, and a dealer in the literature of the drama, (which he evidently followed as any equally literally-minded man would any common trade,) in his managerial capacity. Yet even all this fortunate combination of speculations would scarcely have stood him in so much profit, if he had not had a peculiar genius for procreating money. He never lost an opportunity of turning the merest trifle to account. This sense of gain was perpetually present to him. He knew that what was saved was gained; and he suffered nothing to go to waste. He was always getting his theatrical dresses mended, or his hose dyed; and he used to write copies of his letters, or other private memoranda, on the backs of any scraps of paper that had already been used for some other purpose, and that were thus made to do double duty. He had the keen and subtle instinct of all money-getters, and did not suffer external appearances to keep pace with the progress of his fortune, but prudently restrained himself all along within the same cautious and economical habits that marked his outset. The original nature of the grub still inspired him in that advanced state of being which the entomologists call the imago form. He never left the old house on the Bankside throughout his entire career, until he settled finally in the manor-house at Dulwich, where he died. He kept close on the one spot, where he made his money, still accumulating more and more, until the time came for his avatar amongst the groves and gipsies of Norwood. Such a man was sure of distinguished honours in his parish. He was rated to the poor at the highest rate that was paid by anybody in Southwark—namely, sixpence per week; and he served the office of churchwarden. But it is a great comfort to know that Shakspeare was also rated in the same place, at the same time, in the same amount, so that he had at least as good a house as Alleyn; although his poetical nature rendered him so far anti-parochial, that it does not appear he ever served the office of churchwarden.

There was no intercourse between Shakspeare and Alleyn. They lived near each other, but were as far apart in spirit as summer and winter. All that is known of private *visiting between them* or their families, is, that during Alleyn's absence in the country,

immediately after his marriage, Shakspeare called upon Mrs. Alleyn to tell her that he was not acquainted with a certain Mr. Chaloner, who wanted to borrow £10 from her, and who was rogue enough to pretend that he was known to her husband and to Shakspeare. This was a simple act of neighbourly courtesy. Shakspeare had heard that the fellow was an impostor, and he said as much, and was glad Mrs. Alleyn did not lend the money.

Like almost all men who make fortunes as Alleyn did, he was of a litigious disposition, and constantly involved in disputes and law-suits. On such occasions, he generally contrived to throw the *onus* upon his opponents, so as to make it appear, if possible, that they broke the peace, and not he. He rarely commenced an action, but he reduced the circumstances at issue to such an extremity, that his opponent was compelled to begin, and to incur the initial expenses, or abandon his claims. Alleyn was on the 'vantage-ground of capital, and knew it. He could afford to wait, and starve the enemy into compliance. In all his money quarrels (and he does not appear to have had any other, for he was vulnerable only in the one spot), his active subtlety was visible through every articulation of the argument. His guards and feints were full of invention and adroitness. He always anticipated the defence or assertions of his antagonists, which suggests an ill-natured suspicion as to how he came to know them so well beforehand. He always seemed to apprehend, when he was recovering a debt, that his opponent would plead having already paid it, but, thoughtlessly, without getting a receipt; and when others were recovering debts from him, he put them upon the proof of the obligation, anticipating, at the same time, that they might possibly allege that they had foolishly suffered the obligation to be incurred, without obtaining an acknowledgment in writing. Alleyn was, in all human truth, what is called a hard, honest man; but his honesty had a very ugly body-guard in his "sharp practice."

He had disputes with nearly everybody he was connected with, except Henslowe. Meade, the waterman, who was his partner, after Henslowe's death, in the bear-baiting at Paris Garden, petitioned the Chamberlain against him, on account of some alleged hindrances and losses he suffered by him. The matter was afterwards settled by arbitration, which, at least, shews that there was some ground for Meade's complaint. A person named Burnett urged claims upon him after Henslowe's death, growing out of a transaction with Henslowe. Burnett had got money from time to time from Henslowe, and, being poor, had made a full acquittance and release. After that, he got more money, and had made another acquittance. Here Alleyn stopped, but Burnett persisted. There was the acquittance, however, and Alleyn stood upon it, averring that Burnett had been paid back all the money that was due to him, and more, in charity. The two acquittances, nevertheless, look painfully like a compromise between justice and necessity. Then he had a serious difference with Sir Francis Calton, from whom he bought the estate at Dulwich, and who accused him of having effected the purchase by some undue means. Calton demanded more money than he had received for the manor, alleging that it had been sold below its value; but Alleyn repudiated the demand, bequeathing him afterwards, however, £100 in his will, which was strange enough, considering that they did not even live on friendly terms.

Another remarkable affair in which he was engaged had reference to Lodge, the dramatist. There was a tailor in the Strand, of the name of Topping, who arrested Lodge, then an actor in Henslowe's company, for a debt. Henslowe, for the sake of his services in the theatre, bailed him out of the Clink. But Lodge shortly afterwards going abroad, probably to act at the Hague, left Henslowe liable for the amount, including all the costs. Henslowe, however, endeavoured dishonestly to evade his responsibility, by sheltering himself under his court privilege, he, as one of the grooms of the queen's chamber, being exempted from arrest. Topping laid the whole case before the Lord Chamberlain, exposed the knavery of Henslowe, and procured an order to compel him to pay the money. How matters were finally settled between Lodge and Henslowe is not very distinctly known; but it is certain that at Henslowe's death there was a balance due to him by Lodge. This, amongst other things, descended to Alleyn, who, upon Lodge's return to England, sued out process against the unfortunate poet, and arrested him. In the eyes of the law, he had a right to do so; but the right existed only on the hard side of his honesty. Lodge was wretchedly poor, and had no means of satisfying this cruel action. He is said to have perished of the plague.

His name suggests a curious coincidence. It was he who first answered Stephen Gosson's famous "Shoole of Abuse," directed against the players. His reply was, in the highest degree, temperate and courteous, considering the nature of the invective it repelle Gosson, by a still more extraordinary coincidence, was afterwards rector of Dulwich, a recommended many persons as fit objects of charity to Alleyn. He was twenty ye rector of the parish, and died there.

Amongst other evidences of Alleyn's grasping character, his quarrel with his s wife's father—supposed to be Dr. Donne—ought not to be forgotten. He char with having promised to give his daughter £500, and with never having giv and reproached him with sundry small things, that betray more meanness in

brance of them than in the acting;—such as not having returned a ring he borrowed, and with refusing to make his daughter a present of a nag she had taken a fancy to, and hints that he ought to make some allowances for the charges of his daughter, Lucy, who was then on a visit with her married sister. As Alleyn grew older and pondered over his college, he evidently grew penurious in closer details than ever. Yet, making all natural and fair admissions on that score, it is difficult to rescue him from the suspicion of having conspired with Henslowe's widow to make Henslowe, on his death-bed, while his hand was shaken with palsy, sign a new will, by which the greater part of his property, which was very considerable, fell, ultimately, into Alleyn's hands. A bill was filed by the heir-at-law, in which the whole circumstances were deliberately stated. The issue is not known; and all that can now be said is, that the whole story, as it is exhibited in the only fragments of legal documents that remain, has a very dark and discreditable aspect. The passion for money sees its own moralities through such crooked glasses, that nothing in this way ought to startle our credulity in estimating the character of such a man as Edward Alleyn.

We have not half exhausted the salient angles of his nature—the cunning and dexterous strokes of his policy—and the sudden contrasts we detect in his life. But we must break off, even in the midst of our gossip. Yet we hardly know any masquer of his day who, in an odd way, deserves larger consideration. When he retired into a massive old house, buried in the foliage of the woods of Dulwich—then known as the manor house—he occupied himself in a great and a good work. It was a noble compensation, with all its vanities and singularities (and they are not a few), for the trading loathsomeness of much of his previous grovelling career. But let it not be supposed that Edward Alleyn gave himself up to grim reveries and penitential solitude. He had a lurking spice of personal pomp in him, of a poor and sordid kind, doubtless, and lacking openness and hearty ambition, but just enough to keep him out on the highway in the sunshine, to be gazed at, and chirrupped after by the grateful wonder of the rustics. Old Cartwright, the bookseller and actor, who bequeathed the old pictures and rare books to the College, says that he lived as humbly and frugally there as one of his own pensioners; and the portrait which is still preserved of him, shews him in a black gown, with as sombre an air as a religious recluse. But Cartwright was either ignorant of his real character, or did not choose to set it forth in print. So far from being characterized by humility, he had no sooner founded Dulwich College than he looked out for a knighthood, and actually made private interest at court to obtain it! And as to his dress, the black gown may have answered his purpose on some occasions of sullen ceremonial, when he had to look austere, as became a Founder, but we can dress him much more appropriately out of the surviving lists of his own gay wardrobe:—Item, a rich tawny satin doublet; item, a beaver hat, lined with taffeta, and surrounded with an embroidered satin band; item, a pair of splendidly embroidered gloves; item, a pair of satin breeches; and item, a magnificent pair of rose-coloured silk stockings, with shoes of "cordivaunt," and blazing buckles, and you have in his full attire, as he lived—the famous Ned Alleyn, the rich actor, who built and endowed in perpetuity the College of God's Gift, at Dulwich. Peace to his ashes! They sleep in his own miniature chapel, hallowed by the prayers of the poor.

DO I FORGET THEE?

BY T. J. OUSELEY.

Go, in the summer, when the morning breaketh,
And all around is lull'd 'midst placid light;
When the sweet tiny field-flower awaketh,
And softly sighs its perfume exquisite:
Behold the lark—up to the clear sky winging,
Trilling aloud his luscious free-born notes;
From his bright speckled breast the dew-drops flinging,
Away, away, till lost to sight, he floats:
Doth not the field-flower love the coming morning,
Unclosing every leaf to drink the light?
Doth not the lark's eye swell to meet the dawning,
His wings spread strong, to reach his airy height?
If flower and bird change not, why question me—
Do I forget thee?

Go, in the noon-tide, when the sun is gleaming,
To the deep forest—watch the panting deer;
Under the trees umbrageous, watchful dreaming,
Timidly startling at each sound they hear:
List to the throstle and the blackbird singing,
Whilst the calm breathing wind just rocks the leaves,
The emerald wood with melody is ringing,
As light with shade and music interweaves:
Do not the shy deer court the boughs o'ershading,
Their wide hot nostrils snuff the welcome bowers?
The songsters of the grove are serenading,
Each to its mate the joyful tidings pours:
If such as these change not, why question me—
Do I forget thee?

Go, in the evening—watch the streamlet flowing,
O'er pebbly banks, through green and velvet meads;
The sportive fish, in gold and silver glowing,
Flash in their crystal home as day recedes:
And mark the sun-flower, when the west is streaming
With rainbow clouds of light, as Sol retires,
Turneth its face to catch his last smile beaming,
Then bowing to its grave, the earth, expires:
Do not the sportive fish, when day's descending,
Leap to the streamlet's bosom in their play?
Doth not the sun-flower—faithful in its tending—
Linger to catch the *last* departing ray?
Beloved, if these change not, why question me—
Do I forget thee?

AN EVENING WITH NELL GWYNNE.

BY CHARLES W. BROOKS.

"On the stage we call that a 'light entrance,' Master Harry, and off it a very awkward one," said Nell Gwynne, bursting into a fit of laughter, as Henry Vernon, apparently in much anxiety, ran into her richly furnished but slovenly apartment.

"Pardon upon pardon, dear Nell," said the young man, struggling to recover his breath, "the truth is, my haste was great—"

"We can partly see that, Harry; I hope the occasion matches it," returned Nell. "Now, now, out with it before the purpose cool,—plot, characters, and catastrophe—I see you have them all on your tongue. Out with them, I say! Sit down."

"I have hardly time even to stand," said Henry; "and indeed I hardly know, now, why I came here; but seeing your hall door open, I entered almost instinctively."

"Very pretty, indeed," said Nell, "and almost as complimentary to your humble servant as to the young country lady,—she *is* from the country, Harry, so don't deny it,—whom you have just left in the walk below."

"You have seen her, Nelly," said Vernon; "that will save me a world of explanations."

"Not one," said Nell; "I mean you should tell me everything, and especially that Master Henry Vernon, formerly a scribbler of indifferently tolerable songs and plays, and then not altogether a disagreeable young fellow, has been translated into a government secretary, and is fast becoming as steady and as stupid as a Puritan,"—and here the lively speaker adopted the drawl of the conventicle;—"and that moreover the said Henry hungereth and thirsteth to take unto himself a spouse—yea, the only child, and verily the sole heiress of one Sir Eustace Wylde, of somewhere in the country."

"Nay, Nell, but hear me," said Henry.

"Yes," continued Nelly, in her usual rapid tones—"go on, go on; I am listening;—you are to tell me, besides, that the damsel being a virtuous and discreet damsel, has arrived in London in a somewhat impossible hat, and that such hat is likely to be damaged"—and she looked to the window—"by the approaching thunder-storm,—ah!—and such virtue and discretion by the approaching Duke of Buckingham; from which perils by land and by water, the said Henry Vernon would shelter the Sylvia in question under the care of some modest and well-conducted lady, and hath, therefore, wisely made choice of Mistress Nell Gwynne."

"If she would hear one word," said Vernon, "she would be told—"

"That he who runs, though he may read, does not always reflect; and that Master Vernon, from the Lord knows what unjust and slanderous reports,"—and Nell crossed her hands upon her bosom with the air of a martyr,—"entertaining some injurious doubts of Mistress Nell's fitness to take charge of his snow lady, is now puzzling his wits to get handsomely out of a house he has entered somewhat hastily. Is it not so, Harry?"

"To answer you frankly," said Vernon, "it is. Euphemia was sent to town, under the care of a servant, to reside with an aunt who lives in the suburbs. The servant was taken dangerously ill on the road, and Euphemia came on, forgetting that she did not know the address of the aunt. I met her in the search—"

"Where the carriage stopped in town, that is," said Nell; "come, no affectations with me."

"So be it," said Vernon; "and as I am as ignorant of her aunt's abode as she is, we were walking in the park to consider what was to be done. I observed the storm, which will break, I fear, in a few minutes, and placed her in yonder alcove, while I ran into the first open house to procure for her a better shelter. I had not observed it was yours."

"Receive my best thanks," said Nell, "for the preference and the forgetfulness. Now you are here, you may as well stay with me, for see, your maiden is better cared for."

Vernon sprang to the window, and the next moment, relieving himself of a tolerably hearty oath, he drew his sword, and was rushing from the room, when Nell seized him with an effective grasp.

"Are you mad?" she asked, "or do you want to be pinioned by the Duke of Buckingham's servants, while their master carries her away? Leave this to me. I, too, have an account to settle with the duke."

And with professional rapidity Nell threw on a cloak and hat; and snatching up a pen, scrawled a few lines, (in a vile hand, it must be confessed;) she motioned to Henry to keep back, and ran out of her house. Twisting up the paper as she glided along, she reached the alcove, where, indeed, Euphemia Wylde was in more imminent danger than from the storm, which now began to give forth its huge and warning drops.

A richly-dressed middle-aged man, in whom Nelly had recognised the Duke of Buckingham, was urgently pressing upon the hesitating girl a proposal which the actress hastily interrupted, by laying her hand upon his arm. He turned angrily, but discovered the intruder, his countenance recovered the "extraordinary sweetness" memorated by court writers of that day.

"Mistress Gwynne," he said, "pray add your solicitations to mine, to ind

lady to accept a seat in my carriage. My servant accidentally overheard that she is the daughter of my valued friend, Sir Eustace Wylde; and as I know the residence of her aunt—"

"Pray tell it to me, my lord duke," said Nelly, with a raised voice.

"Duke!" said Euphemia, startled, "I thought this gentleman called himself Mr. Jeffries."

"He does, my love," said Nelly, "when Jeffries is likely to be an acceptable name; and he also calls himself Mr. Sheffield, which he has a right to do, as it is his own name; and at times he calls himself a poet, which other people think he has no right to do. Nay, if he thought you lived in the ark, he would call himself Mr. Shem, and swear he knew the shortest and cleanest way to Mount Ararat. But where he is best known, and therefore least trusted, I mean at court, he is described as John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham."

The duke joined in Nelly's laugh; but Euphemia's alarm was increasing when she observed Vernon approaching. She hastened to meet him; and Buckingham said, in a low voice—

"Another obligation, Mistress Nell."

"Odd's fish, duke, as a friend of mine sweareth," said Nelly, "you bear malice; but I am, thank Heaven, above such passions! I have a cartel for you—are you valiant, or does your courage need as much wine as your wit to bring it out?"

"Try me," said Buckingham, not entirely at his ease.

"This is no case for Black Will and his cudgel," said Nell, alluding to the duke's ruffianly resentment of Dryden's sarcasm, then fresh in everybody's recollection.

"To the devil with such folly!" said Buckingham hastily; "give me the paper."

"Here it is," said Nelly, flinging towards him the letter she had scribbled. The wind carried it some paces in the opposite direction: and before the duke could secure it, and long before he could untwist its Gordian folds or decipher Nell's hieroglyphics, she had hurried Vernon and Euphemia into her house.

The duke read the note, alternately execrating the writing, and the rain, which now descended in torrents. Ere he could gain his carriage, he was well nigh drenched; but looking out for an instant, he observed Nelly at one of her windows. He waved his hand, in token of assent to the proposal of her note, and she laughingly returned his gesture as his carriage drove off.

The apartment of Nell Gwynne presented an unusual spectacle to the eye of Euphemia. The rich furniture was carelessly disposed, and damask and crimson were strangely mingled with the most ordinary and humble articles of a household. The couch on which Nell had been seated, when Vernon entered, was now occupied by three or four spaniels, and their snarls of remonstrance at the fear of being dispossessed, were silenced by Nelly's flinging them, one after another, upon a beautiful cushion which had been dragged for their use from a similar couch at the other end of the room. Portions of the ordinary dress of the day were scattered, amid masks, tiaras, and other scraps from a theatrical wardrobe; and there was scarcely a chair free from some litter of the same kind. Play-books were seen in all directions, and, in company with a wine-bottle and glasses, loaded the table. Among them were manuscripts of tragedies, letters from authors, copies of verses, and other literary rubbish, the most prominent of which was a scurrilous epigram, addressed "To NELLY," which the actress had obviously been making a variety of unsuccessful attempts to answer, as appeared from its neighbour, a blotted page of beginnings of lines. It must be confessed, that voluble and amusing, and often witty, as Nell was in conversation, her spirits, like those of many other diverting people, became a mere *caput mortuum* in that potent crucible—a sheet of paper.

Euphemia's mind reverted to her quiet and neat chamber in the country, and she thought for a moment how miserable she should be, if her books and her birds and her flowers were grouped in such a chaos. But Nelly left her no time for consideration.

"Now, my good young persons," began the merry actress, "although in the exercise of that Christian charity, which becomes one of my function and character, I have saved you from a duke and from a ducking, you must perceive that I cannot allow you to remain here, taking away the reputation of my house. An unmarried lady, who chooses to know nobody in London except an unmarried gentleman, is no fit company for Mistress Eleanor Gwynne. Don't stare, Harry Vernon's wife that is to be, as if you doubted me. Ask your companion there, whether he knows me or not."

"This is certainly Mistress Nelly Gwynne, Euphemia," said Vernon; "and, as the storm seems to be clearing off, we will thank her for her shelter, and walk on."

"Walk on!—where?" cried Nelly. "By all the gods, large and little, Cupid included, you will do nothing of the kind. We forbid it—we, Nell the First, by Mr. Manager Hart's kind permission, Queen of England for this season only. Going to look after your aunt, I suppose, on a wet evening, and dark coming on—the family affection of some people is astonishing! I cannot spare you so easily, however; especially Mistress Euphemia, to *whom I have just* been playing godmother."

"*What* do you mean, Nelly?" asked Vernon.

"I have been promising and vowing something in her name," said Nell; "namely, that she shall meet his Grace the Duke of Buckingham, in this room, at twelve o'clock to-night. Why, she looks as startled as if she had not five hours to prepare for the *rendezvous!*"

"Which time I mean she should spend in getting as far from it as possible," said Vernon. "I must take her home again into Kent, and I will order a conveyance to be ready in half an hour."

Euphemia looked half wistfully, and not much more than half gratefully, at her lover. Nell interpreted the look with stage celerity.

"I again forbid such a movement—the young lady shall keep the appointment with the duke, and you may come too, if you like, and say you are her husband."

"I will consent to no falsehood of any kind," said Vernon.

"Ah!" said Nell, laughing, "you had better principles than those in the days of side scenes and stage suppers—but please yourself, most scrupulous secretary. As I have said and sworn, and am ready to swear again at the shortest notice, the meeting *shall* take place. But if you are so mighty particular about your part, there seems but one way to save the consciences of all parties."

"And that is—" said Harry.

"Marriage in earnest—repentance postponed for a few months only," said the theatrical lady.

"The plan is a good one," said Vernon—"what says Euphemia?"

"I cannot tell what I should say," said Euphemia. "I am alone in London, and where to stay or how to get away, I do not know. If you will take me home, I think that will, perhaps, be the best thing,—but if the journey be inconvenient to you, I ought not to put you to so much trouble, and—"

"Very prettily stated, said Nelly. "I will have that speech in my next part. I like it, because it is so excessively feminine. Well, young man, what say you, or rather, is not this what you say?"—and she mimicked the tones of Vernon—"really, my adored Euphemia, it would be truly inconvenient to me to take such a journey at present; and so, if you please, we will be married, if this comely and kindly matron will but find us a parson."

"Such are my ideas," said Henry, "with the slightest modification as to certain of the terms."

"Then 'turn you where your lady is, and'—don't be alarmed, child, I see you read Shakspeare—I was only going to add,—walk this way out. Come along, his graceless Grace will keep his appointment."

His Grace did keep his appointment, although the night was far from a desirable one for such a purpose. Nell Gwynne's house, as the readers of the curiously-fastidious Mr. Pepys will remember, stood by the park, and her windows looked upon the road through the latter. In this path, to the scandal of the above-named diarist, the good King Charles the Second was wont to lounge and hold discourse with Nelly Gwynne, who responded from her window.

Buckingham's carriage was left in waiting within call-distance of Nelly's window, beneath which the noble profligate stood for some time, impatiently waiting a signal. None such appearing, his Grace began to cough aloud and to clap his hands, by way of awakening attention. Still obtaining none, he tried the door of the house. It was fast, as was that of a side entrance, through which the king occasionally passed. In a rage, the duke took up a handful of small pebbles, and discharged them in a shower at Nelly's window. It instantly opened, and a plentiful shower of rose-water was returned, drenching his Grace to the skin. Nelly's silver laugh followed the infliction.

"Let that teach the late-drinking roysterer not to assail the windows of virtuous citizens," shouted Nelly.

"Plague take you, Mistress Nell!" said Buckingham. "Do you not know me, or is this another of your malicious tricks?"

"Bless me," said Nell, "is it your Grace? I pray your Grace's pardon. To think that I should not know a duke in the dark! I hope your Grace is not very wet. Malice, indeed, not I; I beseech your Grace not 'to take,' or rather, mistake 'my milk for gall.' Was your Grace pleased to want anything with the poor actress?"

"Pray, Nell, cease this fooling," cried the duke, impatiently.

"Such a visit at such an hour is delightful. But I fear your Grace is not amused;—how can I entertain so distinguished a visitor? Shall I sing to your Grace?"

"Hush! hush! Nell, for Heaven's sake, hush!" said the duke.

"Nay, command my poor voice at any time, your Grace. May I be honoured with permission to attempt one of your own songs?—

"As Phillis went tripping one morning in May,
All in the fresh meadow to tumble the hay."

Nell's rich and powerful voice might have been heard, as the duke felt, half ove

park, and by all the inhabitants of the neighbouring houses. His anger waxed extreme; yet, being so entirely in her hands, he was forced to stifle its expression.

"Or shall I tell your Grace what his blessed—what a very great person remarked upon the blaze of your Grace's jewellery at the court-banquet yesterday. He had heard of your Grace's borrowing so much money lately, and he was pleased to say that your Grace reminded him of the golden calf, for that you were not only made up of ornaments, but were worshipped by the Jews."

"[illegible]!" muttered the duke. "I'll have another epigram for her to-morrow; if I let him escape this time. Dear Nell, is this country beauty with you?"

"She is, your Grace—do you wish to see her?"

"Can you ask?" said the duke. "Let me in immediately."

"I dare not, indeed. I cannot unfasten bolt or bar," said Nell; "but if your Grace can climb, we have a very sufficient rope-ladder at your service."

"[illegible]," said Buckingham; and accordingly the end of a ladder was dropped into his hands. He was about to mount, when Nelly exclaimed—

"Stay, your Grace, the night is so dark, and I have extinguished my lamp; but if your Grace can manage to ascend, [illegible] will soon bring lights."

The duke hurried up the ladder, with the speed of one practised in such exploits; and [illegible] at Nell Gwynne's door. He was in total darkness; but as he [illegible] the room, a dozen torches suddenly blazed upon him, [illegible] Sir Charles Sedley, Wycherley, Lord Dorset, and several [illegible] of which it was said that Providence [illegible] so many adventures without hanging them. The discomfited [illegible] was saluted with a shout of laughter, in which Nelly's part was loud [illegible].

"Wycherley," said Lord Dorset, "here is a new incident for your *Country Wife*."

"Like the frogs which are said to fall from the clouds, my lord," said the dramatist, "his Grace is preceded by a shower of stones, and the state of his dress does not disprove his relationship to that moist family."

"Buckingham," said Sir Charles Sedley, "I forgive you my loss of the thousand pounds [illegible] lady's funeral sermon."

"When you pay me, Sedley," returned Buckingham, bitterly, "I will endeavour to shew that my forgiving spirit equals that of a professed atheist."

"Duke," said Nelly, tearing into pieces the paper which Vernon had seen on the table, "I forgive you the epigram of yesterday."

"Forgive me that of to-morrow, Mistress Gwynne, and even you may venture to hope [illegible] salvation," said the duke, menacingly; but in reply to his threat Nelly only [illegible] the celebrated laugh which said so much more than the speech of another.

"You do not ask for the lady whom you came to visit," said she. "Let me present her [illegible] Grace."

Euphemia advanced, leaning on the arm of Vernon. The duke bowed.

"[illegible] duke, as the husband of this lady—" commenced Vernon.

"Her husband!" echoed the duke, starting; but he instantly recovered his composure. "[illegible]," he added, sarcastically, "since the affair has assumed so serious an aspect, [illegible] leave off jesting."

"[illegible]," laughed Nelly; "and so peace being proclaimed, Queen Nell the First [illegible] present company to supper, with the exception of the only respectable people [illegible]—I mean Henry Vernon and his wife, whose carriage is waiting without to [illegible] into Kent. You, my lord duke, will have reason to remember Nell Gwynne's [illegible], while the gentle Euphemia will never, I trust, have cause to regret the evening [illegible] with her."

ANACREONTIC LYRIC.

[illegible] the banquet board I sit,
[illegible] smiles and rosy wine,
[illegible] my memory flit,
[illegible] the festive shrine.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] smile,

The festal rose's leaf grows pale,
The wreath on pleasure's brow looks dim,
To me mirth's song seems grief's low wail,
And music's voice a dirge-like hymn.

My bosom is a burning shrine
Where memory's bleeding victims lie;
Nor smiling eyes, nor ruby wine,
The draught of Lethe can supply!
Where may the charmèd stream be found
That brings a balm for care or spleen?
Not in the madd'ning goblet's round—
Seek it in AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE!

ANACREON, JUN.

MR. JAMES.

MORLEY ERNSTEIN; OR, THE TENANTS OF THE HEART.

SUCH is the title of the last work of this prolific and excellent novelist. It is what Lord Brougham, if he were to resume the critic's pen, would style a psychological romance. It is, in point of fact, if we seek to the last, founded on an old and fond imagination, though dressed in a new garb. It is a variation upon an old theme, which has suggested its music,—the harmonies and the discords,—to the souls of men in all countries and all ages. It is the dream of the operation on the mind of the good and evil—the adverse principles of the vast and sombre East, which the delicate fancy of the Greek fashioned into the good and evil genius attendant upon man from the cradle to the grave. This Grecian fancy Mr. James has in some sort materialized, making the agents human instead of spiritual, and endowing them with power by their capability of operating upon the individual, through what he styles "*the spirit of the soul*" and "*the spirit of the flesh.*" His theory upon the subject is curious, and this, in justice to him, we must by-and-by give in his own words. First, however, let us remark that the Greeks—that people of subtlest intellect, with a language so miraculously copious and accurate that it answered to, and imaged forth every nicety of their distinctions in the mirror of words, in whose clear depths were plain to view, at once arguments and definitions—the Greeks had their distinction betwixt the rational and the passionate mind. Their notion respecting them might be described as analogous to the knowledge which, through the researches of modern science, we have acquired of the fact that in the same sheath there are two nerves obeying the volition of the brain—the nerve of sensation and the nerve of motion. In more recent times the notion of the double principle or double spirit took a shape, coming more home, in Bacon's words, to our business and bosoms. George Ernest Stahl, a German physician, of subtle and metaphysical genius, supposed two opposite principles or propensities in the *human frame*, one constantly and uniformly tending to corruption and decay, the other to life and health. The former he regarded as founded on the elementary composition of the body; the latter as depending on the power and energy of the mind. He held, that by means of the nerves, the influence of the mind was extended to every part of the system, and that if their action were impeded, disease was the inevitable consequence. Is this so? Certainly, in great part. But altogether? *Peut-être—Que sçais-je?* The zeal of the followers, however, of this great physician and philosopher went farther: It stretches to a grand dream, which might be entertained if we did not feel with Horatio, "it were to inquire too curiously." Doctor Nicholls, in his prælection *De Amina Medica*, affirms, without reserve, that the soul at first forms the

body, and afterwards governs it; that she regulates and conducts all its natural and vital motions, circulates the fluids and distributes them to the different parts of the system with such velocity and in such proportions as she judges right; and that whenever the body is disordered she excites those conflicts and commotions which are best adapted to restore it to health and soundness. We are not about to enter into any disquisition upon the subject; we have only thrown these observations forth to auspicate Mr. James's theory, which he tells us, in his preface, is the result of much consideration, and the fruit of extensive study. He says—"'Pouvons nous pas dire qu'il n'y a rien en nous pendant cette prison terrestre, purement, ni corporel ni spirituel?' asks good old Montaigne, and certain it is that in many an act where we imagine the body alone takes part, the spirit has as great a share; and in many a thought where the mind seems to divest herself of clay, the impulse was given by the body, not the soul. But besides the contention between the corporeal and spiritual part of our nature, and the sort of swindling that goes on at both sides, he that looks into his own heart must acknowledge, with him of old, that there seem to be two spirits within us. I do not only mean two spirits, distinguished by their promptings to good or evil, but two principles separate in their nature, in their objects, and in their ultimate dwelling place,—the one tending to the earth, the other aspiring to the heavens—the one the principle of animal existence, the other the principle of immortal life;—the one shared with the brutes that perish, the other that essence which raises us above them here and hereafter. What shall we call these two spirits? How shall we distinguish them, the one from the other, in speaking of them hereafter? Let us name the higher and purer one *the spirit of the soul*, and call the other *the spirit of the flesh*; for both are distinct from mere intellect, which each uses as an agent as each gains the ascendancy, or appeals to as a judge, when the struggle is nearly equal."

It is upon this struggle between these two principles that turns the greater part of each man's moral history; it is upon this struggle that Mr. James's book is founded. Victor Hugo states, in shorter phrase, he made his great work, "Notre Dame de Paris," on a word—"FATE!" He was wrong in that; he made it on *two* words, (we will not, in our buoyant periodical, sacred to the emotions and risibilities of the multitude, who may know or not know Greek, quote anything in the Greek character,) but the other word on which he made the romance was, in the scriptural phrase—"UNCLEANNESS." This, however, Mr. James takes care to inform us he religiously eschews, even in fiction, thereby, as he adds, depriving himself of many advantages as a novelist. His object throughout the whole course of his works has been on all occasions to inculcate a moral. The design is most praiseworthy, and we can ourselves bear testimony that he has pursued it with earnestness and singleness of heart. In his generous attempt, however, on behalf of his readers,

"To raise the morals and to mend the heart,"

he has narrowed considerably for himself the field upon which our great novelists, ancient and modern, have displayed their strength; and this has led to a form of composition which, if it have (as it certainly has) some advantages, is not without many and grave disadvantages. Like the poet in the early stage of the Greek drama, Mr. James teaches or demonstrates his story. The advantage is, that everything is plain to the meanest capacity; there is no room for the slightest doubt or the smallest misconception as to any of his characters, or as to the working out of his plot. To read and understand him, accordingly, requires no labour of thought, no exercise of intellect—everything, to the most minute particular, is explained ready to your hand. He is as one who shews you not only the dial and the operation of the hands, but opens the clock, and displays the whole machinery, and exposes to you the functions of every wheel. In other words, his men and women all bear the fabled window in their breasts. They, too, are subjects, and not objects, such as those emitted by the mighty masters of fiction, who create a character, breathe into it, and bid it live, and live it does, in its own individuality and idiosyncracy, for all time: witness *all* Homer's and Shakspeare's characters—witness Tom Jones—witness Anastasius—witness the host whom Walter Scott has sent forth to wander over the world immortal. Here the maker is nothing, the character everything: after having given him being, he is apparently independent of the maker. He is a responsible agent in the enjoyment of free-will; he has been created upon an idea, that is to say, a law laid down, and this is the law of his existence, and this he must fulfil; he is as a real living and moving man, and must be judged of as such. Hence he will often be mistaken and misunderstood, and it is only those of learning and genius, those who form the porcelain clay of human kind, who will know and recognise him thoroughly. The poet, then, who has arrived at the last transcendent phasis of genius, which, in the phrase of the German metaphysician Novalis, is "self-annihilation," becomes liable to misapprehension, and though not limited for other reasons, perhaps, in his auditory, is certainly restricted in their appreciation of his subtle and mighty labours.

A signal instance of this occurs with respect to *Hamlet*. It is indubitably certain that

Shakspeare meant to represent *Hamlet* as mad, from first to last (teste the Quarto of 1603); but see, in the "Hamlet" of his mature knowledge, how he subtilizes the character, until half, nay, nine-tenths of the ordinary cumberers of the earth, would swear to his sanity, and gloat over the fancy that he was deceiving the king and court by his shew of insanity; whereas this melancholy imagination of deception, like his cunning and his cowardice—despicable, if not in a madman,—is merely a wretched symptom of the mental alienation. But if a writer, pursuing the plan of Mr. James, escape the possibility of being misunderstood, it must be at the expense of being occasionally prolix, and always deficient in that vivacity which belongs exclusively to a story that wears the aspect and hues of a story of real life. Thus it comes to pass, that, while Scott's and Hope's and Fielding's characters are men and women—as real, in our imagination, as any friends we have known familiarly, but who are now distant—Mr. James's characters, on the contrary, are mere portraits, lacking that vitality which can be alone given by the great poets or makers. Still, they are very pleasing portraits, and very carefully and gracefully painted. Mr. James's style is flowing and agreeable; his reading has been very extensive; and he has evidently seen a great deal of the world, in every walk of life, and he has skilfully availed himself of his opportunities and observations. His plot is very artistically constructed. It is clear that he does not, like some of his contemporaries, commence a work *apropos* to such or such a sum of money, without having in the least determined how, where, when, or in what way it is to terminate. His hero is a young baronet, possessing wealth, education, taste, refinement, everything that can be desirable in the May of life. He describes him as having strong passions and strong principles—it is upon the conflict betwixt those that the tale, and the moral of it, turns. He has a good genius, under the guise, of course, of a lady-love, and under the name of Juliet Carr; an evil genius, under the guise, of course, of a friend, and the title of Count Lieberg. We say of course, because there must be intimacy, or, in Coleridge's word, *inquaintance*, to enable either to exercise power over the mind of the hero. Juliet Carr is a Saxon beauty—a sort of Rowena—very placid, and very pretty; and her functions in the story consist, whenever the necessity arises, in throwing in her influence on the side of virtue and prudence. There is another lady—Helen Barham—who has many points of character and passages of fortune in common with Rebecca; and a man named Martin, a thief and housebreaker, and so forth, who has yet in him the germs of good, and the capability of becoming a useful and honest member of society. These, with the addition of an opera-singer, are the principal personages. The character of Sir Morley Ernstein is well kept up, but it is scarcely in human nature to commit so little common-place sin, as he, under the force of the temptations indicated.

But we should, ere we go farther, say a word about his evil genius, Lieberg. First, however, we will hear Mr. James. "The character of the tempter, Lieberg, is a peculiar conception, comprising qualities adapted to the purpose I had in view, but which were never perhaps united in one human being, but which are not anomalous or repugnant to each other, so that fiction has every right, I imagine, to gather them into one focus, or, in other words, to bestow them upon one character." So saith Mr. James. Now, Lieberg is, in point of fact, Goethe's Mephistophiles turned into a fine gentleman, and, granting the author the right that he claims, upon the part of fiction, of making an impossible character as a human being, we think he might well have extended its authority farther, and made this same tempter supernatural. Of those who wear the garb of the flesh, "none are all evil." The "damnedst villain" drawn by Shakspeare, is the Spaniard Iago; but he is not wicked without a cause, or wicked for the mere sake of wickedness—he has been certainly slighted and injured by the Moor upon one point,—he believes he has, moreover, been struck at by him in the tenderest. The character of Emilia, as developed in the play, leaves little doubt of it. But this Lieberg seems to have, throughout the novel, no adequate interest in giving bad advice in a moral point of view, though often good in a worldly point of view, to the youngster, whose life he saves (precisely, by the way, after the same fashion that Humphrey Clinker does his father's, by dragging him out of a river through the coach window), and to whom he renders many services. The only intelligible reason for the conduct of "the tempter" that is set forth before the close of the novel is, that he may display him as a heartless rake in the eyes of Helen Barham—a result decidedly not worth the process of working it out by a man of such high intellect and aspirations as Lieberg is described to be. The great temptations thrown in Morley Ernstein's way are, with the exception of a duel with a flash-man, women and play. He has determined, upon the very rational advice of Lieberg, (though it be not exactly that which would be given one by his mamma or his college tutor,) to meet this swindling fellow, being himself on the threshold of life, and having insulted this individual—but Juliet Carr gives her opinion about the sinfulness of duelling, and he accordingly foregoes his intention of firing at his opponent, and very properly gets hit himself. He is upon the point of sinking into an unlicensed connexion with Miss Barham, who loves him passionately, when the beauty of the Juliet he was honourably bound to turns him aside. His Mephistophiles gets him to play, and he becomes fierce in the excitement, and having lost a considerable sum, his blood is up,

[illegible] Juliet Carr had not been by, and [illegible] a chaste opera-singer is about to [illegible] the apparition of Juliet Carr. [illegible] several forms and at various [illegible] Helen Barham, nourishing her [illegible] to works of charity. Lieberg [illegible] at the abduction of Helen [illegible] brother of the hero's by a [illegible] and scarcely helps the [illegible] the morality of the younger. [illegible] and is sure of extensive [illegible]

MRS. BRAY'S HENRY DE POMEROY.

"Henry de Pomeroy, or the Eve of St. John," is the title of a legend of the counties of Cornwall and Devon, lately issued by MRS. BRAY. It is a very worthy addition to that lady's attractive and various list. We may not say that any class of readers has been left ungratified. Here is love fatally crossed for the young; bitter repentance for the sorrow-loving; here are knightly combats and skirmishings for the romantic; schemes of ecclesiastical ambition and state enterprises for the historical; gay wassailings and merry hangers-on for the humorous; clever descriptions of old customs, picturesque costumes and architectural wonders for the antiquarian, and finally, interest and information for all. The castle of Berry Pomeroy, a visit to which gave rise to the present work, is now a ruin as ancient and interesting as a legend-seeker would desire; it is situate near Totness, Devonshire, on a manor bestowed upon a Pomeroy, by the Conqueror. Sir Henry, who flourished in the reign of lion-hearted Richard, appears to have been a gallant personage, distinguished from most of the abettors of the miserable John, by the peculiarity of his fate. On the submission of the usurper, Richard sent authorities to Berry Pomeroy, to arrest its owner, who, in the king's absence, had, among other acts of treason, stormed St. Michael's Mount, with the double motive of strengthening the hands of his usurping master, and of rescuing a fair damsel there immured. Richard's messenger arrived on the Eve of St. John; and, although the personal enemy of De Pomeroy, was, as the royal representative, (his mission being falsely stated,) hospitably entertained during three days, when disguise was thrown off, and the warrant for the knight's arrest produced—this parley of the feast and wine-cup being resorted to, in order to render the meditated blow more bitter and overwhelming. De Pomeroy, stung by the treachery, and by an insult offered to the memory of his sister, struck his enemy to the heart, and then, in dark night, sprang upon his horse. There is a portion of the castle still remaining, which is built upon an esplanade above a rocky precipice, now so surrounded and overhung by trees, that you are scarcely conscious of being near a precipice, till on its very verge. Thither, along the terrace, and not to the castle-gates, did the frantic rider urge his steed, that only paused, stopping suddenly short, at the very brink of the terrible gulf. Brief was the interval; the head of the affrighted animal was, in a moment, muffled in the horseman's cloak, the plunge was taken, and both were found dead at the base of the precipice. Such is the tradition still told, and related to MRS. BRAY, on the very spot, though the secret does not transpire until the close of her narrative. The narrative so terminated is, as we have hinted, extremely varied in character and event. The writer's antiquarian lore is liberally drawn upon, and her pages are embroidered with more curious knowledge of a remote time, than any author of less travel and research could have brought to such a task. Sometimes, perhaps, we feel that her work is a little overdone in this respect, and we lose sight of the character drawn in the elaborate descriptions of its costume; subordinate personages are also, by the same excess of external description, raised into an importance not warranted by the parts they perform; but it must be owned, that we should not have been conscious of this fault, had we been less excited by the course of the story. And in themselves they are excellent: the pleasant pictures of abbey usages in those times, of the lives of priests of all degrees, jolly monks, and scheming abbots. A certain cellarer, with his chum the sacrist, and the fool Patch, holding revel together, and discoursing "much as they might have been supposed to speak," form a really admirable group, and come out in living colours, as though preserved freshly in the unfading lines of Chaucer. There is a miller's daughter, one Grace Bolt, a bright-eyed, rosy, romping damsel of eighteen, who holds on all through the story, like a running accompaniment of laughing music: [illegible] storm of ecclesiastical contentions, the clatter of battling [illegible]e, the deep moanings of remorse, but bursting out, like [illegible] an enlivening effect.

[illegible]rs, leaving out of view Sir Henry, the author has most

deeply marked the Abbot Baldwin, the crafty, handsome, intellectual upholder of John's fortunes; and the Lady Alicia, whose criminal story is the source of the deepest interest in the book. Perhaps the mystery attached to the Palmer is not sufficiently dark; we see the husband before the hood is raised. Cædmon the fatherless, a young Saxon scholar and poet—in feeling, if not in expression—is gentle without being mawkish, and his presence greatly tends to humanize the scene. In one of the most striking incidents, a stag and hounds are actors; it is vividly described, and the brawl that terminates it is dashed in, in bold colours. All here is quite in keeping. Nor should we forget, among the accessories, the Saxon sibyl in her Druidical chair, with a curious account of funeral rites, in which the superstitions of paganism are mingled with those of the obscured Christianity of the period. Jew Sampson, and his wife, Miriam, are not feebly described; but the scene where the Jewess describes a flight and struggle in the water, is by much too like Rebecca's description of the battle in "Ivanhoe." In other parts, we are more pleasantly reminded of that powerful romance; and not least agreeably so, in the person of the cellarer aforesaid, whose choice, when sentenced to select the ordeal he will go through, to prove his innocence of the introduction of the miller's daughter into the abbot's garden, is exquisitely whimsical. The ordeal of red-hot iron is first proposed to him; then, the ordeal of boiling water; next, the ordeal of hot pitch or molten lead; fourthly, the ordeal of cold water by immersion, involving the certainty of drowning. At last, a grave sub-prior addresses the court, suggesting that all there present had "forgotten the solemn *ordeal of bread and cheese*"—an ordeal allowed only to monks and friars in those times. All who were tried by this test spiritual, all who submitted to the trial of swallowing the bread and cheese, were sure, unless innocent, to be *choked*. The cellarer boldly chose this dangerous ordeal. He underwent it—and it is satisfactory to know, survived.

MR. W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH'S NEW TRAVELS.*

THESE travels, extending over a period of nearly three years, and carried through countries replete with historical and antiquarian interest, a great part of which were also hitherto unexplored, present us with such a variety and number of facts, that we scarcely know where to glean. Keeping, however, to what is strictly new, the identification of the tumulus of Harakah with the tomb of Hannibal appears to have been the first interesting determination effected by our traveller. This was followed by that of Prusa ad Hypium, with Cyclopean gateway and ramparts. Next comes the illustration of the labours of Hercules, accomplished on the Acherusian peninsula of Pontic Heraclea; the description of Tium, a tasteful remnant of an Ionian colony; the determination of the site of Claudiopolis (also Bithynium), by existing inscriptions; that of Flaviopolis, still Zafaran Boli, "the Yellow City;" and that of Pompeiopolis, with its magnificent sarcophagus, also by inscriptions. To these discoveries, so rapidly succeeding one another, may be added as minor points, the tomb of Queen Amastria, and that of Icesius, a colossal relic of Pontic times.

Quitting Bithynia, Paphlagonia, and Pontus, the Expedition visited the remote and circumscribed kingdom of Deiotarus, occupying a closed-up valley of the Halys, and where they found the towns of Blucium and Peium—the Gazophylacium, or treasury—and explored the capital, Gangra. They wintered partly at Angora, partly on the snowy mountains of the Lycanian Olympus, advancing with early spring into the unfrequented Kurd district of Haimaneh, where they found the old Baths of Yanina, and many sites of early Christianity. In Morimene they also traced out the site of Gadasena, a seat of ancient hierarchal pomp.

After the survey of the celebrated salt lake of Koch-Hisar—the Tattæa Palus—a careful and nearly complete examination of the province of Garsauritis was effected. This district is peculiarly interesting, from its numerous towns and villages of Cappadocian Greeks, who are mostly Troglodytes, and who live in caves that present every variety of rock architecture, which is further added to by the strange and fantastic forms of the rocks themselves. In this district alone the sites of Osiana, Ozzala, Nitasus, Congustus, Perta, Garsaura, Comitanasse, Dio Cæsarea, and others, were determined; and Archelais Colonia, Cybistra, Soandum, and others, were explored.

The ancient city of Cæsarea Mazaca led the way into Commana, where an Arab site (Shohair) was first visited, and followed by explorations of Tonoza, Arabissus, Ptandari, and Arkas, on the way to Melitene, the capital of a province. From this point the Expedition advanced through Taurus, discovering the ruins of Lacobena, and determining the sites of Pelverre, Nisus, Carbanum, (the Arabic Hisn Mansur,) Claudius, and Juliopolis; from whence they descended, by the banks of Euphrates to Birijik, exploring on their

* "Travels and Researches in Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, Chaldea, and Armenia. By W. Francis Ainsworth, F.G.S., F.R.G.S., &c., in charge of an Expedition sent by the Royal Geographical Society and the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge." 2 vols. 8vo, with numerous illustrations. Parker.

way the ancient site of Porsica, and the extensive ruins of the early Syrian Christians, that occupy the hilly country between that place and Birtha. Arriving at Nizib, at the moment of the battle delivered there, by the Osmanli troops against the Syro-Egyptian army, under Ibrahim Pasha, the Expedition was, by the unfortunate defeat of the Sultan's army, thrown back again upon Malatiyeh, with the loss of their baggage and much privation and suffering, which is graphically described in the volumes before us. From thence they returned to Constantinople by the interesting sites of Sebaste, Commana Pontica, Zela, Amasia, Arnisus, Pharmezon, Docia, Carus and Hadrianopolis.

The winter of the same year (1839) saw them again *en route*, to gain the passes of Taurus by Nicæa and its beautiful lake, Dorylæum, and the country of the first Osmanlis, Laodicea and Iconium, to the formidable Golek Boghaz, the ancient Cilician gates. Descending thence, summer still reigned in the fertile Cilicia, and passing Adanah, Alexandretta, and Antioch, they gained Aleppo before Christmas. Starting hence, by Birtha on Euphrates and Urfah, the Ur of the Chaldeans, the plains of Mesopotamia offered to them the hitherto undescribed ruins of Sinna, a Chaldean episcopate; and shortly after their arrival at Mosul—the Nineveh of old—a still more remarkable site was visited, that of Al Hadhr, the Hatra of the Chaldeans and Romans, an astronomical city of the ancient Chaldeans, crowded with beautiful structures, strange sculptures, and remarkable inscriptions, among which was a lament of the Jews of the Captivity. Near to this city was also a remnant of Assyrian times, the Ur of the Persians, and beyond, Tisasphalta—"the place of Bitumen."

With the approach of summer, the Expedition started for central Kurdistan, to visit the independent Chaldeans of the mountains. At the same moment, the Turkish forces were beleaguering the fortress of Amadiyeh—the city of the Medes and the Assyrian Ecbatana. In the mountains they visited Sheikh Adi, the chief temple of the Izedis, or Devil worshippers, and thence advancing into the district of Berrawi, were there received by a patriarchal Chaldean bishop, and a tribe of humane, hospitable, and generous, and, at the same time, warlike and courageous Christians, who, surrounded on all sides by hostile nations and opposing faiths, have yet been enabled, for these many centuries, to preserve in their almost impenetrable fastnesses and inaccessible heights, a religion untainted by change and a political independence unchallenged by time.

The various districts and villages of this remarkable country are described at length, as are also the picturesque features of its lofty mountains and deep valleys and ravines. The Patriarch of the Chaldeans was visited at Julamerik, the capital of the country, and the details of the intercourse held with this dignitary, and with other of the clergy of this little known church, are full of interest. The history of the people is also entered upon, and they are shewn to be remnants of the Chaldeans of old, and not converted Jews, as has been supposed by some. It is certainly a curious thing, thus to hear of a nation of mountaineers possessing many religious and moral qualifications worthy of the most civilised nations; the more particularly allied to us by similarity of doctrine and of worship—protesting against the Pope, transubstantiation, the worship of the Virgin, of saints, and of pictures—independent, and of some political importance—living away in remote mountain districts, amid an alternation of perpetual glaciers and richly cultivated terraces of rock, ripe for amicable religious or political intercourse with the more favoured nations of the West, and yet hitherto scarcely made the object of thought, still less of friendly visits from their self-absorbed brethren.

The Expedition returned from the country of the Chaldeans, by Salamast, Urimiyeh, and Ushnei, in Persia; made an ascent of the Peak of Rowandiz, and gained Mesopotamia by the pass of the Kurdish city of the same name, and Sidaka and Akra, like Amadiyeh, the residence of Kurd princes, who claim a direct descent from the Khalifs of Bagdad. The ruins of Nineveh; of Nimrud, the Resen of the Bible; of old Mosul, and the field of the battle of Arbela, are made the subjects of description, till quitting Mosul, the Expedition proceeded by Bezabde to Phœnica, with its frequent castles, a site newly discovered in the pass of the mountains on the river Tigris, so celebrated from the opposition afforded to the retreat of the Ten thousand Greeks under Xenophon.

Beyond this they visited the upper rivers of Tigris, the town of Sert, identifying Tigranocerta with Amida, and then Betlis and Mush, till, advancing upon the high uplands of Armenia, they gained Erzrum, and finally Trebezond, from whence they took ship to Constantinople. This is, altogether, a lengthened and most various route; and as the productions of the country, the objects of natural history, the structure and character of its mountains, plains, and rivers, its general geography, and the manners and state of its present inhabitants, were no more neglected than its antiquities, we feel convinced that no one will peruse the present volumes without finding information of one kind or the other that may prove a source of interest, if not of instruction.

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